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Children of the Stars

Volume 1

Do you wish to see us?

Dedicated to
everyone promoting
peace on earth.

Thank you!

INTRODUCTION

This manuscript is as much a teaching of the cosmos as a human testimony, while also being a world invitation to peace on earth. This book does not pretend to offer the entire truth, yet it offers a path to lead you to the truth, the extraterrestrials, which have preceded us on this earth for many billions of years now, are now permitting us to get closer to it. The extraterrestrials are in reality *ExtraTemporals*.

My testimony is just a modest contribution to the human experience. Do not see ambition other than that of assuming the responsibility of a citizen towards skepticism. To make a long story short, aside from the incredible experience of piloting a UFO, which I describe partially in this first volume, I received three important telepathic messages from extraterrestrials. The first one was in 1990, explaining the technical principle of space ships. The second one was in 2002, explaining the nature of time. Those two types of information perfectly confirm numerous testimonies and revolutionize fundamental physics. They have been the subject of a largely illustrated work[1] which was translated into numerous languages. Its success is still growing. The third message came in September 2003, and summarizes itself in one single question: ''Do *you wish to see us?*" These three messages follow a progression: from the most material to the most spiritual. In fact, the *first* step speaks about **technology**, the *second* step about **science**, and the *third* step about **fraternity**.

Many of us have seen a UFO on Earth in the past, even some extraterrestrials. Among us, some are *abandoned* to this phenomenon. The insistence of these apparitions in our lives

[1] *The science of extraterrestrials* (*La science des extraterrestres),* Eric Julien, JMG Editions, July 2005.

invites us to choose a path that we either accept or not according to what we are willing to lose, even credibility, in exchange of an openness of mind beyond social standards.

In the first part entitled A *time for experiences*, you will discover a series of anecdotes which sometimes seem non relative to one another. However, with regards to the nature of time and the way life teaches us, you will perceive the invisible links of the individual progress. In one of my recent dreams, I was back among old friends with whom I worked in air travel and I was starting in an airline company called *Evolution!*

Even today, the teaching of the consciences of the cosmos is spread through time, for we are always someone's pupil, forever. I modestly wish to share what I learned and experienced in a gradual manner, within and beyond this book, and with respect regarding each one's beliefs. A new vision of space and time will make us question a lot of certainties that we had learned up to now. If the world is an illusion, it is important to know how it is true or false. It's not enough to say it, because one has to live it.

The second part presents what is a vital step in the interaction between extraterrestrials and humans: a mutation of the human species deep within its intimate grounds. It invites us in *A Time for Sharing*. The author became a Child of the Stars because of his unique contact with the world. Yet, it is only unique temporarily. Numerous are those who will follow in the same footsteps in a short while. Maybe you will feel deception. In this book, you will see neither prophet nor a chosen one. This story simply dives within the heart of our wildest desires and touches our true nature, whether it is emotional, mental or spiritual.

Finally, the invitation to world peace is offered by our extraterrestrial friends. They are simply asking us: "*Do you wish to see us?*" This lively question, of which you will find its

complete detail in the third part of this book, is certainly the heart of this book because it is up to you, my reader friend, to answer, and not up to your representatives and entourage. You will thus become an authentic and personal actor of the change that so many are seeking. You will not be asked to believe, but to understand. The era of beliefs is past. Now comes the time to experience. The result may very well be spectacular. This is why this third part proposes to involve you in *A Time for Decisions*, a vital and historical period for our future.

Before deciding, this book will attempt to answer to the numerous arguments and dark areas that prevent us from fully understanding the UFO phenomenon and their pilots. The nature of this conceptual solution of *3D Time* and *Absolute Relativity*, the one which was given to me by our extraterrestrial friends, also solves all the mysterious paranormal events. Michel Carmassi, a doctor in physics, said the following[2] : *"if Eric Julien's hypotheses, which are very seductive indeed, are directly or indirectly verified, then yes, this would explain all the paranormal events, and I say all that is paranormal, meaning the natural not yet explained, and we will have to give him the Nobel Prize in physics."*

I have never studied neither physics nor math! Beyond personals beliefs, the objective reality is fierce. You must have developed intellectual skills in order to approach the evolved science of the extraterrestrials. I noticed that the vast majority of skeptics were not intellectually armed to access the mysteries of time. The reason is simple. Most of them are materialists. However, time is the most abstract scientific concept, opposite from the physical world, where the animality of the soul resides.

The other reality is the direct experience that may bring you this intelligence. Here also, the pathological skeptics lack contact experiences, a source of great humility in front of all the inhabitants of the universe. The denigration pride is precisely

[2] In Parascience N°59 septembre 2005, p 13.

inversely proportional to the experience: Thus their status.

What would their reaction be if an extraterrestrial was right in front of them? Would they keep their sarcastic mood? Thus, imagine the outcome when this extraterrestrial speaks to you and asks you a question! The best way to answer is to simply be yourself. The heart of the problem is fear. Man comes out of his animalistic state only when he controls his fear. This is the path of evolution.

We do not directly see the extraterrestrials among us. And this is precisely the purpose of the most determining extraterrestrial request ever addressed to humanity: "D*o you wish to see us?*"' This question mark is the key that can open the gate to the stars because, this time, it will not just be a little sprinkle of their presence, but a collective demonstration to the entire planet.

The basic material of this book is mostly personal experiences, and therefore, it makes it original among multitude of works on this question, but some would also say that it also makes it fragile. We will quickly realize, through demonstration, that the given proofs will forever alter our vision of the universe. One of the depicted ambitions is to synthesize as clearly as possible what some people dare to call *"the greatest discovery of all times"*. Of course the apparently showy nature of this obscure assertion is only a subtle humor because human history, as we teach it, is only a very relative assessment of cosmic reality. In fact, the least important one.

A TIME FOR EXPERIENCES.

The act of testifying.

To testify means taking risks with our family, the public, protagonists from all over the place, including invisible ones, and even with the secret services. But what are those risks compared to growing and realistic threats of a planetary conflagration? Millions of people having lived paranormal situations are keeping a preventive silence. It is actually what I have done for a long time as well since my observations are not recent. But the insistence of my contacts troubled me. Men will be confronted with survival choices. One of the ways to participate in our evolution is to share a vision of the human experience. Today, I share my devotion and attachment to each and everyone's freedom of thought and free will of actions. It is especially to become aware of an urgent matter: **the establishment of peace on earth!**

Very often, testimonies with regards to UFOs direct, in a passive way, a man facing the unknown. The witness is, to some extent, a *victim* that never asked for anything. Unconsciously, society protects the victims because we pity them. This is why the ufologist feels committed to a *mission of protection* by seeking to know what occurred in such or such case. Incidentally, the extraterrestrial becomes the threat. The importance of the ufologist is proportional to the passivity of the victim. It is that which gives credibility to the UFO researcher and legitimates his activities. To not acknowledge it in these terms, this credibility is granted to the victim. Therefore, a credible testimony - to hear credibility of the ufologist - is a ufologic victim's testimony. If a witness happens to not need the services of a ufologist to know what occurred, the rate of credibility quickly collapses. One will then evoke the mythomania or

whatever else. As a key word, it makes it possible to save time with regards to judgment. It is a little like a man who does not need his doctor to look after himself with natural products. The doctors, for the majority, just prescribe drugs that are chemicals by nature while forgetting the real causes of the disease. The ufologists are often the same way: they note effects while being unaware of the causes, whether they are voluntarily or not. Their expertise is thus maintained by the artifices of notoriety and/or of free disparagement, without any valid solution ever being presented.

The majority of ufologists hate the *contacted ones* because they withdraw from them their position of expert because of their knowledge acquired through a direct experience. The victim guarantees power to the judge! But between two judges, which one is the most enlightened? The one who is satisfied with a catalogue of observations? Or the one who closely saw them? Few ufologists accept the idea, with regards to extraterrestrials, of an active, constructive and responsible attitude from an impermeable witness towards the transitory judgment of men. May our respect accompany these authentic researchers! May our indulgence accompany the others because nothing is more urgent than peace in us. But there are two kinds of peace. **Peace through submission and peace through freedom. Thus, peace is a combat!** Freedom is desired and deserved. This is why I prefer to say that I am not a *contacted one*, but the person *contacting!*

Although affirming here the access to these experiences to any among us, although giving information to reach that point, although sharing explanations to understand how it happens, it is always difficult to admit a thing when one is not ready to do it. It does not come from the information itself, it comes from our mental structure. And this one must be trained. Thus, this last necessarily passes through combats, those that are

of citizen responsibility to transmit knowledge by all means, techniques and strategies proportional to the misinformation and inertia forces.

Being perfectly inefficient and uncultivated in many fields, I have much respect for the knowledge of others. My ignorance is to me a source of humor and of comfort next to those who know more. The life is only an exchange. Even the poorest take part in our learning. The more subtle this last is, the more it is important. The Easterners will talk about *dharma*, i.e. the personal and unique purpose for which we are made. By finding this purpose, the universe expresses through us the energy of the Unique.

In spite of the originality of my contacts, do not mix it with the champions of the extraterrestrial cultism. Having neither the desire, nor the taste for communities of beliefs, my soul only searches for the realization of the self. It will never be requested from whomever to believe me. I always booed the sectarian risk and I have always defended freedom of expression. Freely reproduce some of the described experiments if you want. Not having a Master other than my Inner Master, my fidelity only is for the freedom of the soul. It is sometimes what wounds people which would wish to see me choose a side according to their conviction. Besides, it is the deep meaning of the *3D time* theory. It announces that **freedom is our future**. Many enlightened skeptics will be the ardent defenders of the new paradigm, even if it is expressed in different terms, because behind doubt, intelligence is often read.

The author is a simple conscience cell, like each one, but the men of today need identity. The Wise one knows that the comparison between individuals is an error since it is from an implicit judgment. He knows that evolution is only a question of time because **the creature is already perfect where its supreme conscience rests**. He even knows that it is an insult to the

authentic knowledge because only what is simple is sincere. There is a huge gap between the brightness of Intelligence and the light of the Just which exceeds it. The individual experience only interests the individual to which it belongs. Discussing it is, finally, to only disguise it even if the need to expressing it is sometimes felt. The Wise one likes the game without ever subjecting himself to it! The Wise one loves the player without ever confusing him!

Human nature is thus made that one tends to be interested by the messenger more than by the message whereas it is the latter one which matters the most. Do you remember Nicolas Tesla? He is the one which probably contributed the most to the progress of technologies at the beginning of the twentieth century. He had in his name several hundreds of patents. Today, it is his message that history retains through the objects of daily life. Actually, access to many of his discoveries are prohibited to us for industrial and commercial reasons.

The message of this work is that **everyone can be in contact with the extraterrestrials** without necessarily perfectly understanding *Absolute Relativity*, theory intellectually accessible by a low number of people. There are no chosen ones for this matter. We could rather say that we choose ourselves. I have the memory of a person telling me that he was going through an hour of meditation a week and that he was surprised, and even doubting because he did not live them, of my experiences. People ask me often why I was chosen by the extraterrestrials. The answer remains invariably the same: only the ones whom are really daring to face opprobrium, ridiculousness and disparagement are selected, while questioning themselves. Any volunteers? Thus, the choice comes from the individual. And the *contacted one* then becomes the *contacting one*. Or rather the student. Curiously, since man is man, **History always retains the pioneers, never the judges**.

Why? What is this part in us that this truth solicits? Wouldn't this be that of the contract which we secretly signed with ourselves to exceed ourselves?

Let us indicate that to learn one initially needs to unlearn. It is certainly the most delicate thing. My contacts were the fruit of Forgetfulness in the highest way possible. To experience the absence of any knowledge is a blessing. Almost nothing remains because all is relative. This sincere search of the absolute led me to emptiness and silence. It is an increasingly shared search.

When I stopped comparing, I forgot that there were differences. It is in this state of the soul that my telepathic contacts took place. But those are only words, quite weak when compared with the experience. The search of the meaning led me to the meaning of the search, which led me to the meaning of the meaning. Outside of the ego, the virtue is the nature of *what is*.

Some think that it is advantageous to be in contact with the extraterrestrials. In the current state of the world, there are much more difficulties than joys. For the moment, it is a gift without being one. To touch a learning that is so deep and to only be able to express a weak version of it is a subtle but powerful form of inhibition. Each can also live this kind of experience, if we are ready to forget, but one has to expect more disappointments than satisfactions from one's kind.

It is certainly not with critics, when they are obsessed with the *Interest* or the *Salvation*, that what we could seek is. Let's each time ask ourselves: *"what are they scared of losing?"* Only the one who listens learns… and **to listen to one's inner self, one should not think about anything**! All in all, nothing too hard: just releasing frequencies of reception, the ones that our mind blocks up. Thus, *while the profane utters, the sacred one legislates!*

If you are yourself you do not have to justify yourself!
My ambition, here, is only to transmit the idea that Reality is extremely distant from our very temporal and temporary knowledge. To also share experiences so deeply moving that they forever altered my comprehension of the world, my understanding but also my relationships with those who surround me. To share is to also better know each other. This is why I will present myself according to human rules.

Let's get acquainted!

My start in life was that of a skiff which one throws in the turmoil of a tumultuous sea. Tossed between the waves of life, I reproduced for a long time the instability and the taste for change to a point where I turned it into an amazing strength which enabled me to discover and to communicate with the extraterrestrials. Without these unfair conditions of appearance, I believe that I would not be what I experienced. When everything is smooth and planned, life does not have a purpose. Life is dynamic. Beyond particularly numerous physical relocations, I changed my point of view so often that I managed to consider what was going on behind the veil of time.

To those who need standards and structures, I have a multiple career in air travel. I obtained my diplomas to be an air controller and a civil pilot, a Diploma of Specialized Higher Studies in Economics on new technologies at the University of Aix-Marseilles[3] and a Certificate to be an airport director from the National School of Civil Aviation (Ecole Nationale de l'Aviation Civile). All these titles, even if they were obtained through courage and the taking of risks, collapse in front of an

[3] The title of my memoir was curiously: *"The technological innovation: from theory to practice"*. It was about the transfer of technology in particular (sic). It was probably not exhaustive!

ExtraTemporal or a spiritual entity. All that is quite ridiculous while being faced with strange experiences where true intelligence and the fire of the heart count more than the passing glory of appearance.

As an air travel technician, I am a *hard-worker* for scientific knowledge with a completely average intelligence. Initially a fighter pilot student, after five years in the French Air Force as a military air controller (watchtower and radar), I earned my living in the world of the media (economy and stock market) to finance a training to be a professional pilot. Once I had the license in the bag, I entered in business aviation, initially on twin-engine jets and then on twin-jet aircrafts. The Gulf War (1991) occurs and some airline companies disappear, mine included. I then go to the university. Right after, an airline company hires me as a connection manager of the day. Four years and half and a promotion later, I am co-opted by the airport in which I already worked, in the private sector. In charge of airport resources, in the exploitation management, I take a year and a half break on the island of the Réunion then I return to a larger airport. I since resigned from my position and I devote my existence to a better knowledge of Reality and to the blooming of the world to which the extraterrestrials wish to contribute.

To those who can let go of stereotypes, I will go a little further. The majority of the experiences which I lived were lived by others and this could also happen to you. It is perhaps the banality of the witness which entails the universality of these *meetings*. Of course, one can retort that the experiences which follow are so out of the ordinary that they become suspect. My extraterrestrial friends had considerations in mind that were exceeding me by far. Our humanity is under the yoke of a dose of misinformation proportional to the true stakes of the planet. Many are the governments and the media which take part in the

ufologic lie through omission, even by interest.

Saint-Exupéry had written that *the essential is invisible to us*. It is the extraordinary facts which finally open the successive doors of evolution. Thus, we will together cross thresholds towards new worlds which I discovered. If you sincerely wish it, you will live similar experiences. Here, you will often want to solicit your intellect and find the "good sense" and the "reason". Do not resist. In this case, close this book immediately and read *the Science of Extraterrestrials (la Science des Extraterrestres)*. That should logically calm your mental state. If not, disconnect it. The journey starts now…

A striking event.

The first event took place when I was six or seven years old. I was in a summer camp in the region of Gap located in the French Alps. One morning, we left to climb a somewhat abrupt hill, near the summer outdoor centre. Being separated by a few meters on the sides, we started to go up while clinging to broken stones. At two meters high, while I raised my head to evaluate *my climbing trajectory*, I saw, as if in slow motion, a large stone, with its pike towards the bottom, fall on my cranium, just above the eyes. I have time to see its shape, as if time had slowed down: a miniature menhir, a species of large flint. In one blow, this *nail* struck me in the middle of the forehead. At once, I fell backwards and landed two meters lower. I felt no pain and saw of field of stars! My face was quickly covered in blood. I heard screams around me but I did not suffer. My cranium was not open because the scalp wound was superficial. I was taken to the hospital of Gap for some stitches and to exempt myself from any scars. However, I simply felt happy. I have been asking myself a lot of questions

for a very long time: how did this stone in the shape of a flint fall whereas no one was above me? Why on the *third eye*?

Since this time, and particularly since the age of twenty one, I have felt swarming behind my cranium at the precise place of the blow. It resembles extremely fast pulsations which extend in a sphere of a few centimeters in diameter around the point of impact. As curious as this appears, I perceive the *volume* of this vibration. Sometimes, it obliges me to remain attentive so much this feeling is powerful and abnormally grows bigger. Most of the time I do not think about it and it goes away. I just have to concentrate to make it come. Images are very often associated with this feeling. They correspond to a thought or a situation. To illustrate what precedes, here are two phenomena chosen among others for their contextual utility.

One day, while I was an adult, a friend asked me where I had parked my car. We were in Paris and the explanation was so complex that I initially started to visualize its location intensely. Before I had time to speak, this friend exclaimed: *"I know!"* Then, she indicated to me what she had seen: the precise location where the car was even before I was able to speak. And of course, there it was. I was extremely seduced by this method of direct and instantaneous communication.

Before we properly put away these experiences in preformatted cases of modern psychology, let us be open minded to any other explanation of which the comprehension of psychism will be cleaned from the *pretty much*.

Several times during my life, a curious phenomenon happened to me. While I observed an interlocutor, even several, I assisted, disbelieving, to their *decrease*, as if the range of a camera pushed them further back, without, of course, it being the case physically. Their body, their head decreased by half, as did all that surrounded them. More surprising in this situation is that, generally, I was hearing the conversation before it took

place! I thus listened to it twice! I knew in advance everything that was going to be said or done, including my own words. This shift was of two or three seconds. After some of these experiences, I just withdraw myself from the dialogue to adopt the simple point of view of the spectator. I found these events particularly amusing. Certain neuropsychiatrists affirm that the brain sometimes duplicates a vision, because of a complex process linked to the eyes. They particularly make use of it to refute the feeling of *deja vu* relative to reincarnation. But in my case, they were understandable sentences, sounds and meanings.

My adolescence was also animated and strewn with psychic experiences which would take too long time to enumerate. To return to the subject of the work, my first contact with UFOs took place on a summer evening.

An orange ball in the sky of Toulon.

Summer 1976. I was fifteen years old when I saw a ball of orange light. One evening, whereas I was taking the dog out, around ten o'clock in the evening, I found myself on a center divider strip in downtown Toulon (Var), in France. The sky was clear. A strong orange light of the size of a peach at arm's length came out of the southern side of the high hill which overhangs the city, to the east of Mount Faron. Its estimated distance is two to three kilometers at bird's-eye. It first rose slowly according to an azimuth of sixty degrees towards the South East, while I faced the North-East, while decreasing in size but not in intensity. Then, suddenly, its rise accelerated and, only after, it shifted at a ninety degree angle until it disappeared in space, above me. I did not feel any particular emotion except for a simple amazement. I did not tell my family. But since this day, I very often stared at starry nights up to the point where I became

very interested by astronomy.

As we will see it in what follows, back then my visual acuity was excellent. The following episode deserves to be highlighted.

The lesson of life or the path of the stars.

I was passionate about aviation since my youth. However, I had never seen a plane close up! Only some traces of condensation left by engines in the sky of Toulon indicated me the path. Like thousands of children, I built plane models and read the adventures of known aviators. I learned that one needed at least the baccalaureate to pass the entrance exam to be in the Air Force to which I aspired. To combine business with pleasure, I thus chose a technical baccalaureate, with a microtechnic option. For two years, I was in a boarding school at Prades, in the Eastern Pyrenees, several hundred kilometers from home. When I was seventeen years old, during my last year, I went to visit the recruitment office of the Air Force in Toulon. I patiently explained to the sergeant my desire to present myself to the entrance exam which would enable me to become a fighter pilot. After some formal questions, he tried to discourage me from even trying the entrance exam which I wanted to pass to make other trades, which would fit my profile better, available. I insisted. He then suggested to me to add other selections to it for other fields. I refused. He became exhausted more quickly than I did and yielded to my request, but not without adding: *"you have no chance!"*

Once I had my baccalaureate, obtained with difficulty, I presented myself at the entrance exam at the airport of Le Bourget. The weeding out was spread over several weeks and in groups of fifty. I quickly understood what the sergeant recruiter had meant. All those that were there had a level of studies quite

higher than mine. They had almost all held a control stick, some were already private pilots, and I saw one who had more than a thousand hours of flight. However, a curious feeling overtook my heart. Whereas all conspired against me, I smiled.

After two days and a half of psychotechnical tests, the call came for those which would continue on the path of selection for medical tests and sports events. The room was tense, the faces were closed. I observed them like a disbelieving spectator. The alphabetical list was going by cruelly slow. Cries of despair came out, heavy built men cried, some were humiliated. I sadly looked at those who had given-up everything for this trade, being sure of their strength. My name was pronounced and my heart started to beat at a higher speed. But I was way off. Other evaluations, some more tears. And then the invisible final selection would occur away from everybody. At the end of the week, I was still surviving, having beaten, with I don't know what inner strength, three of my sports records. But all was not over because over more than a thousand two hundred candidates, only about sixty would stay. I thus returned home without knowing the result. In fact, I knew that I had very weak chances with regards to my diploma.

To ensure my future, I had registered myself in a college in Lorgues, in the land of the Haut Var, to study to be a senior technician, with an automatism option. I knew that IBM recruited those kinds of people. Although selective, I was admitted there. However, one day that my mother took me towards this Provencal village to find a student room before the first day of school, we found ourselves at a crossroad: on one side, Lorgues for my AVD, a perfectly good path; on the other, Saint-Tropez towards freedom, the path of liberty. A choice between certainty and uncertainty. After all these years, it was the first time that I had to take my destiny into my own hands. I was suddenly overtaken by an unexplainable breath of optimism. An inner voice gave me the order to test my faith! We

turned right towards the littoral to go get a drink! A few days later, I learned my admission in the Air Force which was to make a modern hero out of me.

My stay in Aulnat, near Clermont-Ferrand, lasted only six months but it was for me the occasion get to know my deep self and the arbitrary of life a little more. Like my class comrades, I was very dedicated to sports and studies. To my great surprise, I managed to rise to third place in the theoretical exams and second in sports. But I still had never gotten into a plane in my life, in this one at least. Then the flight selection came. The pupils of the preceding class were friendly enough to warn us: *"most of all, make sure you don't get this instructor!"* they said while pointing out chief warrant officer G. *"He breaks careers!"* The picture of the monitor/pupil partners was presented. I got… the chief warrant officer G.!

The first six missions were catastrophic. I then asked to change instructor. I was granted another one, objective but severe. As in a miracle, I then had the best graded mission of the class. Then other monitors and still in general progress. But our chief warrant officer had not said his last word. He obtained my *rehabilitation* to him. My last missions resembled basic performance. What followed was without recourse: radiation of the flight crew as it was the case of the four pupils of the preceding classes with this instructor. The shock! Three days without speaking with whomever. I did not understand what was happening to me. I had arrived at the top, the best of the best they kept chanting, but fate had come to cut down my ambitions. I then contemplated my ego.

A few years later, I incidentally learned that my alter ego of the following class had undergone almost the same fate… He had been selected after I had a debriefing with the selection team of Bourget. The long series of consecutive failures had a common point: the chief warrant officer G! This affair had risen

very high up. It is thus that my *godson* became pilot on Mirage and that the curse was not going to strike the ones after me anymore. My relative misfortune had made people happy. Today still, some experienced combat pilots are probably unaware of what occurred. As it is often the case in life, we forget that we are all interdependent behind the veil of appearance. What is valid on a small scale is also valid on a large scale. Humans and extraterrestrials are interdependent and will meet quickly. I understood that competition is not the solution. Competition is a value of the *Old World* that the *New World* will erase.

This anecdote remained vital for my life. It very quickly taught me how to relativize the events and to not judge the hard blows of life. Since then, I have liked my failures much more than my successes. I accepted that destiny is wiser than my impatient thirst for conquest. This spiritual training was long but essential. Indeed, being a little stubborn, I made the fun last for more than necessary.

Life gave me beautiful gifts in compensation of this acceptance. Let's, for one moment, go ahead in time to give two examples for those gifts.

I had the occasion to fly on a two-seater F1 Mirage with an exceptional instructor, Jean-Marc, a friend of long date. Extremely rare was this opportunity because I was then a civilian in a reserve period. Unless having a special permit from a senior officer, no civilian has the right to go onboard a military fighter. I indeed came to live for three days on the air base of Rheims as a reservist air controller. I came across this friend on the telephone whereas I had lost contact with him for years. He proposed to me to come onboard at once. Moreover, I was, at the time, a professional pilot in the business aviation. Therefore, he let me pilot during the flight up to the break which was included. Finally! I was piloting a F1 Mirage! After some barrels

(rolling rate of six hundred degrees per second), I flew at Mach 1.4 (almost one and a half the speed of sound) and at fifty thousand feet (eighteen kilometers of altitude), where you start to see the roundness of the Earth and where, in full daylight but in a darkened sky, you can perceive the stars!

The stars! I was also moving closer to them when I was moderator at the Space Camp of Patrick Baudry. One does need to introduce anymore this French astronaut who flew on board an American space shuttle. At the accesses of the airport of Cannes Mandelieu there was a leisure complex dedicated to space sciences and astronautics. Formal trainings and practices were dispensed there. Trainees, big and small, came there to discover the preparation of the astronauts through strange experiments, like the centrifugal machine, the sensory illusion booth, the reproduction of the space control room of Kourou (French Guiana) or the *Hermès*[4] simulator. All in all, a good twenty activities for participants proudly clothed in clear blue *space* overalls. Assigned to the piloting training, I quickly became in charge of *Hermès* and *Kourou*.

This passion for astronautics went all the way back to my childhood. Fate had already winked at me when I was in Pau to pass my parachuting license, which is mandatory for a future military pilot. What was not my surprise to discover the first seven spacemen candidates (European astronauts) onboard Transall which was going to release us above the *Drop Zone*. I was just behind them for the jump. Among them, Jean-Loup Chrétien and Patrick Baudry! But also a certain ex-minister of Research, ex-spaceman at Baïkonour, if my memories are correct. I had the occasion to discuss with these heroes who confessed to me to be as afraid as us to dive in the empty space. Moreover, one asked us at the initial piloting school if we wished to become spacemen, just in case. Guess what I

[4]European space shuttle project.

answered. There was no jealousy in my verbal exchange with these future astronauts, just joy and happiness to share these moments, even by proxy.

A radar contact at 28.000 kilometers/hour.

Let us precisely return to the *exotic* spaceships, at the time where I was a military air controller. After my failure at Aulnat, I rebounded by accepting a five year contract as an air controller. During my training, I worked ardently and finished second of my class. Then I was assigned at the control tower of Rheims on the 112 air base. The extraterrestrials had given me an appointment there. I specify, right now, that I had never read works on UFOs before the experience of 1990, year of the psychic contact evoked in my introduction, even if the subject disconcerted me. Truthfully, I was skeptic and this topic did not interest me for the simple and good reason that only spirituality interested me. UFO and spirituality did not match at all in my mind. This is why I perfectly understand the incredulity of the skeptics that I come across. I felt for a long time the same disdain for *eccentrics* and their extraterrestrial buddies. Recently, I learned this from an inner voice: *"listen to the words and feel your aversion towards them, they will show you the path which you have to travel along"*. Here is the observation of my air controller period.

In 1983, one weekday towards 11h30 in the morning, I saw a radar echo going at 28.000 km/h! It crossed from east to west my panoramic screen at the north of the base. I had to modify the scale from fifty to a hundred nautical[5] to follow it. By doing this, it reappeared on the new target. I deduced this speed with a simple rule of three, knowing that the antenna of the SRE

[5]Ninety to a hundred and eighty kilometers.

radar turned in 7.5 seconds per turn and that the distance scale was directly available on the scope. Its altitude was unknown to me (interval estimated between a hundred and fifty meters and thirteen kilometers). I was the only witness because my colleagues, in accordance with the planning of the day, either were occupied, or for the majority were at the mess for lunch. I asked the radar technician at once if there was an anomaly in the detection module. He answered me negatively. During this *appearance*, I had intentionally deactivated the secondary detection (transponder), thus confirming a large and shining primary echo. There was no erratic *cobblestone* and the air traffic was of low intensity. No weather report could make us suppose that a temperature reversal had been able to take place at this time. In any event, the speed of the radar blip was too high to confuse it with this phenomenon. This strange echo was also incompatible with the altitude of a satellite at least eight to ten times higher which could have explained it. This speed of 28000 km/h is close to that of certain satellites. To be more precise, it is the escape velocity of terrestrial attraction. Escape! That means that it's moving away from the Earth. Thus the detection lobe of the SRE radar, dedicated to the local control of airdrome, was too weak for such a coincidence. In any event, the satellites always go from west to east, the opposite of what I had seen on my radar blip, to benefit from the movement of the Earth and to conserve the expensive propulsion load. It was useless to launch the least *scramble* and to start the hunt while in permanent warning. The fighters would not have time to even reach the interception course before the echo leaves the national territory.

I must add that at that time, I was preparing myself for an internal exam of the Air Force to become an officer. It would have been very unwelcome to testify to this observation. It was good that I did not testify because, some months later, a colleague became witness to a very spectacular observation,

reported below, which was simply filed. One can wonder why one should testify to authorities if a testimonial report ends up in a closet. Besides, the UFO phenomenon does not interest most controllers. Ridicule had extended its empire. A testimony of this nature could appear doubtful with regards to the aptitude of a controller to do his job.

The law of silence also prevails in the milieu of military pilots. The majority of the spontaneously described observations, although much too rare, are that of pilots within the framework of an *airmiss* (quasi-collision) involving an investigation procedure for the establishment of the responsibilities, the factor of proximity thus largely limiting the occurrences of testimonies, in any case those which could get to the media. Reports exist but the duty, or rather the obligation of silence, prevents the military controllers from expressing themselves. What the public could be unaware of is that all flights in high altitude, except situation of air infighting, are piloted with instruments and that, because of this, the crews have their *nose in the handlebar*, i.e. their eyes on the instruments. As for flights at low altitude, known as tactics, at high speed and sight, the dispersion of attention is summarized to a to and from between the altimeter, the relief, the navigation chart and one's fellow crew members and, this, in a field of vision often limited to ninety degrees. It is thus not relevant to believe that military pilots, except for helicopter pilots, are the best to observe UFOs.

The military controller has, in addition, obligation, within the framework of a strict procedure, extremely fortunately very rare, to connect *100% oxygen* when a doubt emerges on the integrity or the faculties of a pilot, after acrobatic maneuvers, amongst other things, which would have made him lose his landmarks. The observation of a UFO belongs to these inherent situations. No fighter pilot has vocation to be made fun of on the frequency or elsewhere, for advancement for example.

An extraterrestrial ship on a military air base.

1984. The case which follows is more astonishing. My colleague, the warrant officer J.O., is an experienced air controller. He had nearly twenty years of career at the time of the events. He confided in me for a reason that I could never explain. He was at his post at the watchtower of the control tower of Rheims. The date is too vague in my mind to mention it. Since my meeting with the physicist about which I will talk later, a number of memories of this type were hidden in my memory. I did not have as an ambition to make them public. Mr J.O. had been the witness of the appearance of a machine in the shape of a saucer very close to the ground, at approximately five or ten meters. He estimated the size of the UFO to be ten or fifteen meters in diameter. It should be specified that air controllers have a developed sense of observation, in particular of distances and altitudes, even for very fast apparatuses. Every day, they have, in front of their eyes, the same static and dynamic landmarks, in all seasons and through any type of weather. The smallest anomaly is located at once.

Taking into account the orientation of the control tower, the machine which faced him was at the north, flanked at the foot of a small and almost deserted hill, between this one and the tower. The aforementioned hill, and not the sky, was thus in the background. Red and green whirling lights girded the circular outline of the machine. This UFO remained stationary during a good ten minutes above the command center of the base!

At that time, I lived on the air base at less than two hundred meters of this command center. The observation of my colleague took place at night, period during which the estimate of distances is more delicate. However, my building was on the *control tower - command center* axis. Did the ship actually fly over

my living quarters? The room where I had been sleeping? In any case, my colleague initially believed that it was an illusion. Truthfully, he could not believe his eyes, him who was so skeptic. He hesitated to inform his colleagues of the approach room (radar control room) because he did not of course know how long this appearance was going to last. He finally asked them if an echo was appearing on the screen. But he forgot that stationery echos, i.e. natural and artificial obstacles near the radar antenna, prohibited any detection and could thus not confirm his visual observation. This request proved that his landmarks had been blurred because, normally, he would have never made it. Then the machine took off very quickly as if this warning had been detected by the extraterrestrials. Knowing that it takes about two minutes to go up to the watchtower from the approach room at the ground floor, no other witness could attest to the observation.

It however was duly described in a report that my colleague, of a rationalist naturalness, gave to the military authorities. The authorities called in the GEPAN[6] of Toulouse which came to Rheims. The investigation lasted several days. No official report was ever returned to him, nor to his colleagues. The warrant officer J.O. resigned a few months later. I seriously doubt that this serious controller engaged himself in some sort of hoax, while obviously not making any publicity with regards to this observation. What is most disconcerting in this business is that at no time did the GEPAN give a report of this testimony in its official publications, at least to my knowledge. Is this because a UFO was introduced with impunity on a French air base?

For my part, I did not make any direct UFO observation

[6]Groupement d'Etudes des Phénomènes Aériens Non identifiés (Grouping of Studies of Unidentified Air Phenomena), today GEIPAN, Group of Study and Information of Unidentified Air Phenomena, after having been the SEPRA, Service of Studies of Rare Aerospace Phenomena (until June 2004).

before 1990, except for the orange ball. On the other hand, among my eventful psychic experiences of the last century, there are two that I must report.

A journey like no other.

I was still in the Air Force when I discovered astral voyage. I became passionnate for the experimentation of body outputs. At the end of a few sessions, I discovered a new frontier, that of an envelope of the shape of an egg of which I perceived the dimensions: approximately three by two meters. It was very strange. I held my will to come out of it, but in vain. My conscience was in kind of an invisible but tenacious prison. However, this feeling gave me an extraordinary joy. I discovered a new limit, a new body, a new skin. I was like a fetus touching the walls of the maternal belly but I was highly aware that it was not the case. I was much more than my body!

A few days later, I succeeded in leaving the flesh to *contemplate* myself: a physical aspect that was finally not very good and deformed. Gradually, I reached the true astral voyage or rather, I should say, travel in the three dimensions. It is at least what I believed then. It is necessary to report a vital element concerning the astral voyage, in any case such as I perceived it in my first experiences: we are in the world of emotion! It is a universe where underground fears appear in broad daylight, where curious creatures abound and where you evaluate yourself, whether you want to or not. Your journey is erratic, conditioned by the least thought which crosses your mind. You see vibrating matter and the atmosphere is often colored and alive. The human beings that you meet are often unconscious of the state in which they are, like you at the beginning. Then, little by little, you realize that you should *objectivize* your environment to integrate its parameters and to

control your emotions. At first, everything goes very quickly and you do not control anything. Only then do you start deciding your destination if you overcame your animal nature and your survival reflexes.

The Anglo-Saxons call this experience OBE for *Out Body Experiment*. Contrary to traditional dreams in which the most eccentric situations seem normal to us, the OBEs are characterized by the surprise which results from abnormal positions. We wonder what we are doing close to a ceiling, under a table or how we go through rooms or walls so quickly. What's striking is the identification of the place where we are such as we see it, or almost, in our physical reality. It is this surprise which makes us precisely more conscious and precisely makes it possible to distinguish oneiric trickery from the delocalization of the conscience. It is impossible that the OBE detractors had ever gone through this incredible experience because… they would not be skeptics. Something is incredible, finally, only when it is within our understanding. In the long run we understand our true spiritual being nature. We reach the autonomy of an energetic body thus opening the access to mysteries of the after-life to us. But there is a huge gap between seeing a world and entering a kingdom. And this gap is called control!

Meeting with the Master.

One night, when I was about twenty-eight years old, I was accompanied by a man in a *daydream*. We were in a long corridor. We approached a door. Before opening it, he asked me: *"are you ready?"*. I nodded and he opened it a little. I saw a clear room of an extreme simplicity. At the back, on the left, an empty desk behind which was a seated man that I could not

distinguish very well. The door closed behind me and at once the seated man got up with an impressive behavior. I felt it instantaneously! This man was nothing less than my spiritual Master. But… he was black! He was a very handsome and ageless *African*. This detail doubly impressed me and was the proof of its authenticity. I would have never imagined for one moment that *my* Master was black. How was I sure that he was a Master? There is no explanation, you just know! A remarkable calmness radiated from him, a smiling and loving peace. He approached me and held my shoulders. He asked me: *"this surprises you, doesn't it?"*. He knew the answer of course. Then he took me to a corner of the room where another door was which I had not yet seen. We stopped in front of this closed door. He seemed to read my thoughts like to explore my adaptabilities. Suddenly, he opened the door and said to me: *"come and discover"*. A powerful light was there, in front of me. A universe of light without object or outline. I did not feel dazzled but I felt clearness never before felt. It was immensely pure. I took a step and dove in this luminous and crystalline bath. Then nothing. No memory of this light. Not even an emotion!

This absence of emotion did not correspond with the things I read later on the question of the modified states of consciousness. As much the meeting of this spiritual Master caused a deep feeling of humility and of surprise, as much what was behind this door was of a very different nature. What could it be? Today, it is certain that the façade of the office was a pure psychic creation. Where was I? With whom? But, wait a second…

Who am I?

1989. It is a period of my life which taught me the

relativity of identity. I lived in Paris in the eighteenth district. A new building had been built. I had been really lucky in obtaining an apartment in this residence of good standing in the middle of a discredited district. I was taking piloting courses at about thirty kilometers from there, at the north of Pontoise. Like every day, I took my mail and fell upon curious letters. The organizations which wrote to me seemed to have had a relationship with me for a long time. However, I did not know them! The recipient was however, without any possible doubt, Eric Julien!

I wondered about my mental health. Could I have a double life of which a part was unknown to me? How could I have such bills that are not part of my budget? This situation lasted a few days until I came across the mailman. He told me that there were two Eric Julien in this building of about fifty apartments! Indeed, two letter-boxes indicated the same last name and the same first name. We thus had the same address since it was the same building! We also had the same age, with a margin of one year. What is most incredible is that my apartment was apartment 2040 and his was apartment 2004! But the majority of the addresses written on the letters did not include the apartment numbers. It was with his inspiration that the mailman had distributed the mail to us for several days. I was thus going to visit this other Eric Julien. We talked a little before exchanging our letters. The mailman not having the faculty to guess to whom such or such letter was addressed, the exchanges lasted six months at the end of which I moved. I researched on the *minitel* to know how many other homonyms lived in Paris. Five! Only five, I should say! Over five persons, two lived at the same address when tens of thousands of other addresses were possible. Beyond this coincidence, which is closer to the seriality law of Kammerer than to pure luck, I came to meditate on my identity. If there is a deep reason for which this troubling situation occurred, it could have for me only one

esoteric meaning: *I* is not something one names but something one *is*!

Supposing that this episode was not sufficient to understand the hidden meaning of things, I recently discovered *by chance* the existence of another Eric Julien, author of an initiatory spiritual work entitled *"the path of the nine worlds" ("le chemin des neufs mondes").* This time, my homonym is a geologist having been saved from death by Kogis Indians using thousand-year-old medicines. He gives conferences, in particular to sensitize the public to the protection of equatorial forests and traditional indigenous cultures. He collects funds to successful carry through humanitarian projects. I congratulate my homonymous (name) and homogeneous (ideas) counterpart (writer)! Long live *homosapiens*!

In fact, Eric Julien was the third which I came across. When I was very young, at the high school in Toulon, I received administrative documents on which the first name of my father had changed. I then felt as if someone was stabbing me through the heart because I assumed that I was lied to about his identity. Imagine, a whole family history to rebuild! Things quickly returned to normal after the qualified services understood the object of their mistake. A homonym was in the class… beside this one!

I thus internally learned two or three things about identity! The language of synchronicity is often that of harmlessness. The signs of life do not seem to have any particular stakes other than the recognition that we are connected. What we think is only luck is a coherent structure of life lessons from which we could benefit for our own evolution, if we are responsive and attentive to them. In other words, there is a subjacent will from our Great Self to send us signals, winks to better apprehend what we must do and be to reach it. These signals contribute to the development of our intuition rather

than to that of our reasoning. Indeed, reason cannot perceive cause and effect links in this cloud of signs without apparent relationships. This metalanguage is available to those whose broadmindedness is sufficient. It is precisely that which we will need to address the sentences which follow. Without further delay, let's talk about the description of my first major experience with the extraterrestrials.

A fully detailed extraterrestrial ship.

1990. At the end of the Eighties, air transport in France, but also in the world, was going through a renewal of activity and I had waited for this period to start training to be a plane pilot at my own cost. In one year, I obtained my professional pilot license and my *instrument flight* qualification on twin-engine jet.

At the time of the events, I was thus a pilot in the business aviation in the *Miriadair* company based in Cannes, Nice, Paris and Barcelona. I had just obtained my qualification on twin-jet aircrafts during 1990, and had approximately six hundred hours of flight. I was among the luckiest. I had been hired shortly after my exams by simply having dared to meet at his work place my future boss who was at twenty-four the youngest commander on an Air Force KC135 tanker aircraft. I clearly told him what I wanted and he gave it to me at once. I would benefit very quickly from a qualification offer on twin-jet aircrafts. It is too often forgotten that to ask for things in an understandable way is the first step to obtain them!

This time, fate was on my side! We saw it, a few years earlier. When I was only eighteen years old, I was the youngest of my fighter pilot class and, a few months later, I was to pilot a F1 mirage. A post-teenager in an apparatus of several billion

cents! What is most astonishing, perhaps, is that I was flying a plane, alone, even before obtaining my driver's license. Perhaps a glimpse of a former life. In any event, this precocity served me since I failed the flight selection. Perhaps I was not ready… or maybe fate prepared me for something else.

Let us enter the contact experience at the time of my piloting career. During one afternoon, after a mission of which I forgot the destination, I took a nap in the house in which we lived in Sophia-Antipolis, on the heights of the *French Riviera*, between Cannes and Nice. This observation is in fact a very surprising *daydream*.

I suddenly found myself in a strange environment. I was among nonhuman creatures which I could not distinguish. I simply very strongly felt that they were not of our race. Did their discretion have a goal? One of them showed me a blueprint for a flying machine. It was of an amazing clarity during the *dream*.

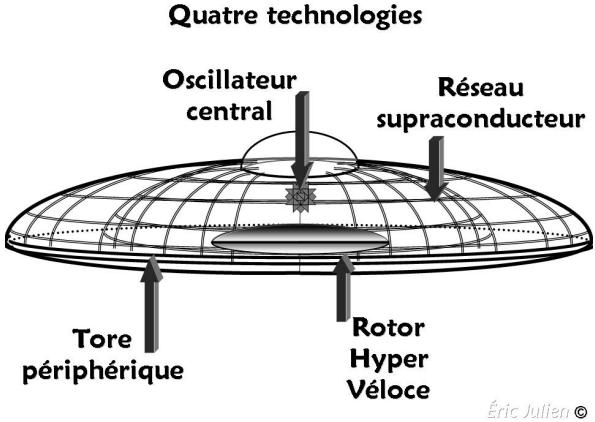

Figure 1

I understood in a stroke of genius how it functioned. This blueprint seemed alive as if it was being

carried out in front of me, but it was only a diagram. Perhaps a holographic draft composed of a technical drawing, mixed with organs in action. What is most astonishing is that I saw at the same time the details and the overall picture, much more complex than the small sketch above.

After the *dream*, I could only catch bits and pieces of information, as if I were to not remember most of it, only an investigation lead. The entities wished that I preserve the essential of what had been showed, like an intimate order. Thus, here is the description of this disk-shaped object:

- Flattened ship.
- Two floors.
- The lower floor was the engine strictly speaking.
- The higher floor was the cockpit in the center from which an enormous crystal strongly radiated. It was connected to the engine.

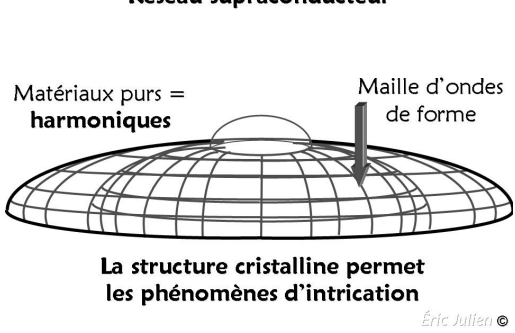

Figure 2

Exclusively made of superconductor materials, the engine consisted of a very large vacuum room in which a disc turned at a vertiginous speed thus producing an exceptional energy. What I remember is that, thanks to its incredible angular velocity, this disk of several meters in diameter had its circumference close to light speed.

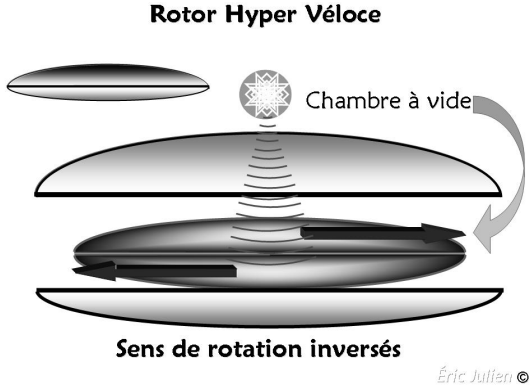

Figure 3

A peripheral torus was connected to the disk. The feeling that I then felt, during the dream, was curious: *"of course, it is simple and effective"*. I did feel any fear, any doubt, or even any surprise.

When I came out of this *dream*, I ran for a piece of paper to reproduce what I had seen. Then, remembering the technical drawing techniques learned in high school, I calmly traced the ship on a piece of tracing paper. I preciously kept it, in case it could be of use to somebody. But beyond the pencil strokes, it is the operation itself which makes an impression. Here are indications transmitted by the entities:

- Time is discontinuous, meaning nonlinear.
- Ships can come from the **future** and from the **past**.
- They pilot the crystal either *mechanically*, or *psychically*, thus the possible appearance of human interferences in this last case.

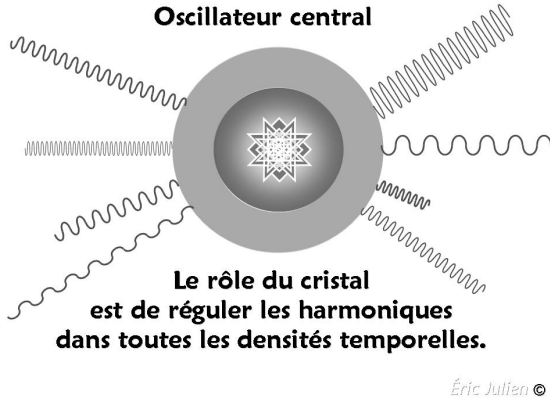

Figure 4

Something turns in the torus at very high speed, apparently variable, inducing the illusion of a mechanical rotation seen from the outside thanks to the partial transparency of the matter, like a translucent skin.

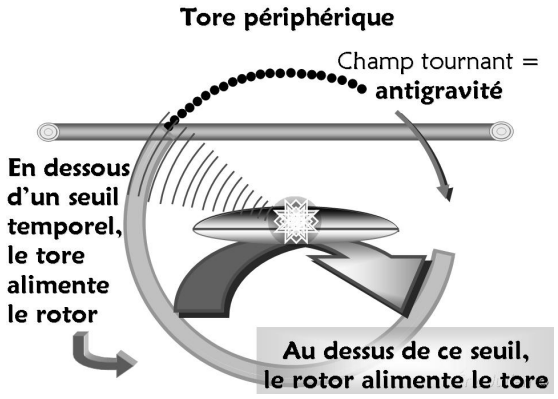

Figure 5

- The pilot of the ship manipulates two commands: a frequency, or mega wave of the crystal, and an *energy trajectory*.

- The torus gives temporal coherence. The crystal gives undulatory coherence through the implementation of harmonics

to the whole of the particles in the field produced by the torus and within the physical limits of the cell.

- The appearance of the variable force field around the ship locally precedes the ship by a projection of space time.

- The rotating disk is extremely light.

- The initial rotation of the disk is provided by the torus. The disk then restores its energy to the torus once a certain speed threshold is exceeded.

- To understand the principles implemented to cross great spaces, it is necessary to consider the vacuum concept, common to the infinitely small and infinitely large. *"Everything on top is like everything at the bottom"* says a hermetic wisdom. The vacuum is the key in the *mutation* of the state of matter, and thus of its *localization*.

- The level of conscience of the pilot and of the occupants is of primary importance because there is a risk of accidental decorporation, or delocalization of the conscience.

Several years later, I tried to speak about it with an eminent professor of fundamental physics in Paris, of whom I forgot the name. I had invited him to lunch. He initially pleasantly smiled at me before being carried away by a deafening anger, saying that I was wasting his time. No material, he affirmed, could preserve the least bit of atomic cohesion because of the released centrifugal force, which I easily understood. Since then, I was dampened. I thus threw my "wild imaginings" after this interview and never spoke about it again until my experiences of 2002. Twelve years afterwards!

With some hindsight, I analyzed this *vision*. The rotating disk could perfectly be doubled. Two disks could indeed have turned in opposite directions, giving the illusion of only one disk. Moreover, these disks, like the rest of the ship, were in the astral plane at the time of the experience. The physical constraints thus not existing, it is possible that these disks are

not visible at the moment of the materialization of the ship. This is why the witnesses only see the powerful light emitted, either at the center for disk-shaped objects - and even angular ships- or at each angle for triangular ships. That can also explain the troubling testimonies of ships recovered after a crash, and on which no apparent engine is identified. Such ships answer to psychic impulses of alive creatures (extraterrestrial or human) because these impulses are in the astral, or even the etheric plane.

My memory remains marked by this uncommon experience. I qualify this experience of 1990 as an encounter of the *fifth kind*! The encounter of the *third kind*, subject of the famous film from Steven Spielberg, evokes a physical contact. Let us review the types of encounters according to the famous ufologist and astronomer Allan Hynek, classification from which is inspired the quoted film.

Close encounter of the 1st kind (RR1)[7]

Definition: observation of a UFO located at a distance of less than one hundred and fifty meters and during which there are no measurable physical effects.

Characteristics: the UFO is seen close-up but without there being an interaction with the environment or with the witness. Its trajectory defies the laws of our physics: direct fall, abrupt accelerations, right angle turns, blistering appearances and disappearances, high speed departures.

Action on the witness: emotional shock.

Close encounter of the 2nd kind (RR2)

Definition: Observation of a UFO with appearance of verifiable physical effects on living or inert matter.

Characteristics: Traces on the ground, burned or crushed vegetation, broken tree branches, frightened animals, electromagnetic disturbances on dwellings (electricity, TV…) or

[7] Source : InXolite.com

on cars (headlights, engine, radio…)

Action on the witness: Disorders: numbness, feeling of heat or weightlessness, temporary paralysis, appearance of traces on the skin.

Close encounter of the 3rd kind (RR3)

Definition: Observation of a UFO on the ground with humanoid presence inside or outside of the machine.

Characteristics: During his work within Blue Book, the American astronomer Allan Hynek reveals that on the majority of cases of a UFO landing, 25% include the presence of humanoids. Also, the Franco-American ufologist Jacques Vallée, also astronomer but also data processing specialist, reports in his world catalogue seven hundred and fifty cases of UFO landings of which three hundred (40%) with humanoids. In a third of these observations we note the presence of several witnesses.

Action on the witness: Strange disorders: loss of time notion (*missing time*), **curing** of old wounds, physical traces comparable with those left by medical examinations, temporary paralysis, psychological after-effects.

Close encounter of the 4th kind (RR4)[8]

Definition: presence of the witness in the extraterrestrial ship and contact with the creatures. This type of encounter is generally called abduction (removal).

Characteristics: the witness rarely remembers such an encounter. It is often only after a hypnosis session that the memory comes back. It is generally about a medical operation done without the knowledge of the abducted. When it is the case, the extraterrestrials do not seem to be concerned with the fear of the witness. In other cases, the extraterrestrials communicate. Generally, it is a message addressed to humanity in the form of warning against self-destruction.

[8] Personal source.

Action on the witness: This experience is very eventful but it is lived in various ways. For some it will be an attack to their integrity, for others a positive experience. It happens that the witness returns with an implant following this operation.

Why an *encounter of the fifth kind* in my case? For *transmission of technical information*. Hynek had simply described the RR5 with the term *"communication"*. I add an informative dimension to it of a direct utility for man. How did so much information reach my brain? What credit can one grant them? What is a contact of the *fifth kind* like?

In addition to the clear feeling of the presence of extraterrestrials, it is a clear telepathic message! Beyond the language barrier and morphological codes, this contact generates an indestructible certainty and a widening of the conscience well beyond the human one, resulting in the appearance of certain visual and comprehension faculties. This type of contact is *ordinary* but is often *refused* by those to which it happens. Which makes it, consequently, very rare. However, many know and keep silence.

Other aspects were transmitted to me. The extraterrestrials thus control time and antigravitational technologies. The ships, known as psychics, are of the same nature than the material ships but in a different state. There are many extraterrestrial races. Among these races, little came to visit us. Among the races which did come to visit us, some have a great and altruistic goal, others do not. An extraterrestrial threat weighs on men. **This threat is related to our quarrelsome behavior.** The fraternity of men will have to become international. This threat will be reduced through collaboration with benevolent entities.

Like you, I wondered why the extraterrestrials did not show themselves physically for a guided tour in due form. History showed me that it was still too early. After thinking

about it, the answer is simple: in addition to insurmountable difficulties of language, the human psychological barrier, because of disproportionate surprise, prevents the transmission of raw information. I thus indicate here, by encounter of the *fifth kind*, the communication with nonhuman beings of which the goal was, for me, to bequeath *technical information* of which I was the hazardous agent. Hazardous? Perhaps not. But still, why did they do it?

To partially answer these two questions, I invite you to continue my strange travel, not to show off but to understand the eruption of such an event, and those which followed, in the life of a man. Each is a field of study for oneself and sometimes for others. As you noted, the chronological order is respected even if sometimes I refer to a situation that is shifted in time. These systemic digressions come to support an experimental and coherent logic to lead to an overall explanation.

I will qualify of close encounter of the *sixth kind*, meaning **RR6, the gift of an extraterrestrial technology.**

One has the right to wonder where this classification will stop. After the gift, the exchange? After the exchange, the mutation? After mutation, the teaching to other civilizations? Are we future extraterrestrial explorers for other planets to which a new responsibility would be entrusted? In any case, it would be false to believe that there is no follow-up to these meetings. A friend, like a spiritual brother, remains a friend beyond time and space. Before speaking of the future, let's look at the past. You saw one side. Let us discover another one.

A long pursuit.

The past is linked to tradition. I have great respect for knowledge that is transmitted by traditional philosophical

circles. Since the age of twenty, I have been interested in esotericism, particularly the Rosicrucian tradition that is said to have Egyptian roots. I therefore joined the *Ancient Mystical Order Rosae Crucis* in France while I was still an air traffic controller in Reims. I regularly attended meetings and initiations. I really liked the fraternal understanding between people from different backgrounds. These were men and women from a great esoteric culture. In their secular lives, they were laborers, employees, managers and professionals. Some were remarkably intelligent. One reads and hears countless untruths regarding these philosophical circles which are mistaken for sects. Whether it is the freemasons, Rosicrucians, or True Templars, most commentators have an erroneous idea of their activities and their goal. It is much simpler to take advantage of sensationalist rumors than to personally experience the reality of the facts from within. I do, however, understand the discretion of the members of these traditions who face the unscrupulous opinion of the ignorant. The very foundation of the existence of these traditions is the discovery of the truth underlying the secular world. People join precisely because they wish to gain this knowledge. Without this desire, no learning takes place. Without knowledge, there is a lack of understanding. And this lack of knowledge feeds jealousy as well as judgment. Everything comes from this humble and sincere desire. But that does not mean these philosophical orders are not made up of exceptional men and women alone. As in any human organization, there are also people who are driven by pride and self-interest. Generally, a great sense of fraternity and candor can be found in these orders. That is most important.

I remained with the AMORC for a few years during which I learned about many aspects of esoteric knowledge. Above all, I learned about myself. I am therefore indebted to

this initiatic tradition, as well as to those that followed. What I really liked were the meetings during which individuals who wished to speak stood in turn out of great respect and exemplary discipline. As opposed to many secular discussions, traditional oral expression forges temperance and active listening. Initiations are particularly moving. During initiations, everyone strips naked and accesses his or her inner self. Philosophy becomes active and participates concretely in one's inner well-being. I was also attracted by Martinist teaching. The *Unknown Philosopher*, Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin, was an eighteenth century sage and brilliant esoterist. The author of "*Errors and Truth"* touched me with his approach and his love of truth, hidden behind the facade of our ego. After a long period of absence from the initiatic scene, I was informed of the creation of the *Sovereign Order of the Initiatic Temple* by Raymond Bernard. Of course, this order has absolutely nothing to do, neither in terms of tradition nor in terms of authenticity, with the Order of the Solar Temple, a sect about which much has been written. Raymond Bernard was an eminently enlightened man. He was a former *Supreme Legate* of the *AMORC*. This title simply honors the person who represents, at the time the Order was reborn into its modern guise, the traditional filiation of centuries past. The Christian-inspired templar tradition, also inspired by Islam, dates back to the twelfth century when the chivalrous ideal that the Templars helped forge suddenly appeared. In fact, many traditions, both Western and non-Western, have origins in Egypt in the distant past, and more generally around the Mediterranean such as in Greece. The Templar note suited me perfectly, especially since I had some vague recollections of previous lives related to this Order. With the help of one of my spiritual brothers, I actually returned to my past lives.

A Scottish Lord in the Middle Ages.

The descriptions that you are going to read are the images and feelings that I experienced from within. Many details that would needlessly make cumbersome the meaning of these *reunions* are left out. In one of these, I was a Lord in Scotland before the great war with England in the Middle Ages. You probably remember the film *Braveheart* starring Mel Gibson. The film has a bit of the ambiance and scenery but certainly not the mystic vibration of the time. But that may help you visualize. You can also refer to the film *Rob Roy* with Liam Neeson which is perhaps closer to the simplicity of life at that time.

What my clan and I wore was closer to rags than ceremonial clothing. I lived in a very simple little castle in the *Highlands*. It was square in shape with four large walls made of uncut stone between nineteen and twenty-three feet tall surrounding the living quarters. The ground of the main courtyard was muddy. My quarters were on the second floor of a stone building facing the opening of the stronghold. Below, my visitors were screened in a guardroom. My main room had a large chimney above which hung my coat of arms. Beautiful tapestries were the focal point of the decorations. An enormous desk made of unfinished wood, covered with a few things and documents I was working on, also served as a table for lunch and for welcoming my guests. I was the guardian of a relic containing secrets of the greatest importance for humanity. Others before me had been the guardian and others would be in the future. Thus, by secret filiation, men and women remained the depositories of a treasure from Galilee from the earliest Christian times. I recall that during the session that enabled me to remember this previous life, the war with England was imminent. Irish allies, also Christian, had just landed on the

rugged western shores of Scotland to reinforce us. To protect the secrets, probably of Essenian origin, I had to remain in the *Highlands*, far from my valiant and rash warriors who were traveling southward. The latter were, however, peaceful men of the earth.

I suddenly saw a disturbing scene with an abrupt change of setting. Along with two of my lieutenants, I entered a small rustic chapel. It had neither windows nor stained-glass windows, just some stones, a wood door, and an unpretentious roof. It was isolated in the middle of the heath. Some pews on each side of a short aisle must have usually accommodated pilgrims for prayer and shelter. With the exception of a figure in mourning, the chapel was empty when I pushed the door open. I recognized my mother of that time seated on the first pew on the left, facing a small altar set against the back wall. I went up to her and nodded to her. My lieutenants remained positioned at the entrance to monitor the surroundings. I knelt down and prayed for the survival of my men and for the glory of God. Suddenly, to my right, a beam of white light literally came out of the wall without it opening. I was surprised to say the least. This oblique luminous cone lit up the ground and my face. My mother seemed captivated. For a moment I remained in a state of grace. Then I took leave of her. I felt transported and protected, as were some of my men. The memory came to an end.

I have relived other previous lives, some of which were much less esoteric, but this one has an eminent meaning in relation to the life I am living today. My journey to the modern Templars fell within this meaning as it were. At the end of an extraordinary collective initiation ceremony I participated in a few years ago, the Grand Master discretely asked a small handful of Templars to wait a moment before everyone left the room adjacent to the temple. I was among them. Then we were asked to follow him for a new initiation in a moderately-sized

place called the *High Chamber of the Epiphany*. I am neither allowed nor do I wish to describe what I saw there, nor what was said, but I can say that this was a turning point in my life.

Just four years ago, a reliable witness told to me that during a Templar ceremony at the Palace of the Popes in Avignon, extraterrestrial creatures with figures that varied quite a bit from one another quietly participated in human meditations and prayers in that space whose vibratory level was higher than usual. Of course, very few meditators were aware of their presence since these extraterrestrials were not there physically bit in a higher density of existence. It is indeed possible for human beings to see and hear creatures in other planes. This witness started laughing, telling me *"you would have said they were characters from Star Wars…but they were praying, too."* Raymond Bernard himself, who had also seen them, would have told him: *"if they were aware of their existence among us, many would be surprised."* The link between spirituality and extraterrestrials is extraordinarily stronger than ufologists may believe.

My daughter Anna, who I love very much, recently told me a secret that was surprising to say the least. When she was still very young, she had an astonishingly real dream in which she was just an onlooker. She saw me in the middle of a round room made of dark granite in the center of which a triangular column rose from the ground up to the height of my chest. Around the periphery of this room which was divided into six parts adorned with columns running up to the ceiling, which was dark as well, stood upright creatures that were half-man, half-tiger, in the exact image of Sekhmet, the Egyptian god.

These six beings wore armor on their chests, as well as a blue garment that fell to their feet. Despite their imposing and intimidating stature, they were delighted about my success at what resembled an initiation, a success of which my daughter

was completely unaware. The atmosphere there was extremely strange if you are to believe the description Anna gave me of it. At the top of the central column I saw an odd sword that the *lion-men*, who were obviously extraterrestrials, invited me to take. Which I accepted. Just as they were happy for me, I was happy with my lot in life.

Then the scene suddenly disappeared. I must clarify here that my daughter was living far away from me at the time and that I had not seen her in several months. Let us return now to social experiences, leading us toward other horizons.

Unforgettable initiations.

In 1991, after the aforementioned contact with the extraterrestrial creatures – those that showed the plan of the ship – the chief pilot of *Miriadair* offered me a new position on an even bigger twin-engine jet, an old British Aerospace aircraft. But the company had just bought a much more recent Falcon 20. I would have preferred this Dassault aircraft, but it is true that all promotions were worth taking. I turned it down, however, waiting for a permanent captain position to become available on the Beechcraft 200. Why did I turn down such a godsend? The Gulf War broke out at that time and the business aviation companies quickly collapsed due to lack of customers. My company was not spared and, after a few moths of flying for a rich Greek industrialist who died prematurely of cancer, I found myself unemployed like fifteen hundred of my established pilot colleagues. A job on the old British Aerospace would have however spared me this ordeal since it was a private plane. But a new cycle was coming: I had to know human nature even more, starting with my own.

I completed a personal development training course in a

guest house perched on the hills of the Luberon mountain range in the Alps of Upper Provence. Contact with the spiritual master seemed to be the paroxysm of the psychic experience. I was sadly mistaken. I got to know suffering, true suffering, suffering in the face of which we are helpless.

After a few visualizations, I dozed off a bit, stretched out on a bed. What I experienced next is scarcely describable. I saw and felt in a very sharp pain my ribs torn from each side, leaving my heart and my lungs visible. The intensity of this torture was so extreme that I still think about it when I see the horror of the world pouring out onto our TV screens. What terrified me was the myriad of small crawling blackish insects, like busy cockroaches, coming out of my organic cavities. Hundreds of fears, harmful actions, deceptions, wickedness overflowed, teeming, from this intimate and masked space. My whole being shrieked in terror and pain. It seemed long, very long, eternal, because I remained conscious! All the better! My consciousness was strained to the maximum. I went through the ordeal completely powerless and lucid.

A few days later, at the same place, I had another experience. Exactly the opposite of this one. After having removed all the feelings from my body, after having imprisoned them in imaginary bubbles, after having driven them out as I repeated over and over *"this is not me,"* I floated without emotion or thought. Suddenly, my consciousness contacted other consciousnesses. Then more still…

All of a sudden, ego disappeared completely. I was no longer the infinite Source of Creation, impersonal. Briefly, I had been *something else*, non-human, non-created and powerful. I collapsed into a very long, liberating sleep. When I awoke, I was surprised that I was again in bed, so restricted, so reduced to this body of flesh. My energy seemed to increase tenfold. Simply thinking of it still brings a smile to my lips. How, at the last

moment of the experience, did ego vanish? How did judgment lose its meaning? How did transcendent love overcome me? As I write these lines, I am still repeating to myself: *"If you are Yourself than you do not need to justify yourself …because ego cannot have virtues!"*

To those who sincerely wish to use their free will in its most accomplished expression and to free themselves from liberty-killing mental frameworks, I suggest experimenting with, not debating, the technique that I learned during this training course thanks to a friend and Templar Brother. When you have mastered the work of decreation and creation that follows, you will just begin to understand the incredible psychic powers of extraterrestrials, particularly mimicry, which we can also access.

Once you have made sure you will not be bothered by anything for the next five hours, lie down calmly, close your eyes, and breathe deeply. More and more deeply without falling asleep. On the contrary, focus on all your feelings but not all at the same time.

Tap into one of them and experience it with all your consciousness. Do not try to define it. Just experience it, just experience it. What is it like? Is it painful? Ticklish? Do not resist! Contemplate this feeling without judging it. Then lock it away in a virtual bubble that you visualize. See this feeling in this transparent sphere. Then, firmly drive it away towards infinity with your willpower as if a violent wind passed by, and say calmly: *"this is not me!"*

Next, move on to other feelings and follow exactly the same *decreation* procedure. There are many of these feelings and the work will take a long time, but it is useless to hurry, you have time. The feelings that you have driven away may return. That doesn't matter. You are stronger. Restart the procedure: *"this is not me."*

This operation may last several hours after which you will begin to perceive the *self* who is speaking. The work is far from over. You must move on to mental images and thoughts that you are having. Take each thought you have and look at it attentively. Take a tour of it as if it were some kind of shape. Lock away this thought in a virtual bubble that you create. Then drive it away forcefully saying: *"this is not me."*

If you are patient, without becoming irritated or setting a goal, you will notice that you are incredibly approaching your *inner self* whose nature and will power you are gradually understanding. True free will begins to emerge. In the end, after several days of preparation, you will experience intense pain during which all that is not you will come out like pus from a unhealed wound.

As I indicated, many *bugs* came out of my lungs and my sorrow was much more intense than the physical pain. It was like open heart surgery without anesthesia. It was so painful, and I was so powerless, that I sank into a refreshing sleep for an exceptionally long period of time, a kind of coma for the consciousness. The next day, I had the most profound mystic experience that I had ever had up to that point: *the experience of the Source!*

To summarize, you must free yourself from any conception before beginning the experience. **You must consider the experience the only possible and attainable truth.** Any interpretation, as elegant and attractive as it may be, will constitute a layer of belief that sooner or later will have to be discarded because, and I am intentionally discussing it just briefly, there is *something* beyond Love. Sometimes we cannot discard some feelings quickly. This is completely normal and must happen. You bring forth everything about yourself of which you are unaware, including things from your previous lives. You must be patient and wait for something to click in

your mind.

To help you with this, **you must completely forget the physical limits of your body which is nothing but a creation, or a belief, firmly fixed in our minds.** You must limit yourself exclusively to experiencing, nothing but experiencing, and have no mental projections of what things are. Only the feelings which control us should exist. Just the feelings themselves. Do they really have a place in space? What are they really like? How much of what we believe is that it is when it is? You must learn to control these impressions. That is the price of free will, of liberty, of liberation. Above all no words, no concepts, no ideas, nothing! Just *decrystallize* the feelings. Detaching yourself from previous lives is not the only challenge of this seemingly tedious experience. **It is about liberation, an *explosive illumination!***

Indeed, the goal of this experience is to reduce your perceptions to nothing so that what remains springs up forever, your *Upper Self*, which bathes in the *Source* and is born of it. The other goal is to know what it is like in your Reality by forgetting all concepts. It is the Being as itself, capable of deciding without distortion and without influence. It is the final point of free will of which any other representation is just a lie of the ego. Thus, in this experience, it is absolutely necessary to remove all types of belief, precisely to look at the Truth of your being squarely in the face. This is an essential task of forgetfulness before the work of reconstruction at will, that is, of Creation. Indeed, after Decreation comes Creation. Here is some additional information:

1) we must drive away all feelings.

2) if we drive away all feelings, we are faced with Permanence, which we cannot isolate. It is difficult to express what it is like.

3) the fact that pain appears is evidence of a subconscious tension. This is positive! If this pain becomes

unbearable, and we cannot manage to discard it, we must move the part of the body in question. Let us not forget that we must deal with all of our previous lives. This is not easy!

4) not managing to drive away a feeling, whether it is painful or not, even though rest is supposed to bring us peace, is not very important in the beginning. As for me, my experience was successful after two weeks on such a regime.

What is most important at the beginning is to observe the feeling, that is, to define its outline. Where is it really? What notion of space do we have of our body? What is a feeling after all? The goal is to isolate it as much as possible. Next, in the following days, we learn to drive it away by tirelessly repeating the procedure *"this is not me."* Our will is severely tested and yet the technique is that of letting go. If we continue to say that the feeling is not us, it will go away slowly but surely.

5) the phases of unconsciousness are completely normal. It is not about fighting but rather becoming aware that we are losing consciousness. Since the goal of the experience is precisely to *regain* consciousness, we realize that to be focused in relaxation is not an easy thing. This is customary of this *initiatic exercise* which reveals both the broadening of consciousness and its intensity, and therefore its power.

6) when I talk about *intense sorrows*, I am speaking of a paroxysmic phase that arises of itself when we least expect it, just when we believe we have reached the *Source*. This is not the case because what comes next, often after a phase of unconsciousness, is an opening of the body in the psychic plane where a gladiator has been set free. Yet this pain is far from being exclusively psychic. It is the process of giving birth!

7) although the pain cannot be measured, the final pain is incomparable to what has been experienced up to that point. What is most difficult to bear is the not moving because, at that very moment, we no longer feel our physical bodies.

Meanwhile, we have become an enormous rubber ball.

This entire description would be completely insignificant if there was no true liberation in it and a consecutive unforgettable experience that has a great impact on our lives forever. Because from this point forward We Are! Incidentally, in this experience, we are *the others* as much as we are *ourselves*. There is only Unity, but these are no longer words!

It is in unity that I have grasped the concept of free will, since by being freed from the prison of my feelings and my preconceived notions, I have assessed everything that I was, everything that we were as a whole. Let us not pompously brag about our free will. It is just one of the many steps towards more free will before attaining liberation of the soul. What I have understood, in short, is that it is about a state that belongs to a parallel universe, as it were. More precisely, this universe is another spatiotemporal fractal. That is why there is no permanence of this state in our physical world. Our souls in this world can only aspire to find it by repeating the experience. What has changed, in the meantime, is a greater mastery of self and a true respect for others. What was left for me was the most important thing: to experiment with them in our plane of existence!

Knowing the other better.

Summer 93 came along. Everything indicated that the air transport crisis was going to be long-term: the young Air France pilots were sorting bags. They too must have had to learn about the true nature of humility which is not submission: *we always need others.* All of sudden, an idea came to me: go back to school! I sent in a registration form, but just one, to enter the doctoral program in economics at the Université d'Aix-Marseille . My

chances were very slim since I had not followed the classic route through a master's degree. My only grounds was that I had spent some time at Editions Masson publishing house in a position involved with management training and the business and stock market press. This self-taught status appealed to the professors because it supplemented my aviation career. So I studied technological innovation in the Bac+5 post-graduate program titled *"assistance with decision-making and management of new technologies"* and I graduated …second in my class!

Not being first must have been part of my spiritual training since, once again, I was just a few tenths of a point from being first. Armed with my diploma, and having learned somewhat how to focus my psychic energy, I sent out just one resume! It was the airline AOM. They hired me as the station manager on duty although I knew nothing about the job! A real jump into the unknown, especially since I had never managed employees before. In this case, there were several hundred agents! Mostly young women.

I stayed there four and a half years during which the Paris Orly station where I worked grew three hundred percent in terms of traffic and passengers. The number of employees grew from one hundred to two hundred seventy agents. This job was no picnic. I had to manage the logistical, technical, and human aspects all at the same time. Only passion enabled me to hang on in this service factory that we call an airport. I would like to take this opportunity to pay homage to the thousands of anonymous employees of these places of stress and self-sacrifice. Millions of passengers per year, in a huge space, force you to strengthen your leg and heart muscles. It is in this human theater where races, religions, rich, poor, intellectuals, small minds, men of power, men of the stage, of the shadows, and of the heart cross that I opened my mind to mankind.

Whether I was dealing with small personal problems or

managing the flow of large masses of passengers, I had a front row seat to humanity in motion. In some times of crisis - long flight delays, technical breakdowns, company changes - you turn around and say that you alone can decide to face the anger, indignation, sadness or resignation. Listening to and tolerating passenger and employee burdens, these were my life lessons. You do not have the right to pretend. Sincerity of active listening is the only remedy for the problems to be solved. There is always a technical response, more rarely an affective response.

I remember an intense emotion when I crossed a terminal full of vacationers. I stopped for a moment and suddenly I was ten or fifteen feet in the air contemplating this immense rainbow-colored crowd for which I had a boundless love. This state of grace lasted a few seconds. As I returned to my physical body, I felt extremely light and happy to be in harmony with the human family in which I distinguished no differences. Fate then let me catch my breath a bit when I was promoted to head of the *customer quality* department. The assignment consisted of responding to complaint mail and sometimes…thank you mail. I understood that kindness is always radiant in a world of ingratitude.

In 1998, I was co-opted by a large airport to take on a position of responsibility there. I was put in charge of the management of airport resources for the operation of a terminal. The group of agents with which I was entrusted numbered about one hundred people. After learning about human nature came learning about the ambivalence of the relationship of interests. I wore two hats. The first was of a commercial nature. The quality of service that the airport owed the airlines and the various service providers was the focus of all my attention. The contact rate of the planes in front of the terminal to use the jet ways instead of the busses was monitored closely, as well as the allotment of check-in counters. Among other things, it involved

maintaining the utmost equity of treatment between air transport competitors. On the other hand, I represented the authority of the State in monitoring the strict application of airport operation regulations with which these companies and service providers had to comply. I have noted how easy it is to hide behind the screen of the government and the state.

I was the judge and the indicted, the law and the servant. I experienced life's complexity. This tightrope exercise, considered essentially modest on this scale, made me see the difficulties of this world: private interests versus collective interests. Justice is not an easy thing to apply. The past, present, and future of a situation often complicate the evaluation of a decision. I learned quickly that the behavior of institutions and socioeconomic players interpenetrate so deeply that our cut-and-dried judgments spare many considerations. After the microscopic look at individual psychology, I benefited from a macroscopic view of humanity. Gradually I came to consider the great geopolitical and strategic balances on Earth. Too often we forget the interdependence of our actions and beliefs. What one man thinks or writes will have a tangible repercussion elsewhere. The impressions that one lobby gives will have considerable consequences for a large number of people, thus becoming more or less reactive, more or less apathetic in the face of great changes. By no means does it involve value judgments but a deep-rooted mechanism. So much so that the world only reacts to schools of thought.

Thus it is for the acceptance of UFOs. Let us set aside the thorny problem of disinformation, a downright crime against the highest human aspirations. It is not so much the absence of evidence that we have trouble with as much as the means to get there. A wider acceptance of the phenomenon would enable us to obtain it. We see clearly that it is a vicious circle. On the one hand, the phenomenon will be accepted when it is proven. On the other hand, it will be proven when we provide the means to

prove it, and to do so we need to accept it as highly probable. And to accept it we need depart from the pre-established framework. In other words, to evolve we must keep our minds open to the unknown, open to what the message *"Do you wish to see us?"* asks.

This thing is difficult to grasp because we are swept along by day to day business, everyday life, family, projects, obligations, worries, and the pounding of our individual thoughts. Only too rarely do we have the opportunity to meditate on it. For most of us, this means *never* because there are too many of us who confuse intellectual thought and absolute detachment with our beliefs. We are very quick to give our opinion, which is often the product of our conditioning, the result of our exogenous influences. We believe that we think for ourselves when in reality we are just the product of survival reflexes. Therefore I needed time, which we all desperately lack. This is the new chance life gave me: purify me of society's impurities in another implacable face to face experience with myself. For now, let us have an interlude.

Underwater story.

Summer 1998. I went on vacation in Réunion Island while I was living in Paris. I met up with some friends who hosted me at their home by the sea. I spent my days resting on the beach and letting my thoughts wander. I was attracted by some apnea experiences I remembered from my adolescence when I used to dive deep along the Mediterranean coast to admire the sea beds. At the time I did not have the money to buy or rent scuba diving equipment. So with just flippers, a mask, and a snorkel I surveyed the fish-filled world. Since then, pollution has taken its toll. Fish have been replaced with litter.

So one tropical morning, I went all the way into the water a few feet from the sand. I did a few breathing and concentration exercises. Then I dove my head into the ocean. I held my breath several times and realized that I could not go beyond a certain point at which my body began to shake. So I decided to put the power of life into myself.

Slowly, very slowly, I relaxed all my muscles and dove into the water again facing the shore. The sea was glassy and not a single wave disturbed me. A few vacationers lounged idly on the beach and seemed to be looking at me in amusement. I forgot them and began to count the beating of the seconds. At the same time, I observed the feelings in my body. I soon identified with the numbers that went by. Nothing mattered but the harmony I felt with the universe, not even the signals of my body which begged for air. I spoke to it and asked it to calm itself, told it that everything was fine. I asked it to cooperate, but not without reassuring it of the consideration I had for it. It began to *breathe* energy from cells. Once I had exceeded the pain threshold, a strange sensation of eternity took hold. Nothing was urgent. My mind felt the serenity of the present moment. Neither the day before, nor the next day could exist. Only the truth of my communion with the water formed the world here and now.

In the distance, I heard worried murmuring. I raised a thumb above the surface of the water extremely slowly to quell their fears. My body told me that it was time to take care of it again. I thanked it for its duties, returned to the top unhurriedly, and filled it with an ample supply of oxygen. I sat in the water in the lotus position, keeping my eyes closed. I extended this suspended second to three hundred sixty. Six minutes of apnea! The world record is around eight minutes.

I opened my eyes and saw the alarm in the eyes of the onlookers. The comments began to fly. Athletic theories were put forward, yet I did not have any training. After the fear of

drowning came the amazement of the performance. Yet deep down in my heart, the experience for me had just been the absence of the motivations of the world. When you let go, the incredible can occur. Of course, I strongly advise against imitating this type of exercise. You can let go without risking your life if you are not prepared for it.

On the other hand, I invite each of us to get in touch with his or her physical body and to dialog with it as if it were another person. The effects are astounding! It will contribute to your goals if you contribute to your own. Cooperation starts with oneself. **So let us sincerely love our most intimate *physical partner*, whatever it may be. It will return this love one hundredfold.** Especially if you are sick, speak to it constantly! It needs you to communicate with it since it sends you distress messages. You can ask it to calm pain. Once you have experienced this click, you will understand that you can do the same with your thoughts. Love them, even if they are morbid. **Invite them to discuss their presence within you because they are not you.** By discovering this, you will have the strength and the will to dismiss them if necessary without ever making them your enemies – opponents always looking for a fight – but rather, *spiritual* working relationships! Not tools, which is a degrading term to say the least. **Give consciousness to what appears not to have any. You will have surprise after surprise.**

The desert crossing and *The Last Judgment*.

September 2000. After a few months of forced geographic separation, I caught up with my wife and children in Reunion, an isolated island in the middle of the Indian Ocean. We had a home there that was ideal for vacations. We left with the intention of staying three weeks, but remained there for a

year and a half. This time was the opportunity to enter and rummage through the recesses of my subconscious in which I had put aside family life so I could stand out in the business world thanks to my professional successes. This realization that I was just a puppet at a fair was painful. I am speaking of our civilization which is so excessive in terms of its certainties and edifices. The child that I had been resurfaced and interrogated my soul. *What do you really know? What are you living for? What is your place?* So many disturbing questions for a Westerner full of conformities ready to be put to use. The starry southern sky looked upon me indifferently. Majestic and powerful, the nocturnal canopy scarified me with its shiny silent harrows. Slowly but surely, the successive layers of my appearance gave way to the ruthless tearing of the immense infinity. Everything collapsed, allowing a luminous being to appear from beneath the dark layer.

This was a period of my life during which I had tremendous doubt. It had become a reflex. It did me much good to systematically refute. It gave me the impression of having power over nature. I felt that I was living freely. Most often, I still seek this delightful feeling of rejecting everything to feel as free as possible, without belief, without master, without immediate truth. It truly is incredibly bewitching to not let yourself be carried away by the sensational. That carried me toward oblivion, toward the void, toward desertion. It matters little what was true and what was not. I became what I had been. Gone were needs and desires. Finally, the void! Finally, unlearning! Finally, true learning! Things are simple: **you are always someone's savage; perfection is just a question of time; what you accept is what you already know!** If we become aware *here and now,* it is as if we had always been aware! Our happiness drives away everything that is not happiness. Love needs several faces to recognize itself wherever it is. That is why

love is not a concept but an embrace.

In so doing, my view of things and beings became more keen and clear. I began to see the light hidden in everyone since it was in me. I began to understand that human nature conceals a great power, that we are authentic and altruistic builders. So I wrote a novel: a liberating spiritual adventure blending plot with personal victory. *Le Jugement Dernier (The Last Judgment)!*

It was in this detached state of mind, after a salutary psychological wringing and a devastating cyclone (tropical cyclone Dina), that the second major experience of this first life part took place: understanding *3D time.* But before touching on this, let us turn to harbingers.

The sorrow of the Virgin Mary.

August 2001. Many people will think I am mixing genres here. Yet everything is very coherent. I had a particularly vivid *lucid dream*. I was very aware of what I was experiencing. Moreover, the term *dream* is completely inappropriate. I will speak instead of *psychic experience.*

I was in a group of about twelve people facing a promontory upon which I immediately recognized the Virgin Mary. I recognized her not only from her luminous appearance but from the power of love that emanated from her. She was both radiant and profoundly human. She pointed me out from this group and asked me to approach her. She was on a small mountain top. I complied but felt unworthy to be near her. She smiled at me and asked me through telepathy to think intensely about what I was going to discover. This seemed very important for the future.

Suddenly, she made appear on my left side images of human beings suffering in horror. It was an immense crowd

plunged in a hell of torture, but the exact circumstances were not clear. All of a sudden I fully internalized their sorrow and their misery within my being. I felt an immense sadness. I screamed without making a single sound. I broke down in a flood of tears. An indescribable mental suffering, combined with a superhuman empathy, transfixed me. It seemed that this immense sorrow lasted for hours on end. She told me *"remember this"* when I lost consciousness. I came to deeply distraught over this experience, thinking of the weight that Mary carries, living with the knowledge of the fate of this destitute and tortured humanity. For the first time I felt a true sense of compassion. This description is brief but this experience is one of the most vivid that has been given to me in my life. I do not know whether or not it was about a potential future, but if what she showed me has a chance of coming true, dedicate the rest of your days to the coming of peace. Suffering always seems eternal to those who experience it. Perhaps we were together, you and I, in that sorrowful human mass…

A multicolored ship pays us a visit.

December 2001. We were on the island of Mauritius for an end-of-the-year vacation. We wanted to celebrate the feast of Saint Sylvester fittingly in the tropics and in the sun. We were already in the area since we were living in Reunion at the time. But the island of Mauritius had different charms than the Bourbon Island. In the period leading up to New Year's Day, one of my daughters, who was twelve at the time, saw a UFO and told me about it just before we returned to France at the end of May 2002. Almost six months later. It was not until the following summer that I made some interesting parallels. She said that this sighting lasted about one minute. This aircraft was

apparently going slightly faster than an airliner.

My daughter was with her sisters in the pool of the villa we had rented. The other girls were practicing apnea. It was around ten pm. It had been dark for a long time. The sun sets early in this region at that time of year. The stars shone in a sky that had been clear since dusk. My daughter knows the stars well since she loves to look at them. I must add that we, my wife and myself, were in the living room watching television or buried in a book. My daughter was in the middle of the pool, floating on her back to relax. When she got up to stand on her feet, she saw in the sky two concentric circles consisting of distinct lights. The peripheral circle consisted of about twenty spots of light. The second, which was smaller, comprised five lights. These changed color from one primary color to another. This is what she said about the larger circle: *"the lights were steady but their color varied from white, to red, to pink, to yellow, to green, to blue, to purple, and back to white." Although it seemed to me that the circle was turning, I am sure that it was not turning. Moreover, no lights went out."* She explained that the object had the size and shape of a plate held at arms length! *"It must have been over the beach, or between the beach and us,"* she added. The beach was only about a thousand feet away!

The object, if it was near the ground, therefore must have measured at least one hundred thirty feet in diameter. Much larger if it was at a high altitude, perhaps several hundred feet. She is sure it was not the moon which, moreover, was not visible in this place. She was facing northwest when she saw it. Finally, no sound was heard when the aircraft passed by. She immediately told her older sister, age fifteen at the time, who advised her not to interrupt us *for nothing*. As such, she forgot about telling us.

Even so, the next morning she wanted to verify the height of the few buildings along the trajectory of the UFO from

east to west (opposite trajectory of satellites). She thought that the UFO had had a downward curve, and the outline of the buildings definitely corresponded with this impression. The ship had probably landed in the distance! To the question *"what did you feel?"* she simply responded: *"I was just happy to see a UFO. Now I know they exist."*

Stealthy luminous crossing.

February 2002. Another harbinger was a very fast light I noticed in the clouds. This was a few days before the big event of March 2002.

One evening, like every other evening for the past few moths, I had gone out into the yard of our house in Reunion. It was dark and the cloud ceiling was low, between approximately three thousand and five thousand feet. The altitude of this place is about two thousand feet above sea level. Despite the absence of stars, my attention was drawn toward the clouds.

Suddenly I saw an intense light in the cloudy strata quickly moving from the summits of Maïdo (mountain peak) toward the coast, practically passing over the house. I estimated its speed to be around one hundred eighty-five miles per hour. There was no sound. The sighting lasted two or three seconds. Let me point out, for your information, that there was no dance club nearby. A beam of light could indeed have explained this phenomenon. Moreover, the moisture in the air, which is naturally high in the tropics and facilitates the appearance of nocturnal mist, would have proven that it was a laser if that had been the case. But there were no light tubes.

So what difference does another UFO make? This serial phenomenon remains troubling all the same and merits discussion here. What is most curious is that I am not the only person in my family who is familiar with this law of series. I am

convinced that it has an eminent meaning for many on Earth. Another person with whom I was very close is familiar with it as well. I suggest a flashback to the relatively distant past.

A thirty-five year-old ship.

1967. This person's parents were driving north on the Saint-Gilles-les-Bains highway up near Etang-Salé on Reunion Island. This woman, who was three at the time, was in the back of the vehicle. It was dark when suddenly her parents saw a circular ship surrounded by a luminous halo, between approximately thirty-five and sixty-five feet in diameter. It crossed the sky above them at a low altitude. This aircraft descended a few hundred feet from their car behind a mound of soil and landed. Her father suddenly sped up as he became frightened of this spectacular incident. He immediately asked his wife never to speak about the incident to anyone. Indeed, he would become an inspector with the French National Education Ministry. Even if UFOs are quiet, it would have been unfortunate to drag such a noisy clunker along behind him. This taboo is indeed a deafening silence. It is incredible what disastrous consequences popular opinion has on the truth, the simple truth.

His wife, a devout Catholic, was very obedient. She remained absolutely silent about the matter for thirty-five years until May 2002, when their retirement was secure. Thirty-five years of silence! This completely understandable caution is a perfect illustration of the reaction of thousands of witnesses on Earth who see no advantage in describing their observations apart from the potential problems that doing so would cause them. Note that as they passed by, the UFOs avoided neither distant exotic regions nor small islands in the Indian Ocean. We will confirm this again in one of the experiences that follows.

A Loud Ship Over Our Heads.

Late 70s. This close person told me about another sighting she made around Gap (a mountainous region) while she was a camp counselor. She was sixteen. It was summer. Perched atop a cliff, the group of counselors were camping out until ten pm when suddenly, a very large celestial object, very luminous, appeared rather low at an indeterminate altitude, coming in behind them then diving toward the foot of the cliff. She remembers several things: a slightly staccato electrical sound, a luminous streak behind the object, the certainty that it was an aircraft with luminous outlines and not just a light, and the great fear experienced by the entire group. They all managed to flee to the path back to camp even though it was completely dark out! Not a single member of the group spoke about it again that evening or the next day. The detail regarding the sound of the UFO is very significant here because, as we will see, it coincides with another *encounter*.

In UFOs, some people see angels, others see a secret human technology, others an illusion, repeated several times, others a lie or a hoax, just for two or three listeners to whom these facts are reported.

The list of UFO sightings made by people in my circle, and particularly air traffic controller friends, could continue on for a few more pages but I prefer not to needlessly make the book more cumbersome with similar anecdotes. All you have to do is get some of the publications dealing with the subject in order to face the facts: there truly are a great many UFOs, and even demonstrative UFOs!

***3D time* over the bed.**

March 2002. Let us now turn to the major event of winter 2002. In the southern hemisphere, it was actually summer. To better understand, the facts will be presented chronologically, but my wife at the time only told me about her experience after I had mine.

A strange phenomenon occurred on March 7, 2002. It was rather late in the evening on a Thursday, around eleven-thirty pm in the house we were living in on the Island of Reunion. While I slept, my wife heard a very loud sound followed immediately by excessive barking from the neighborhood dogs - this in a rural yet very calm area. This noise was very much like what she had heard during her UFO experience near Gap: a wire that was spinning very fast with staccato sounds, like electrical clicking. She explained shortly thereafter that a tremendous *thunderbolt* heralded this phenomenon which was confined to the zenith of our bedroom, just above the roof. *"As if suddenly an eighteen wheeler was cutting through the house vertically,"* she explained at the time.

The sound was so loud that she immediately thought a helicopter was going to crash into us. However, the *volume* of the sound far exceeded that made by helicopter blades. What's more, helicopters do not fly at night in Reunion. She was therefore expecting a terrible crash, but this never came. The sound quickly disappeared. She immediately went to look out the window, but none of the neighbors seemed to be moving. As she raised her eyes to catch sight of *something,* she saw nothing outside but a clear, starry sky. Then the barking which had carried unusually far from the event stopped.

Sometimes trucks drive by on the road near the house, but never at such a late hour. Furthermore, when a truck goes by the front of the house, a muffled sound and low-frequency vibrations pass through the ground, making the house shake. In

this case, the sound was gradual due to the Doppler effect. It was heard coming then going. Now, not only did what she hear not correspond to this hypothesis but, in addition, my wife saw no headlights or tail lights projecting on the road. In this particular case, the sound was not gradual at all. It was sudden and the house did not shake whatsoever. After this event, she said she was very frightened for several minutes while she was lying down. She was even more surprised to see me motionless in bed when there had just been a veritable *explosion*. No reaction from the neighbors either. But something had definitely happened since all the dogs in the neighborhood, and some even farther away, put on a real concert of barking.

The next day, I woke up at four-thirty in the morning and immediately got out of bed, driven by a pressing need. I wrote for a full three hours. The visions I had in 1990 had become intensely comprehensible again although actual images did not come to the fore. This desire to write lasted almost a week during which, every day at the same time, I got up and sat down at the desk for three hours. What happened between eleven-thirty pm and four-thirty am the night of Thursday to Friday? Clear visions of the mechanisms of the universe! I was not a *victim* of an alien abduction! In any case, that was not my experience. Not that I dismiss the reality of these completely explainable events, but I did not feel at that time that anything happened against my will.

To truly understand the context, I must emphasize that I had observed, every night for several months, the starry sky for at least one or two hours. By no means was I ever waiting for a UFO, a subject from which I was far removed. I just *watched my soul in the sky* to get the inspiration needed to write my spiritual novel (*The Last Judgment)*. To give you a full idea of the situation, I must add that I had just finished the seventh version of this first novel. The same story rewritten

with improvements, seven times! I stress this point to demonstrate that what follows is perhaps the result of a long preparation, clearing my mind of its beliefs a little more each day.

What follows is not a theory but an experience! It is not easy for closed minds to fully grasp, but that is the case. You may dismiss all or part of it, understand it in different terms, but never remain in the simple epistemological debate. The difference between a human theory and a transcendent experience is simple: its origin!

There can be no confusion: I do not wish to convince anyone, but to share! It matters very little that a name or anything else be put forward on a scale of several billion people, or on the scale of History. If others have been inspired, that means that some are ready to make the conceptual leap. Let us forget our reflexes and our egos. Let us only hope that we will do so together. Humanity will do as it wants. Those who refuse help cannot be helped. Therein lies the entire dilemma of the extraterrestrial creatures around us. That is why their intervention does not change our free will, except perhaps to ask us to truly exercise it. We always have the choice to deny or accept. As we do each day when faced with the close-minded thinking on television. We will always be faced with our responsibilities and our experiences, forever.

So what did I write when I jumped out of bed? Nothing that resembles a normal encounter with its learned assembly of strange creatures. **I simply experienced an inhuman state of understanding time.** The information that I received will probably drastically change our vision of the world and its future. It gives incredible coherence to all UFO and paranormal phenomena: **the unit of time expands or contracts!** Parallel universes are nothing but a different displacement of time… because time is three-dimensional! Space has three dimensions: length, width, and height. What is less well-known is that time

also has: direction, density, and the present! Here is a very simplified introduction to these since they are developed in another scientific book[9], that is nevertheless accessible for most people.

Direction: this refers to what everyone believes it does: the *trajectory* that extends from the past to the future. What some call the fourth dimension. The past forms our memory, and the future our imagination. The transformation of matter and events follows the apparent deflection of time. But here direction has a double deflection, which explains premonition. The key word to remember is **transformation**.

Density: this is the long-awaited meeting with the next great discoveries of fundamental science. What is density of time? It is a passage of time that influences the state of matter, and whose perception expands or contracts the conventionally accepted unit of time.

Key word: **speed** (of transformation).

The present: contrary to a widely held idea, the present is not an obvious concept because every moment in time, whether you count in nanoseconds or not, becomes the recent past after having been the immediate future. The present is timeless. It is related to the direction and the density of time without having the same dimension. The present is intangible, uncreated, and depends neither on the past nor the future!

Key word: **permanence** (that which does not transform).

Here we will continue with a short passage from *The Science of Extraterrestrials (La Science des Extraterrestres)*.

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[9] *The Science of Extraterrestrials (La Science des Extraterrestres)*, JMG editions, July 2005.

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For *inferior* kingdoms, we are but a furtive movement. For plants, we do not exist, unless we are gardeners. We therefore need to learn to understand our gardeners. We will see that for gardeners, crossing great intergalactic spaces poses no problem since by satisfactorily varying the density of time, they cover the distance they want in a few of their new seconds. This is especially easy for them since space contracts at the *same time*! Oh how the conventions of language kill liberty!

Dozens of ufologists and scientists have expressed their surprise at the explanations given for all enigmas.

For example, Philippe Pellaumail, engineer at Centrale Paris, one of the most prestigious scientific Grades Ecoles in France, wrote: *"As a trained scientist, I found in Eric Julien's book a well-developed argument in favor of Absolute Relativity. I believe this new approach, which drastically changes our usual concepts, offers sound answers to currently unresolved scientific problems. And what I believe to be even more important is that Absolute Relativity sheds essential light on our understanding of the spiritual world. So I highly recommend that anyone who wishes to understand who we are read this book."* His conclusion, as kind as it is, poses the real problem.

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The fundamental difference between the past and the future is the ability to choose. Thus, how easy it is to identify what the past and the future are like depends on the status of this ability.

Between Satan and Christ.

Summer 2002. The experience that follows should be surprising to many. While I was living in the region of Arras in the north of France, I made a dreadfully shocking *astral voyage* during which my consciousness was highly stimulated. I had fallen asleep for a nap. I found myself flying from north to south at a high altitude, quickly crossing western France to reach the region south of Marseilles.

Suddenly, I was facing a creature that I immediately identified as the Devil incarnate. Why did he himself appear? He immediately assumed my physical appearance and burst into laughter in a guttural and terrifying voice. Enveloped by this frightful sniggering that echoed in my head, he imprisoned me in a psychological trap from which I could not escape. He telepathically uttered something to me along the lines of: *"You are no match for me,"* as he bellowed with this hoarse and icy laughter that ran down my spine. I took his word for it and was stricken with intense visceral fear and panic. In an attempt at survival, I threw a prayer up to Christ for help. And to my surprise, I suddenly saw him appear in front of Satan.

I noticed that Christ had a crown of bright living figures

flying over his head. His clothing was simple but extremely radiant. As he moved forward, he took up position on my left. He spoke to the infernal creature, but I understood nothing of what happened or was said between them. I just remember that without either of them moving, a sort of brief psychological battle ended with the Devil quickly giving up. Satan retreated without saying a word, completely powerless and taken aback. My psychological prison suddenly disappeared. As he turned to me, Christ spoke to me, still by telepathy: *"it is not you who is important but the stakes that you represent."*

A wave of humility swept over me all of a sudden, so much so that I felt nonexistent. I painfully understood that Eric Julien did not have even the slightest part. Only a higher interest was at work of which I could not perceive all the perspectives or consequences. I had no idea what it was all about. I was a dwarf before these enormous forces of darkness and light. But Christ told me I had to count on his protection and his presence in the difficult times to come in my life. I then felt enormous relief and an unparalleled liberation of my heart. I thanked him from the depths of my soul. Since then I have known that all treachery and sarcastic remarks I will experience in the future will be in the name of the colossal stakes of which I have a foreboding today.

I must add that up until that event, I was thoroughly convinced that the entities of the dark side like Satan were just myths and superstitions. I was vehemently persuaded that evil had no face, that men had fabricated a puppet to scare the masses and that the collective unconscious had created thought forms. I made fun of Middle Age imagery. Finding myself faced with it was a true wake up call. Since then, I have a slightly better idea of who we are dealing with. I would not want anyone to meet him. What is most important is to realize that he does not have a specific shape but has the ability to transform

himself. On the other hand, the vibration that he gives off is frightening.

Strangely enough, something incredible took place a few months later: a battle between UFOs. Before I get to that, to follow chronological order and to distance ourselves, here is a *consciousness voyage* I experienced while living near Arras. I have copied here the full account of this event written on a listserv on which I was asked to describe what was on the Moon.

A short trip to the moon.

September 2002. "Here is some information even I found surprising. Let me direct your attention to the method used. This was not, strictly speaking, an astral voyage but a mental voyage. I did not use my etheric body but rather my mental body to go to the moon. In any case, I must do some work to confirm or invalidate what I am preparing to describe.

The experience began around three pm and ended at four thirty-three pm that day (the eighth). I could not send this message before now because some friends had dropped by for an unexpected visit while I was writing it.

First I was near the moon, facing Earth. It was partially lit on the western side from the Earth's perspective. Most of the experience happened high up. I must have been between six thousand and ten thousand feet above the moon's surface in the northern hemisphere. As I looked at Earth, I saw Saudi Arabia without a cloud above it. To the north of a vast desert, there was a large expanse of impenetrable white clouds. To the south, in the Indian Ocean, there were scattered clouds and I could see the ocean in places. I must add that the Earth took up a good part of the moon's sky. It dazzled me with its light.

I turned toward the hidden side further north. Another surprise: a good part of the hidden side was as lit up as the side

that we are familiar with. I noticed in the distance a kind of mist on the edge of the darkness, as if the sunlight was diffracting. But the layer was thin, like a morning mist, a light veil. I did not notice any color in this veil. While I was on the other side of the Moon, and therefore could not see the Earth, I neared some craters whose shadows extended very far. I came closer and saw a small crater plunged into the darkness, lifeless, surrounded by two or three natural antennae, like vertical mountain peaks about one hundred thirty feet high. Whereas the center of the crater, which was completely flat, had no distinctive features, on its inner periphery I saw vitreous surfaces that were somewhat rounded and vertical resembling evenly spaced airlocks. There must have been at least fifteen of them. The crater must have been about two hundred feet in diameter. It was grayish in color. I did not see any dust in this place nor the slightest movement of any kind. I did not feel any presence. From above, it was impossible to see these vitreous artifacts since they could be mistaken for irregularities in the circular neat line.

Then I went higher (it is difficult to estimate the altitude) to enter the dark area (lunar night) of the hidden side. I headed southeasterly at a high speed. I saw in the distance a gate of light that extended several hundred feet. I was impressed not only by the length but also the orange color of this perfectly straight line. I came closer and I suddenly felt a strange diffuse presence. I did not dare continue moving toward this artificial light. For a moment I thought to myself and finally decided to go closer.

That is when I noticed that this oddity was a luminous wall perched on a ridge overhanging a base that it was protecting from the sun's rays. Indeed, it was practically perpendicular to the space base/sun axis. Two pylons that were about three hundred feet tall were on each side of the luminous wall, both the same height, and whose length I estimated to be about one or two miles. This wall lit the base which nevertheless

was still in partial darkness. Perhaps it too had a calorific function. Or maybe it harnessed energy from solar winds.

After I had crossed over the wall, I landed on the base side. Around the base, I only saw three things: a launch ramp about one hundred feet long facing east at a forty-five degree angle from the ground. It was black and was perched on a natural hillock; a square hatch on the ground between thirteen and sixteen feet wide, and a creature that was moving away from me between one hundred and one hundred thirty feet in the distance. This creature seemed to be wearing a flying suit and a helmet but it was crawling, or rather it seemed to be running on four feet very close to the ground. Its body appeared humanoid but its gait was not. The rest of the base seemed to be hidden under ground. I thought I saw other artifacts but I saw no vehicles. Oddly enough, I had the feeling there were quite a few beings below. I felt a pressing need to return to the place I came from. And I was there in a fraction of a second.

This description should be treated with caution. It requires other approaches. Furthermore, I have conducted some internet research to supplement this experience. The appearance of Earth's clouds is in keeping with what I saw. On the other hand, the moon seemed brighter to me than it is in its current phase. Moreover, its hidden side was partially lit." End of the account.

Thanks to astronomical data that is constantly updated on the internet, a subsequent check enabled me to confirm the position of the moon and therefore to explain the incredible luminosity of the hidden side of our satellite because at that time it was between the sun and the Earth. Likewise, meteorological readings were compared to the description of Earth: perfect correlation. The mist near the North Pole seems more unsettling. But there again the explanation below confirms this impression by the warming of the ice. As for the activity I saw on the moon that was odd to say the least, other specialists

confirmed this. Therefore some technical words are needed. Here is a short excerpt from *The Science of Extraterrestrials (La Science des Extraterrestres).*

Remote viewing is the technique of projecting consciousness toward a particular place or beings. *Scientific Remote Viewing*, used by the American military and Secret Service, was conceived during the Cold War. SRV is believed to have been used by the CIA within the framework of the *Grillflame* and *Stargate* programs for remote spying missions. Two institutions participated: the *Stanford Research Institute of Technology* and the *Monroe Institute*. Harold Puthoff, author of the 1977 book *Mind Research* with Russel Targ, was among those who were very interested in the topic. Puthoff also proposed one of the most advanced UFO propulsion methods in the world. It could be said that he comes very close to the description of it that I gave in March 2002. It is believed that twenty million dollars was spent between 1970 and 1990 on a remote viewing program. Oddly enough, contrary to the expectations of the espionage services, the *remote viewers* brought back information on extraterrestrials and UFOs! What is often not known is that these projections can have a large time delay which could have led the CIA to abandon this research.

As for the mist on the moon, we can refer to some highly reliable information. According to Maurice Chatelain[10], a former NASA scientist, *"the most incredible discovery made by Apollo is that there is water on the moon. The Apollo 12 and 14 missions left two instruments on the moon called SIDEs, or Superthermal Ion Detectors, which were to analyze the lunar atmosphere, however thin it may be, and to send its composition to Earth by radio. And one fine day, these two instruments, which were approximately one hundred twenty-five miles apart, indicated at the same time and for fourteen consecutive hours, the presence of water vapor in the lunar*

[10] *Temps et Espace (Time and Space)*, Ed. Robert Laffont, p.32

atmosphere, probably from the interior, either through a crack caused by a moonquake, or as a result of a volcanic eruption."

The probe *Clémentine* found it in 1996. According to the initial findings published in *Science*, each lunar pole is believed to contain nearly three billion tons of ice buried in the ground. The American probe *Lunar Prospector* detected enough hydrogen to deduce that there was water ice on the moon. This water ice was concentrated at the two poles, mainly located at the bottom of craters where the sun's rays never penetrate and temperatures do not exceed minus forty degrees Fahrenheit. The moon mist that I saw therefore had substance.

As for the odd activities on the moon, we can mention Ingo Swann, the famous medium from New York. He was enlisted by the CIA to train *parapsychic spies*. He was soon appointed as a full-time researcher. The project was a success and Swann must be given credit for all the revolutionary ideas that allowed for the systematic use of remote viewing, including techniques for teaching ordinary people how to do what had previously been considered the domain of a rare elite of *natural mediums*.

Known around the world for his psychic powers, he said in a 1998 book titled *Penetration* that he was contacted in 1975 with much caution by a Secret Service agent whose pseudonym was *Axelrod* to try to discover by astral viewing what was happening on the moon. Ingo Swann, who at the time believed as everyone else did that the moon was a dead star without an atmosphere, said that he was shocked to discover strange activity there.

This was also discussed in 1985 by the famous French parapsychologist Raymond Réant, known for his psychic powers, in his book *Pratiquez la parapsychology (Practice Psychology)*[11]. He claims that while he was with some of his

[11] *Pratiquez la parapsychologie (Practice Psychology)*, édition du Rocher, 1985.

students, he went to the moon by splitting his astral mind body-physical body pair. There he discovered the amazing springiness of lunar weightlessness. He entered a circular cavity whose walls were yellow and brown. At the back of this cavity, he explains, he noticed a tunnel at the threshold of which was a man named Zarca, covered from head to toe in a grayish membrane. He speaks of an airlock beyond which there was an ornamental lake and some plants, a semicircular vault, and a large sub-lunar room with conditioned atmosphere. This room was compartmentalized with a transparent partition behind which unprotected men and women were busy at computers.

One of my recent *dreamlike* experiences again brought me to the moon where I discovered a large glass dome in which scientists were preparing experiments. I was invited to assist them but mostly to visit the premises. To my great surprise, I saw two children around the age of twelve playing on small brownish slopes with disarming unconcern. Low gravity was in itself a great playground.

As for telepathy, it is important to understand what it is all about. Everyone uses telepathy to varying degrees. But it is much easier to have telepathic experiences with extraterrestrials than with humans because their psychic power is much greater than our own both in terms of receiving and sending. Telepathy consists of getting in touch with the psychic imprint of a person to *hear* what he or she is thinking. You must empathize with the person to obtain the best results. The problem is that the information goes by very quickly since you are on the same frequency. At the speed of light, the information takes less than a few hundredths of a second. Thus only a few insignificant bits can be detected if you have not increased your own frequency through meditation techniques. In which case, according to special relativity, the decreased difference in speed makes the

Moon Anecdote page 104 of the France Loisirs version.

message more comprehensible.

That is exactly why I am not always successful with human beings. Moreover, telepathy requires a sense of ethics so as not to interfere with their psyche. Swann's main interest was the under development of human telepathy and its contrast with fully developed extraterrestrial telepathy. In fact, telepathy is easier in higher densities of time, where extraterrestrials are found. The difference between them and us is the same as the difference in swimming ability between dolphins and humans.

Dogfight between extraterrestrial ships?

October 2002. We had practically completed our move between two locations in the Arras region when a disturbing event occurred. My ex-wife and three of our children went one last time to the house we were moving out of to remove the last of our things. It was around seven-thirty pm and it was dark. On the trip there, which lasted twenty-five minutes, they noticed a flurry of between ten and fifteen lights between our two houses, to the west of this beautiful northern city. These luminous movements resembled a silent dogfight with erratic trajectories. They were surprised but once they arrived at the house, they began to fill the vehicle as they observed these strange lights each time they were outside.

Suddenly, my older son was surprised by was he saw and ran, terrified, to the doorway of the farm's old barn. He saw a dark triangular ship, each corner of which had a completely distinct light. The aircraft, concealing the stars of the canopy of heaven, was about one hundred thirty feet above the roof. It was approximately fifty feet wide. It remained stationary for a few moments. When my wife came outside, the aircraft quickly flew away. She had just enough time to see it, zooming away at an incredible speed.

On the trip back, what looked like a silent battle continued on until they reached the new house. This incident lasted over an hour. It is disturbing on more than one account. Oddly enough, it reminded me of my confrontation with the two major forces discussed previously. Indeed, the triangular ships are believed to be from the dark side, but they were unable to harm us. Additionally, the entire family seems to be affected.

The challenge to the invisible forces.

Change of scenery. In the late afternoon one day in April 2003, after having meditated on the meaning of these apparitions, I decided to challenge the invisible forces so as to be clear in my own mind about them. I headed for the steep slopes of the western coast of Reunion, south of Saline les Bains. The volcanic rocks that line the shore were jagged and sharp. I put on my bathing suit as night fell. Everything became dark and mysterious. The enormous stones, tortured by old blackish lava flows, showed on the surface of the ocean which crashed against them angrily. Below, lurking in the sea bed, the coral lay in ambush to flay alive the foolhardy. The ghostly rolling of the sea roared about one hundred fifty feet away. Echoing at the half-moon, the irascible foam timidly lit the coast. I impassively moved into the turbulent water. Its early tropical winter temperature was still bearable. My body was now half immersed in this chaotic movement. Soon I was fighting to distance myself from the shore by clinging to the submerged rocks. I tried to pull myself from Poseidon's powerful ebb and flow. In this way, I found myself beyond the undulating prison of the coast. The dark water had become calm and I moved toward the obscure horizon, beating out the swimming strokes with my arms. I breathed as my motions propelled my body,

regularly raising my head out of this immense ink. Like an automaton without consciousness, I repeated the slow cycle of a swimmer. In this way, I tirelessly covered several miles, perhaps two or three, occasionally wondering if I would see the new day.

What was the meaning of this life? I had no answer apart from the direct language of life itself. My whole being was alive. My slow and powerful breathing inhaled life. I became life, lost in a terrible darkness. I thought about those shark-infested waters, about the unlikely boat that would find me dead from exhaustion in the early morning, about that water which became colder as my limbs went numb from fatigue, about the solitude of my soul in the face of the silent stars watching me, about the invisible presence that I could not make out. What for? My life was no longer important.

What difference does one more man on Earth make? So many perish totally indifferent. The world turns and people die, and are born and die. The world still turns and people suffer. They suffer! My God how they suffer! Why this suffering? Why this indifference? No one knew where I was, what I was doing, what I was thinking. But I was sure at that very moment that I existed. I was not important, but I was touched by the suffering of others. I had perhaps never been more alive than at that moment when I was no longer worrying about myself. Compassion had turned out to be just a word. I was alive! I was alone and yet connected. So perhaps life had begun! I turned around and noticed in the distance the mountainous silhouette of Reunion. How majestic yet small it was!

Suddenly, I realized that underwater rivers had made me drift offshore and to the south. I endeavored to swim towards the shoreline and understood that the current was stronger than me, even more so because my strength was about to give out. A terrible dilemma presented itself to me. Either I rested on my back to get my strength back, or I continued

towards the coast by aiming at a point more to the north to compensate for my drift. In the first case, the current was going to worsen my situation while unrelentingly moving me away from firm ground. In the second, I was going at most to maintain my position exhausting the little strength I had left. I took the initiative to let myself be guided by my intuition. I decided to lie down on my back to face the starry sky and capture the energy that the stars would be kind enough to grant me. I contained my panic and breathed slowly by building around me a bubble of protection to make myself invisible to hypothetical sharks that a curse would have attracted towards me. I remained suspended in time, between sky and ocean, emptying my conscience of these scenarios. After a long moment, I was on the verge of joining the land of men, if it still wanted me.

I swam without thinking, without listening to myself, without neither hoping nor despairing. It was interminable. I was only a movement of life. Nothing counted apart from the discipline of the body. I did not have any certainty on my progression.

A long time after, I saw the barrier of scum. It was a sign of hope. As I approached it, the images of my departure returned to me. The bad news was that my drift had taken me towards one of the most dangerous parts of the coast. The rollers were two to three times more intense than those which I had left behind me a few hours ago. The rollers were two to three times more intense than those which I had left behind me a few hours ago. I distinguished the great dark water masses which were lifting themselves up by gaining the basaltic spurs.

In a few minutes I was at the mercy of the large waves, upstream of danger. I was petrified. I had overcome the perfidious offshore currents but a higher risk awaited me. The beachcombers fell down with a monstrous fury on sharp-edged blocks of lava emerging here and there behind the ebb. A

thousand dangers were waiting impassive: abrasive corals, giant sea urchins, basaltic mincers, the weight of the waves and ordinary drowning. The howling of the scum added to my fear. Would the salted taste of marine spray be my hemlock, my elixir of death?

Alone in the world in this hellish oceanic night, I took a decision. I confronted again the vastness of the cosmos and addressed a prayer. If the invisible forces wanted to prove their effectiveness and their love to me, they had a beautiful occasion to achieve a miracle. I had already died of exhaustion. I could not fight against the gigantic size of the waves. Trying not to think as much as possible of what could happen to my life, I was quickly drawn on a crest. Impotent, I let myself be drawn by this blade which showed me the face of death. From the top of a three meter wall, going at the speed of a surfer, I contemplated the sharpened and jagged giants which waited, like dark warriors, that I impale myself on their stakes, unless they did not rather prefer to tear off one on my members or even take my head with their guillotine.

Suddenly, I was carried in the frantic swirl of the wave. I was no more then a wisp of straw not knowing where the top or the bottom of the world was. I lost all landmarks. Rolled up in the wave, I could not breathe. Like a disarticulate puppet in this hostile vortex, I understood that the wave was withdrawing, that I was again swept offshore. Suddenly, I filled up with air. My trajectory was disorganized. A new wave was announcing itself. This time it overhung me. It pushed me back like a snowplow evacuating rebus and uselessness. Without pity, it struck me with its hammer power. Again, the shapeless puppet was projected towards the barbed wires. Again, the rattle of drowning was choking in the night.

Suddenly, a contact! My hands were clutching slippery rock knives. My muscles contracted themselves and the world became steady and reassuring. While still having my head

under water, the universe was, to me, impenetrable and disorderly but I was gripping its pillars. The current made me wave like a flag in a windy sky. The post was resistant. I leaped on the emerged part of the rock while the level of the ebb allowed it to me. The water was an accomplice: it carried me. Finally, from the top of my poor headland, the world had a direction, a direction and solidity. I was perched on an islet of one square meter at about twenty meters from the shore. Other waves emerged but, having regained consciousness, I was making my way to the Bourbon Island. I had to nevertheless study the cycle of the waves, the intimate dangers of the ground which the ebb revealed, and the assistance that the current gave me. The luminosity of the Moon was my ally in spite of the dark aspect of the age old lava. Standing, I reconquered the upright dignity of man after a victory over death. Quickly, I inspected my body and noted the absence of any wound. One last time, I faced the sky and bowed in front of its majesty. My gratitude was endless. I understood that we are never alone! Never!

Close monitoring.

It was approximately seven-twenty in the evening on April twenty-fourth, 2003. The night had already fallen, when I observed for a short moment an intense white light the size of a cherry at arm's length above the roof of my residence, located on the island of Reunion near the town of Saline. It was difficult for me to estimate the height of this light. Perhaps four or five meters away. It moved at high speed towards the east. After this light disappeared, I did not pay any more attention to it and quickly forgot it.

Some two or three minutes later, my glance was attracted

by a sharp light in the perfectly clear sky in the sector of the Milky Way, on the opposite side of the first observation. I considered its magnitude twice more luminous than that of Venus. This light was unmoving but I felt that I had to keep looking at it. Suddenly, it started moving towards the south-west on a rectilinear trajectory. Its luminosity dropped gradually and gave me the impression that the object was moving away in space. Although moving towards the illuminated part of the Earth, therefore towards the sun, the object's intensity was decreasing.

I tried to follow it with my eyes for approximately twenty seconds but it had been lost in deep space.

I had taken the habit to observe the satellites in this area. The object was nothing like them. It was absolutely not a star because the arc of the estimated trajectory was twenty degrees. The UFO generated an impressive acceleration in its ascent. I had the intimate feeling that these two lights were a single object which had become invisible in the meantime.

But do these lights in the night have a soul?

The *ExtraTemporal* spiritual guide.

June 2003. As I was on the edge of the swimming pool at our residence of Saline, I was taking advantage from the lenient temperature that the coastal sky of Reunion released at the end of the day. I made a call in the direction of the extraterrestrials. As I had my eyes closed, a visual contact took place. The image was extremely clear. I was face to face with a small being which reached the level of my chest. Of him, I could only see the face and from the shoulders to the arms. This appearance was rather startling because it seemed so real. We were in a kind of white room, or in the exterior scenery of an extreme whiteness. We were alone or so it seemed to me. Its skin was light blue and its

eyes were very large, in an oblong shape towards the back of the cranium. This cranium was large, at least one and a half ours, then thinning out towards the back and the top. Its large eyes - four to five times the dimension of ours - were purple and sparkling in some places. The edge of its eyes was shinier. This purple color was also present on the skin in small scattered dots. I found it to be of great beauty.

There was much peace coming from its face and its intention was only to show that it had heard my call. I felt that its role *on Earth* was important. This being said, the eyes were closer to an indigo color than to a pure purple. The things that stroke me the most, and this is something I could not have foreseen, was this mauve luminescence in the eyes, around the eyes and on the skin in small dots, like diodes.

Other meetings of this type took place while I was in the company of another person at whom I resided temporarily. Many events, as much psychic as physical, happened during several months until a contact of a new kind occurred. Meanwhile, let us examine the context of which preceded it.

An unusual appointment.

At the beginning of July 2003, I came into psychic contact with small extraterrestrials with clear blue skin during one afternoon. They belonged to the race of this spiritual guide that I just spoke about. I received an extremely curious telepathic message. They asked me to look at the sky between eleven o'clock in the evening and midnight. After this contact, we were occupied with our occupations. As we were particularly tired from the day, we fell asleep at the beginning of the evening. Suddenly, I heard Eliott bark, the small Dachshund of the house whereas no apparent object explained this reaction. I do not know for which reason, but rather than to look at the dog, I

leaped and turned my head towards the window. The sky was black and I saw a light moving from the south towards the north.

Suddenly, this light started to grow bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Its intensity became extraordinary. I estimated that it had a magnitude of at least nine on the astronomical scale of luminosities. Although it was smaller than the moon, it seemed to be brighter, with more energy. I then had a strange feeling. I had the impression that this light came to see me, that it spoke to me. Then it started to decrease in intensity and continued its trajectory towards the north. I had brutally left my slumber and my conscience was extremely clear.

I then remembered this appointment from our extraterrestrial friends. I looked at my watch since I had lost any concept of time. It was approximately eleven-thirty in the evening! My heart started to beat wildly. A physical demonstration had just been done at the precise hour of the appointment. Their communication with me was perfect.

The landing strip.

Summer 2003. The contacts multiplied themselves so much that they became a daily occurrence. In addition to the many medical operations that the extraterrestrials released to me at the time of my conscious travels, also called *remote viewing*, I took ship piloting courses in an underground base located under the Great Lakes, at the border between the United States and Canada.

Before going there, it is necessary for me to describe certain surgical operations to which I subjected myself with full knowledge and without difficulty. They were carried out in an appropriate room contiguous to the reception room on a

nonphysical level of consciousness. A large table was in the middle of a white room. Above, slightly on the sides, several apparatuses were laid out in order to reach, without difficulty, the patient. The devices resembled those that could be found in a dentist's office.

Certain arms, for which it was difficult to say whether they were articulated or not, had long needles, others a more imposing equipment from which came out more or less intense beams of light. Whereas I was lied down, I saw that the extraterrestrial experts with the bluish skin and disproportionate encephalon were busying themselves behind my cranium. I saw cradles appear which fit the shape of the head. A pointer directed towards the temples and the forehead was coming out from each end of the cradle. I felt that a fourth pointer was applied at the top of the cranium.

While I noted the freedom of movement of my members, one of the extraterrestrials asked me to concentrate on what I was going to feel inside my brain, while avoiding making the least bit of movement. Paying attention to a place that is, at the very least virtual for my eyes, was enough to take out the desire to move. It explained to me that drills of light were going to transpierce the successive etheric layers of my brain to meet in its center. The goal was first of all to clean the stringy bundles of psychic crystallization which prevented me from correctly visualizing the reality of the consciousness travel. The objective was thus to help me see clearer in the meanders of the perceptive consciousness.

It is at this point in time that for the first time in my life I felt that my brain was alive, just like a sparkling water bottle can be when it is first opened. I felt tangles of reflex circuits, to which I had been accustomed to, dissolve. These circuits resembled closely enough a cobweb which had penetrated in the convolutions of the cerebral cortex. The connections from which my brain fed itself at normal times were to be

reconfigured to be optimized for the consciousness travels. I concretely felt in my physical body, which had remained in the Indre region in France, a tingling to the temples, on the forehead and above the cranium. I had the clear impression that metal stems crossed right through my head. However, no pain disturbed me. I felt areas of electric heat between my two ears. But the size of these areas was curiously bigger than that of my cranium itself. No unpleasant side effect took place.

This was not the case of my right eye. The extraterrestrials indicated to me that to reach a better visualization in a flight simulator, and to concretely pilot a ship, it was essential to proceed from the underground base, on the level of consciousness of the mental voyage, with several physical modifications. One of these consisted of injecting a particular energy in my astral right arm. I perfectly felt, in my physical body, the introduction of a probe in the middle of my arm. It was of course invisible in the material reality, but the feeling of intrusion was very clear.

But more impressive still was the operation of the cornea of my right eye. I saw on my consciousness travel the instrument which approached my right iris. With a remarkable precision, the luminous scalpel went around my cornea. While the material eyelid was normally closed, I experienced right away an acute pain in my physical right eye. This intense pain obliged me to leave at once the extraterrestrial base by the usual psychic process. The pain lasted all day and forced me to almost total inactivity. Extremely fortunately, the extraterrestrials had informed me about the side effects, which enabled me to have patience and to wait for the "natural" disappearance of this pain.

Of course, the large majority of the readers will wonder whether my case is about pathology. I will not be offended by it. I would have the exact same reaction if I were them. In any case, I went several times towards an underground base made up of innumerable rooms of which one of them was a flight

simulation room. They were cabins resembling language laboratories.

The training consisted in concentrating on the handling of tactile commands associated with the cerebral transmission of navigational and *engine* driving psychic waves. That is very surprising because everything moves very quickly and the loss of concentration is fast. Most of the time, it was simple technical courses on the behavior of the ship according to situations. One of the most delicate phases was to assimilate the space-time distortions between the interior of the ship and the external environment which changed according to the temporal density reached. It was a little like calibrating a microscope. The vision of the same object will be more or less large and precise.

I learned some procedures of which the most important was called the "*Fortress* procedure". It consisted in leaving the cockpit and positioning oneself in the center of the circular ship to achieve particular gestures there. This operation had no other goals but to make the ship immediately invisible, including from other hostile ships located in time densities that are superior to the material plane. This *Fortress* was nothing other than impossibility for malevolent creatures of attacking the ship in the very high frequencies.

A hangar of ships was not far from this simulation room which included other extraterrestrials but also humans, the majority rather young. This hangar was impressive, so much for its colossal dimensions than by the number of ships on flight standby. They were of various sizes. Some could transport two or three people, others a good hundred.

Thus it was that we were asked to build a quite physical landing strip for one of the ships, beside the house in the Indre region in France. It was located at the edge of Creuse in a bucolic forest environment. Beside the house, a waste ground from three to four thousand square meters was invaded with

brambles and shrubs. Nobody ever went there. We thus started to clear of brushwood half of the land. This operation, which had for purpose to not hurt us at the time of the conscious physical contact to come, lasted a complete month. The progression was difficult and harassing because the thickness of the stems was important. We needed a really strong courage and faith to try hard like this. Moreover, because we hadn't spoken to anybody about it, this work was done in the most total moral isolation. Soon, the land was leveled and the landing strip was ready. But we did not know at all when a ship was to show up.

The weeks passed and no physical ship approached. On the other hand, we had strange appearances in the garden. Ethereal entities moved. We perceived shapes sometimes very large, sometimes small. I clearly saw on several occasions these evanescent shapes. The three cats of the house would stop in front of the invisible presences and would leap suddenly, as if curious persons were petting them without beforehand having gotten to know them. Eliott the dachshund started to bark without any reason, whether it be night or day, in particular in the main corridor of the residence. All these mysterious activities did not go without psychic contacts with our friends. They explained to us why our monitoring was terribly increased by not very advisable creatures. They could not thus approach.

Several events peppered the few weeks which followed the realization of the landing strip. During the night, three lights forming an isosceles triangle flew over the house on several occasions. It is probable that it was a triangular ship famous for being from the hostile side. On the hill facing us, we saw, at the end of the evening, red lasers pointing in our direction whereas this hill is absolutely deserted. Mysterious noises and glistening followed one another. The situation seemed like it was going nowhere. But the game was not over.

The world message is a question.

On September 6, 2003 about midday, I received a message which is the essential purpose of this work. I will thus return to this subject lengthily in the final chapter. It is indeed about the message "*Do you wish to see us?*". It was put at the disposal of the public on September 11, 2003 on the Internet in response to the abomination of the terrorist attack of September eleventh 2001 on the United States. It is a little bit **of a logical answer**. This aggression opened a new era in the human escalation of violence. The extraterrestrial allies of humanity thus launched a popular backfiring plan. Behind media appearances of the *World Trade Center* lies a truth so machiavelic that it is incredible to the common man. I discovered later that this date of September 6, 2003, day of the reception of the message, had been announced in the world in the United Kingdom through an agroglyph, or rings in corn fields. The Anglo-Saxon term for these shapes inscribed in those cereal fields before the harvest is *crop circle*. I will not continue here on the various assumptions which could explain the formation of these shapes in the fields. I explicitly tackle them in *La Science des Extraterrestres* (The Science of the Extraterrestrials). A good part of these *crop circles* are of extraterrestrial nature, perhaps 20 to 30%. The drawing associated to the message to which I refer thus represented the position of the inner planets of the solar system and indicated, with great precision, the configuration of the planets at this date of September 6, 2003, but eight years before this date was to come. No important event took place on this date except for this cosmic invitation. The drawing associated to the message to which I refer thus represented the position of the inner planets of the solar system and indicated, with great precision, configuration of the planets at this date of

September 6, 2003, but eight years before this date was to come! An English Internet site mentions the existence of this *crop circle* in Tichborne dated of 1995.

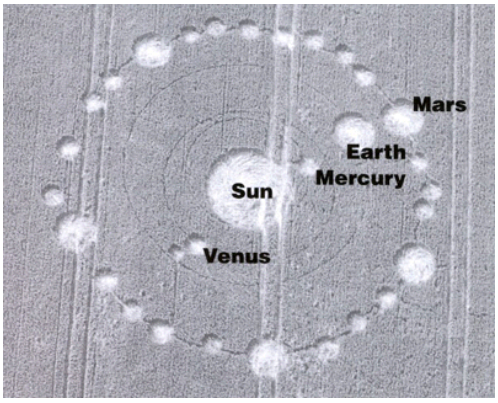

Figure 33
Agroglyph of Tichborne which appeared in 1995 representing the configuration of the planets on September 6th, 2003, date of reception of the message « Do you wish to see us? »
(Photo of Andrew King)

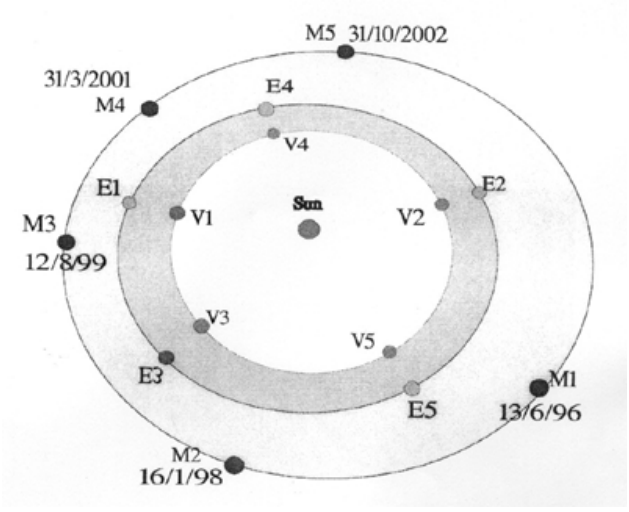

Figure 34
Synodical diagram with multiple dates of the relative positions of the inner planets. (Andrew King)

This message "*Do you wish to see us?*" was spontaneously translated by anonymous persons into sixteen languages. It made an astonishing development, primarily due to the publicity work of some, without these Net surfers knowing each other. May they be deeply thanked. Many debates took place in international forums, including in Arab countries, on the authenticity of the message, on the correct answer to give, on the possible source of this text of several pages and a stream of philosophical, scientific and religious points of view. What is striking was the passion which this question generated and continues to generate. We are indeed not in the field of reason anymore but rather in that of the soul, of its major fears or of its hidden hopes. In any case, many petitions were started and surveys flourished a little bit everywhere on the planet.

However, in spite of the interest of these few hundreds of thousands of Net surfers in several tens of countries, the message remained relatively confidential with regards to its planetary range. A new step was crossed in the diffusion of this message thanks to the megaphone that this book constitutes. From now on, it will be more difficult to be unaware of the question from our extraterrestrial friends: "*Do you wish to see us?*".

A sudden visit.

September 25, 2003. The night from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-fifth of September, 2003, the person at whom I resided abruptly woke me up. It was around three o'clock in the morning. She told me at once what she had just witnessed. What follows is the transcription of a psychic experiment. It is probable that both of us acted in accordance with this

framework like funambulists. We did not live this event fully awake, unless our memory was voluntarily erased - it is the thesis of which I think - but, as we will easily understand in *La Science des Extraterrestres* (The Science of Extraterrestrials), many events of this type occur in this state. Here are the major moments of this visit which my lady friend reported to me.

An intense light was on the land just next door, i.e. on the landing strip. While she was still in bed, she saw a thick fog which advanced towards the house. The light, visible through the shutters of the room, flooded the inside. She insisted to tell me that this white light was more luminous than day light. Once the fog came all the way to the small terrace, we rose and, clothing ourselves with a little difficulty, we moved towards the living room where the French window leading to the terrace was. We walked towards the fog. But she had a moment of hesitation and got scared. The following scene was a return to the room from where she saw a small creature in the corridor which led to it. This extraterrestrial of small size had a large head and large oblong black eyes. It walked away from the room and went away.

The emotion with which she told me this whole scene was edifying. She seemed even suffocated so much the moment had been real. As for me, I only kept one blurry memory of the inside of a ship in which the small beings were.

This episode could have been thrown in the imaginary pouch at the end of a few weeks if a strange fact had not occurred. The day after this out of this world meeting, we approached the little outside pond, in which were usually about thirty small red fish. This small artificial pond was contiguous with the field which we had cleared during the preceding summer to make a spaceship landing strip. It was where the intense light had appeared. We had taken the habit to give some food to the fish every day by throwing at the surface of the

water some seeds foreseen to this end. Every day, the fish heard our steps and approached us systematically. When we went around the pond, they would follow us.

However, the day after this sudden visit, no fish approached. Worse, they hid in groups under the rocks which were used by them for refuge. We noted that they were much fewer. Since then, they never showed themselves again during the day, even months afterwards. Even during the nights that followed, our steps frightened them. It is possible that they got so scared of this constant nocturnal light that they immediately associated daylight to a mortal danger, making a relationship with the light intensity of the ship. The presence of a creature above the water was synonymous to escape. The food that we gave them, while they were in a shelter, remained untouched. It seems that they died one by one without us having the possibility of seeing their corpse. The fish had quite simply disappeared. In truth, it was only several months later that they reappeared but much fewer - a dozen - and larger.

In addition, I noted that the stems of large grasses at the edge of the field were abnormally leaning in the same direction, as if a strong wind had slanted them.

Espionage and surveillance.

Incontestably, my contacts with the extraterrestrials seemed to increase. The meetings were more and more often. It became obvious that something most important was to come. I thus expected new adventures. I therefore became more attentive to the subtle signs.

I will thus talk about some of them before describing the event of my disappearance during the night of the 11th to the 12th of March, 2004. An exhaustive list would be tiresome to enumerate.

A series of surprising dreams, involving extraterrestrials and humans, evoked a scenario of the future. An atmosphere of suspicion and resistance surrounded the evacuation processes. A lunar base accommodated astronauts of a new kind since children lived there. Other situations showed the increase of extraterrestrial presence in my environment. It was made more and more clear that the military authorities were not to remain indifferent to UFO problems. But between feeling it and seeing it the difference is great. While I was still in Metropolitan France, three personal accesses were found open the same day whereas they had been locked: a garage door, the front gate and the front doors of the vehicle whereas the person was downtown.

Twice, red laser sights were seen during the evening on the hill facing the house that we lived in on the edge of the Creuse region. They were clear and disturbing. I should specify that nobody lives on this small and extremely wooded and leafy hill. It was, on the other hand, an ideal headland to monitor the house.

A search for convincing pieces of evidence concerning the irruption of an extraterrestrial ship seems to have been secretly undertaken near the landing strip that I spoke about in the preceding episode. Military helicopters and vehicles were seen in this sector whereas they are never usually there. Following my disappearance during the night from the 11th to the 12th of March, 2004, my girlfriend alerted the police of Eguzon in the Creuse region. As the procedure wants it, the policemen went to the residence to take her statement and to note useful clues. My personal belongings were still present. Better, a document, which astonished the policeman then in charge of the investigation, document which I wrote, which, amongst other things, explained that in the event of disappearance, any proof of existence of extraterrestrial beings, which I could have left behind, must not be the subject of any

exclusivity to any media. The policeman noted a significant number of works of ufologic nature in my office. Thus, my girlfriend came to talk about the strong probability that I had gone onboard an extraterrestrial ship since such was the forecast which had been made to us at the time of our psychic contacts with the extraterrestrials. By a curious chance, this policeman was precisely interested by UFOs!

When one year and a half later, in September 2005, I met this same policeman during a personal invitation, he taught me that he had contacted the SEPRA in Toulouse, right after my girlfriend's statement, as his police handbook specifies. This *Service d'Expertise des Phénomènes Rares Aérospatiaux* (Service of Expertise on Rare Aerospace Phenomena) is, indeed, in charge within the *Centre National d'Etudes Spatiales* (National Center of Space Studies) of investigations concerning UFOs. However, after having found a telephone number corresponding to a private company (the booklet was thus not up to date), he called the second number and this time came across the answering machine of the SEPRA. He left them an extremely clear message not only because of its origin (Police Station of Eguzon) but also for the exceptional nature of the situation (disappearance of an individual after landing of UFO). We should remember that the policeman had noted with his own eyes the existence of the close waste ground, i.e. the landing strip. What shocked the policeman was the total silence from the SEPRA which followed his call. In no case, he affirmed, did the SEPRA call back. Let us specify that Badecon le Pin, place of the incident, is only five hours away from Toulouse and that the month of March is not a holiday period.

My girlfriend told me, whereas I had disappeared, and after the call of the policeman to the SEPRA, that a line of light military vehicles had stopped on the way overhanging the house and the neighboring field within the ten days which

followed my disappearance. She affirmed to have clearly seen these soldiers who, as a group, observed in the direction of the landing strip. Some even observed the area with binoculars. They were armed. Some were upright in their vehicle to see the land better. Nothing else other than this land could represent any interest in these places. The most remarkable is that in seven years of life in this area, it was the first time that we saw soldiers on this path which, in fact, is a dead end!

What is most curious, and even conclusive, is that my girlfriend was on the edge of the kitchen window facing these soldiers. At no moment did they consider her but they remained surprisingly fixed on their observation. They then noted that, except for the area that we had cleared to allow a ship to land, the brambles went up to nearly one fifty meter prohibiting whoever to approach this area, except to enter the property in which we live, only access to the landing strip!

One day I was asked why the brambles had to be cleared for extraterrestrials to take me on board their ship. Didn't the extraterrestrials already do it on several occasions without the individual having to move from his house? Indeed, the extraterrestrials perfectly have the possibility of acting this way. But what this interlocutor did not seem to understand was the extraordinarily important nature of the conscious and voluntary step of the approach of the ship by a human in a context of bringing oneself closer and mutual respect of the races. Thus, to clear off brambles was more invaluable to me than for them. Because how could I go through such an obstacle? Nevertheless, my extratemporal friends were to also move away any material risk for their landing gear which could have remained imprisoned in the inextricable ties of plants. I was to go on board and not be abducted! The psychological difference is at the very least enormous.

The soldiers, who had remained there only about ten minutes, proof of their specific interest, were thus trapped.

Either they had to deploy heavy means to clear off brambles and to reach the area, which would have been far from discrete, or they had to ask for the authorization to enter the private property and consequently had to provide the purpose for this request (military ufologic investigation), or they had to drop the investigation. It is what happened, as I had imagined… or almost.

Indeed, what is more surprising is not that such an investigation was carried out with heavy means (line of vehicles and armed soldiers) *after* an event of ufologic nature but that it was done *before* a possible event. With the extremely precise details above, the reader will understand the silence of the SEPRA, as they would have been forced to directly or indirectly validate the allegations of the too noisy Eric Julien.

Several weeks later after my disappearance, whereas I was on the Réunion Island, at more than ten thousand kilometers of Metropolitan France, a gray helicopter of Dauphin type, and without any distinctive mark, flew over the house at very low altitude making its course towards the heights of the island. What was not my surprise to observe this device make a full tight rotation above a potential ship landing strip, before traveling towards its assignment base! I knew in advance the choice of this site because it was within ten walking minutes of my home. It was an ideal place to land because of its perfectly flat surface. However, it was the only place within many kilometers where this criterion was checked. It was a sports field which represented no particular interest, neither more nor less than its surroundings. I had indirectly evoked it in my data-processing writings.

I knew that this helicopter belonged to the military because I had seen it making, a few days before, a landing maneuver in a quartering of the Army located thirty kilometers from there. It did not seem to belong to the military Region of

the Réunion Island. It is probable that a warship had brought it in the Indian Ocean because the only devices which I had a habit to see were either civilian for air tourism, or those of the National Police which one distinguishes easily (Alouettes II or III dark blue). That the soldiers do their work of investigation was not to surprise me. But the over flight of the house, then the 360° sharp turn around a place kept secret, was much more troubling. The only explanation to this anticipation of a future event was the monitoring of my computer files via Internet, even of my telephone line.

What came in support of my suspicions were characteristic elements. Among them, the presence of computer worms and viruses in my files. I was informed of it in a completely fortuitous way following a data transfer which was impossible to realize. All those that surf on the Internet know this plague. But in this precise case, and in spite of the antivirus updates, I was attacked by more than twenty thousand six hundred infections! A record for the company which had to clean my hard drive. Finally, what was most astonishing for the engineer that I consulted was not so much that I had reached such heights in so little time - I had just bought the computer a few weeks earlier, and it had very few files - but it was that I could continue my work without losing any or part of it. If there are computer guardian angels, mine was terribly effective. Since we speak of guardian angels, here is a very strange fact.

The day after the over flight of the grayish helicopter, maneuver that my girlfriend was unaware of, an anecdote made me feel a deep tranquility. My ex-wife, with undeniable medium capacities, spoke of psychic experiences that she went through the previous night. Her lucid dream reached such a *more-than-real* point that she abruptly woke up in the middle of the night in a great emotional state without being able to go to sleep again.

In her dream, she saw a powerful light outside the house

and sought to know where it came from. She initially thought of a large projector that the neighbors, on the mountain side, would have left on. She thus went towards the back of the residence, entered an empty room of the first floor where our rooms are, and was surprised by the shade which the southernmost wall formed. Not seeing the origin of this extraordinary source of light, she slipped into the opposite room, that of our three year old daughter. There too, the dazzling light penetrated the inside. However, it was impossible to know where this so indiscreet light was.

She suddenly understood that the powerful luminosity came from above, within a few meters of the roof. It is then that she saw behind the window a surprising creature of a size a little smaller than that of a man, wearing only black in a tight-fitting suit. She was not able to distinguish its face. This entity literally floated in the air at a height of three meters above the ground! She realized that this particularly impassive character faced her and held a kind of gun, halfway between a rifle and a machine-gun. It however did not seem to be aggressive. A detail disturbed her. She was certain that the shutters of the room were closed. How could she see this extraterrestrial, outside, from head to feet? Even the wall under the window seemed not to exist. She was so disturbed by it that she ran to our room to wake me. She shook me but in vain. It is at this moment that she abruptly woke up from her astral outing.

What she had initially thought was a weapon did not correspond to the peaceful attitude of the creature. After having discussed it, we are convinced that it was rather equipment for *transmaterial vision* (through matter). It is probable that this "gun" emitted waves whose property consists in canceling the impenetrableness of the walls. Which would have made it possible for my wife to see it and conversely for it to see her. The curious detail of this appearance is that the barrel of the "gun" had a rectangular end whose largest side was vertical.

This equipment could thus create a beam having a visual proportion useful to a humanoid, like the frame of a door. We immediately see the practical side: one does not have to penetrate a building to know what there is inside.

In addition, it could be extremely true that the silhouette of this character was dark and that its face was indistinguishable only because of the *transmaterial waves* that the device projected. An invisible screen was certainly drawn up between my ex-wife and the extraterrestrial being, like a flashlight being directed in the night towards a person preventing it from distinguishing that which holds it. Which led me to an essential thought: one should not judge events on the faith of our symbolic prejudices. The technology of the future holds so many great surprises!

A TIME FOR SHARING

Disappearance in the middle of the night.

Which was the purpose of this close monitoring? Why were the soldiers and the extraterrestrials interested in my activities? An event made a big splash in the small French-speaking ufologic community, but also across the borders, in particular in the United States: my disappearance!

Let us return to that night between March 11th and 12th, 2004. Whereas we had fallen asleep towards eleven in the evening in this house at the edge of the Creuse region, I was suddenly woken up by a voice: *«It's time ! »*. It was approximately twelve thirty in the evening. I was immediately standing upon seeing an intense light behind the shutters of the room. I got promptly dressed and went towards the French window of the living room. I knew what this voice and this glare of light meant. As I was exiting on the terrace, I noted a very luminous fog whose point of origin was located in the neighboring waste ground. I then approached the fence, at the place where we had envisaged an opening, and which we had already walked through during a preceding *abduction*. This time the difference was great: I was perfectly conscious of the event! Conscious and voluntary. It thus was not an abduction but a meeting between conscious creatures of different races.

As I advanced, a disk-shaped form was taking shape in the field. I climbed across the small low wall hardly higher than my calves while feeling a strong emotion of joy mixed with fear. Then, opening my eyes wide, I was only but about thirty meters from the machine. The atmosphere was loaded with a curious vibration. The luminosity was bearable but strange electricity was traveling through my body.

What I knew was a lenticular ship, had a dome on the higher part. It had modest dimensions. Its diameter was approximately fifteen meters. Its height was five or six meters. It was probably standing on four tilted feet but I could only see three of them, those which were closest to me. The fourth was probably hidden by the extraordinary light which emanated from the ship. The length of the feet seemed to be of more than two meters, offering a clear vision of the lower part of the machine. A detail disturbed me. The central foot was much larger than the others. The aspect was of a very clear metallized gray showing no apparent overstitching. Only a very luminous circle of approximately five meters in diameter in the center of the disc gave technical information concerning its operation.

While I still approached, the size of the ship started to grow in a kind of illusory tremor. I was seized by incomprehension. I had the impression to step into another world, a kind of parallel universe where my landmarks changed imperceptibly. While being captivated, almost hypnotized by this incongruous light, I, from time to time, tried to take a look at the environment. I bathed so intensely in this light that it was impossible for me to affirm that it was a night event. The trees, the house behind me, as well as the electric post that I had just crossed, were of a bright white. However, in this whiteness I clearly distinguished colors.

It is then that by attentively observing the mass which faced me, I saw many beams of colors around the circumference of the ship. It became increasingly imposing in front of me. I do not remember stopping in my progression towards the ship. However, I had the feeling that advancing was becoming more and more difficult, as if I was fighting against time.

Everything was developing slow motion. My muscles refused to obey me and I blindly had to make a conscious effort to put one foot in front of the other. My landmarks became increasingly confused and a cloud of panic came over me. I

suddenly realized that the ship had to be inhabited. It was precisely at this time that I saw a creature come down by way of the central foot which proved to be a footbridge giving access to the ship. My heart started to beat wildly, like great strikes of fast and noisy gongs in my chest.

All my senses were alarmed and I felt the world turning around me. My temples were hurting because of this incredible meeting. The being stopped itself in front of me at the foot of the disc-shaped device whereas I was only at about five meters from the ship. Hardly any details emerged from this extraordinary vision. A creature of approximately one meter fifty, having a large head fixed on a frail body, showed wide and very slow movements. Its skin was pale blue and resembled that of a dolphin. Its very large almond eyes seemed to smile. They sparkled with small indistinct lights. The contrast which was most surprising was that of this weak body whose owner, through his large dark eyes strewn with luminescent diodes, wanted to be reassuring to me. If one of us two were to be afraid, it was it. It seemed so scrawny and angelic at the same time in a hostile material world. But its control of the situation was undeniable for me. It easily dominated each second which passed.

I still progressed towards it as much because of curiosity than because of the will to not give the least sign of fear.

I wished to show myself worthy of this historical meeting. I stared at his eyes filled up with love. I had the impression to slightly float above the ground. Already, the ship was hovering over me. It was so close that it seemed to me that I could have touched it if I was to hold out my arms towards it. Suddenly, all went very quickly. As soon as I had considered the shade of this huge roof, a flood of emotions submerged me and made me lose consciousness. I moved towards a completely different destiny. One day, I will be on board an extraterrestrial ship.

No one will be able to believe me. No one would accept the unthinkable. A few minutes only had to have passed from my awakening to this moment of internal whirls. However, the event had appeared to be an eternity of new feelings to me. Before I lost consciousness, an ultimate gleam showed itself in my mind. I had the feeling to be in total isolation from the unknown. But this unknown was already familiar to me. We were two, face to face, alone in the world!

Piloting of an extraterrestrial ship.

I awoke in a large white room with surprising dimensions. The being had to have transported me to some unknown place. I was in the center of a huge dome of ten meters in diameter. The ceiling was nearly three meters in height. But before I had the idea to inspect the place, I decided to check my own body. Was I still myself? All was in place, my arms, my legs, my head. I was still wearing the same clothes. Then, I came to consider the squatted position which I had just adopted. I saw the big bed on which I was. Elevated at nearly one meter from the ground, the small platform with pale colors, close to blue, was reassuring by its soft and round shapes. The texture of this relatively flexible mattress resembled that of a soft sleeping bag, much like Alcantara which covers luxury sofas. Nothing went beyond the protections going along the bed to the foot, like those that one finds in certain hospitals in the form of tubes.

Moreover, all seemed fumigated in this room. No distinct source of light announced its presence. The diffuse light was everywhere without really being anywhere. The environment was filtered. This omnipresent luminosity was not awkward. It was even comfortable and made it possible to adapt one's glance to all the objects. I became aware of the instruments which overhung me. They were primarily tubes which came out

of the ceiling and were directed towards the ground. Of different colors, some were shorter than others. Of an average diameter of five centimeters, they were laid out irregularly around the bed. There had to be fifteen each between fifty centimeters and a meter twenty in length. Sometimes slightly scintillating, sometimes inert.

I again touched my body but felt no pain. On the contrary, I felt great, with very strange electric vibrations traveling through me. My entire body was like an oscillator. I breathed deeply and the vibration was calmed. A question emerged in my mind. Was I in a physical world?

My sensations were in conformity with the physical world. I touched my skin. I pressed it. I held my cranium between my hands. It was hard. But other new sensations came to be. New colors appeared when I stared at the surrounding walls. Oranges, pinks, blues, purples that were up to now unknown were laid out in spots. Intense and soft at the same time. Furtive and moving. The physical world had never shown me similar evanescence. I suddenly understood that what I saw depended on my concentration.

As I intensely stared at a part of the structure, luminous boards or devices emerged in relief and with contrast. While emptying my mind from the cohort of fleeting impressions, all started to appear denser to me, more real and tangible. However, images were superimposing themselves as I thought of what I could see. I created the world which I saw as a superimposition of another more stable and continuous. I tried to drive out this fog of illusions while breathing more calmly. To help me, I sat down on the edge of the bed and took a panoramic glance at this large empty room.

Suddenly, I saw on the right the same type of creature as that which had accommodated me. It had its back turned and seemed to deal with an apparatus which was at its height encrusted in the hot colored metallized wall. The images of my

meeting in the field suddenly came to me at a fast pace. Only one episode was missing from my memory. What had occurred since this fainting? I remembered my last thought. I was not alone and yet far from the world. What was I doing here with it? I hardly could admire the flexible and smooth shapes of the body of this strange being because it turned around in a slow and harmonious movement. It faced me and stared at me for a few seconds. I overhung it slightly with my glance but its large oblong eyes were drawing me in. It scanned my mind with the manner of a scanner. It was for me an eternity of silence and concern. It still wasn't moving.

It is then that I felt his merry and gracious glance. It waited only that I uncover the veil of my internal fear. I was then submerged by a feeling of gratitude and happiness. I felt at home. Me who had moved so much in my life, I felt a familiarity without comparison. It felt from this extraterrestrial an indescribable kindness which made me forget its difference. Or rather MY difference because I certainly was at his place! My abnormality appeared obvious in front of the perfect outline of this bluish and flexible body, with harmonious lines. Although its enormous head impressed me in its disproportion, its fragility would endow it the look of a child. In spite of this apparent infantile tenderness, a great internal power emerged from this luminous glance. The being with large eyes was still staring at me with a surprising calmness. It was with approximately five meters away while I remained sitting on this bed without being able to speak, my hands resting against the mattress with curved outlines. After this long mental inspection, the small being inclined its head and approached two or three steps.

All conversations which follow, all memories of this adventure, were "recovered" in later and multiple states of deep meditation like when you call upon your memory to evoke a remote memory. The essence is there but the detail

could have been slightly different. I cleared here many hesitations, doubts and lapses of memory which would have misshaped by too much the description of my stay aboard the spacecraft.

Thus, I remained sitting, unable to move. But, with as much naturalness as possible, I shook my head timidly in return. I had the feeling to be the animal which imitates the human. It approached again and addressed me without moving its fine lines which were used as lips:

- My name is Olma!

I quivered with surprise. He spoke French! Even excellent French at that. How could it exactly speak my language whereas it probably came from the depths of a remote galaxy? I was probably dreaming an impossible phantasm. I then perceived a big smile emanating from its sparkling eyes of a deep indigo.

- We have known you for a long time. We learned your principal languages in four or five of your years. We reason differently but we adapted to your respective habits.

I was surprised by this familiar use of the "tu" **(which for French speaking persons is only for people who are familiar to each other, otherwise "vous" is used)**. But I recognized this creature from an indefinable memory. In spite of the tremors of my mouth, I tried to articulate an understandable sound. Not being able to do so, I only thought it…

- Me it's…

- Jean, it continued. I will call you Jean.

These few words resounded strongly in me. My God, it heard me! It can read my thoughts. I concentrated myself at the present time. Indisputably, to call me Jean was a mark of friendship and respect. It was undoubtedly not unaware of my attachment to this first name coming from another me, more open and lucid, the one which granted me comfort and internal strength. It had been given to me during a preceding initiation.

- I accommodated you in this ship, it specified.
- This ship?
- We are in the vehicle that you saw in the field.

I reconsidered the dimensions of the room which we occupied and asked myself whether it was the only room of the ship. At the same time, I came to understand that it itself had not talked although I had been able to hear it. Then, a thousand questions came rushing.
- Are we alone?
- No! We are four. Would you like to visit the ship?

This very simple question astonished me. I had the feeling to be a common host visiting friends. This incongruity formed a sharp contrast with the exceptional nature of the meeting.
- With pleasure, I replied by thought.
- Follow me, Jean.
- Alright, Ol…Olma.

It turned around and moved towards a corridor. I jumped to my feet. The gravity seemed normal but I touched the ground with lightness. The upright position was very natural for me. I kept up with him and did not suffer from any difficulty to advance, except for slow gestures in spite of me, like movements that one makes in water.

We left the luminous bluish environment and penetrated a long corridor with orange colors. The walls and the ceiling formed an oval section. Narrow parallel lines of two centimeters thick, of a platinum color, would line the corridor strewn with deep rectangular alcoves every three meters on both sides of the alley. Some were only dark recesses having touch pads on the edge. Others had true colored holograms showing mechanisms. Probably control systems. This word started associations of ideas.
- What am I doing here?
- You come to learn and testify, it answered at once without

turning around.

I could see his malicious and laughing eyes behind this large disheveled cranium. I became aware that it had come alone to lead me elsewhere. Furthermore, I was behind it. I could grab it without difficulty and control it. This confidence comforted me. Did it know me that well? Was it really sure of my peaceful and friendly intentions? I suddenly found myself stupid. It heard my thoughts. It thus necessarily anticipated my behavior. In any event, lively because of an incredible curiosity, I concluded that the idea of a confrontation would have been contrary to my intentions. It was calm. And its calmness was contagious.

While we progressed, the same phenomenon of image superposition was repeated. I remembered my sessions of *remote viewing* in the extraterrestrial base where this type of situation frequently occurred.

- Am I dreaming? I asked timidly.

- You live your dream, responded Olma while slightly turning around. You created your greatest desire.

I understood on what ground Olma wanted to take me. But I wished to hear it from his own thought.

- But is it reality?

- What is reality?

The being started walking again. Its interrogative answer was a form of understood humor. It already knew my deep reflections on the nature of reality: it depends on the rate of the flow of time, as the extraterrestrials had taught me in March 2002, two years before. Did I need to ask useless questions?

- The experience is irreplaceable, it suddenly said. This is why you are here. You can thus ask questions and we will answer them, but your personal observation will be more enriching.

At the end of the corridor, there was a second corridor perpendicular to the one we had just walked through. As a matter of fact, it was not at a ninety degree angle, but it formed

a curve. We took it to the right and at once reached a vast room three times larger than that in which I had woken up. I stopped at the threshold of this room that had the dimensions of a small hangar. Olma had to feel it because it also stopped and faced me. It approached and held out its right hand.

- Come, I will present you to the crew members, he declared from his unfathomable mind.

I offered it my left hand. I felt an extraordinary feeling of protection while in contact with its long fingers. I observed them with attention and was surprised by their length one and half mine. They were thin and harmonious. Their blue color contrasted with the slightly coppered whiteness of my skin. The contact impressed me so much the extremely thin touch of this dolphin leather, close to epidermic satin of a new-born baby, contrasted with my crumpled skin. It gently enclosed my palm and drew me forward, all the while giving me a reassuring smile.

- Don't worry.

I returned its smile all the while being astonished by this paradoxical situation. It, the small puny being, tall like a ten year old child with a deformed cranium, was my protector in these unknown places. I raised my head all the while impregnating myself with this gigantic vision. A large central pillar emanated astonishing iridescent colors. One would have needed six or seven men holding each other's arms to go around it. A curious luminescence was projected around from this glass and metal cylinder. A lattice was encircling it. But it did not seem solid. Luminous rays went in all directions from a focal point at middle height. An enormous crystal floated at this level. Its form was complex but it had the appearance of two reversed pyramids fixed on top of the other.

High of a dozen meters, the dome of an electric blue crushed us with its imposing size. The walls in the shape of an arc were filled with series of screens which appeared and

disappeared intermittently. Nearer to the ground, at the height of the pelvis, a circular console went around the room. It was intersected with openings leading to other corridors such as the one by which we had just entered. In all, six accesses led to this command center closer to an artistic showroom than that of a control room.

On the ground, a circular strip near to the console was suddenly turning in a clockwise motion. Its aspect was that of a flexible and marrowy linoleum with indigo colors. This strip, three meters large, did not emit any sound in its slow movement, but became irradiant, projecting a deep blue color towards the ceiling. One would have thought it to be a wall of light through which I still distinguished the structure of the room.

Suddenly, I saw two other creatures which approached us from the right without moving by themselves. They just profited from the circular motion of the conveyor belt underneath their feet. They were only ten meters away now. Olma drew me to this open sky curved corridor to go meet its fellow creatures. While crossing the bluish luminous barrier, I felt a tingling in my muscles, as if a small electric discharge was stimulating them. And that was really the case. The flexibility of my movements and the muscular tone had redoubled.

I became aware that this new energy came from my direct contact with the hand of Olma at the time where we crossed the curtain with bluish light beams. I felt a curious physical excitation mixed with a growing curiosity with regards to the approach of the two extraterrestrials. A small feeling of anguish arose. This time, they were more numerous than me. I was at their mercy. Olma probably heard my thought.

- It is we who thank you for coming. You have so much to teach us.
- I thought it was the other way around.
- It's an exchange.

I really wondered what I could teach them. They probably had a million years worth of technological advance. All was magic in this hyper-sophisticated enclosure with marvelous creative illusions. Now, they were face to face with us. As Olma had done, they greeted me with a small head gesture and I mechanically returned their greeting. My guide was sending emotions of joy to me but in vain. I still felt a light state of tension in front of this new event. It was then that it released my hand and moved towards them.

The scene that I saw hereafter upset me. All three of them embraced, as playmates do, and started to hop in a movement that resembled a children's dance. I started laughing hysterically. The situation was so humorous that I forgot my fears at once. I felt like telling them: *« hello, I'm here! Anyhow, I hope I'm not disturbing you…»*. But they continued to dance. As a matter of fact, they came to release me from this inner tension that the strangeness of the situation had given birth to. My laughter was transformed into wellbeing so much that I decided to visit the place alone. It is at this time that Olma interrupted my thoughts.

- I present you Gani. She's a girl. Like me.

I burst out laughing. I thought: *« you, a girl? »*. The situation was really funny and provided me with an extraordinary release. Appearances were at the very least misleading. While she was also amused by the involuntary misunderstanding, she continued with the presentations.

- And here is Yusan!
- Is she a girl too?
- No, Yusan is a boy, she replied with a smile.

This last one held out his hand. I took it and immediately sensed the joy that he felt to meet me. I felt such a feeling of happiness that I knelt and drew him towards me. I dove into his large deep eyes and saw them literally illuminate of an emerald

glare. He approached closer and hugged delicately my neck. The contact of his skin on my face gave me tears of joy.

However a great sadness won my heart. I thought of the men who were killing each other off for banal differences while here, in this enclosure of light, everything distinguished us physically and mentally. We were however emotionally closer than the members of a same family, and so far up on the evolution scale. They were so human, more than human. They were superhuman, but for reasons which I did not expect! Their technology, their science, their psychic control was overshadowed by their… brotherly love.

Next, Gani came towards me while I remained stiff with gratitude. She stuck herself to me to feel the vibration of my being. Then, she softly put her enormous forehead against mine which was below hers. If the absence of hair made me doubt her femininity, the images which she induced in me showed the astonishing frankness of the soft maternity which inhabited her. As had often expressed to me my girlfriend, it was indeed *girl essence* which traveled through her veins, so much as she had some.

Lastly, Olma, that I rediscovered, approached me. Her full and gracious movements finally fully convincing me of her female statute that no apparent detail let see. With an infinite softness she gave me a kiss on the cheek. Although her skin seemed stiff and cold, the heat of her unperceivable smile moved me with happiness.

- Is this the way you do it?

- That depends on who kisses you, I replied to her mischievously.

She stared at me for a long time and made me understand that she appreciated my humor. Her eyes said to me that as long as one speaks about love, one speaks about an essential thing. Although not in conformity with the

stereotypes, the presentations seemed to be done. I suddenly realized that these beings had no clothes on as if it had any importance now.

- We are sometimes clothed, explained Yusan whom read me like an open book. That depends on the circumstances.

- Which ones? I asked, curious.

- We have ceremonies where we display our respective functions, Gani continued.

- Or when we feel the desire quite simply, Olma added.

These two ideas appeared antagonistic to me: function and desire. Duty on one side, pleasure on the other. But in these two cases, they could dress themselves. It was very strange for me. I did not dare to ask them questions about these altogether secondary subjects. I was more impatient to discover what I was doing here. Why did they take me along? What was I to learn? What were they going to discover from me that they did not know already? I slowly got up, trying to show as much control of my gestures as they had showed me they had of theirs. It seemed that I did not hold any secrets for them.

- You will learn how to pilot this ship! declared Olma very excited by her own thoughts.

I thought for a moment that she was talking to one of her fellow creatures. But when she tugged at my arm, I was overtaken by stupor. How could I pilot a machine which no man knew technically?

- Jean, do you not remember? intervened a severe voice, apparently new for my neurons.

I observed with amazement the three beings which already preceded me, walking in the direction of a dark area. It was behind the central pillar. As much their telepathic voices was clear and thin, as the one that I had just heard was powerful and deep. Did they go through metamorphosis? A heavy silence reigned for a few seconds before I could see a fourth creature in front of the console, where the light was less intense. Was it

different? We were only about three meters behind it. Gani and Yusan slowed down, and then stopped almost religiously.
- How are you Jean? asked the same tenor voice.
- Koran? Koran the Instructor? I stammered unbelieving.

Scenes appeared in front of my eyes so much so that I lost vision of the room. I saw at an accelerated speed tens of appearances of the extraterrestrial underground base where I projected myself during my consciousness travel during the summer of 2003. I always reached it in the same way, through the reception room. Next to it, the flight simulation room, made up of training boxes laid out like a language laboratory, was directed by the one that the pilot apprentices called the Instructor: Koran!

I, again, saw these pupils in a split second. The majority was extraterrestrial, but from time to time human children, between five and twelve years of age, came there. More rarely, adults came to discover. Their common goal was the more or less thorough training for the piloting of a spaceship. I belonged to the human adults group. Even if the majority of the courses consisted of a technical and theoretical training, we sometimes would use the equipment for space-time projections, i.e. simulated navigations.
- Jean, are you with us? asked Olma nicely.
- I am here! I say suddenly while returning to present time.

Koran turned the thick seat on which he was sitting while Yusan had already sat on the one which was to his left. I nodded my head to mark both my respect and my cordiality towards Koran. He returned this sign of affection with a smile.
- Do you want to pilot a true ship? he asked me.
- I am not sure to be capable of it.
- If you do not try you will be right. You will not be capable of it. Do you want to be right?

The way in which he mentally expressed himself showed the perfect control of diplomacy that he had. Did I want my

limits to remain the same? Was I to show a complex of inferiority? What if I failed?
- You will often fail, he answered at once.
- You thus see that it is useless.
- It is the way in which you fail which conditions success. If everyone already knew everything, if everyone succeeded at the first attempt, there would be no evolution in the universe, nor the desire to evolve.

These last words perceived mentally shook me. Of course, to evolve meant to conceal one's ego to exceed it, and thus evolve to a better self. Without failure to conceal the ego, success cannot come one's way. The evolution thus consisted in always trying. To fall and to get back up. Finally, the desire was leading to perfection of the non-self, and evolution was summarized with a permanent movement towards God. The path was thus a progressive forgetfulness of oneself, a change from the particular to the universal where errors and truths were the same dynamic principle.

Much more than a simple philosophy, these ideas which crossed my mind had a striking emphasis with regards to these extraterrestrials, which were as much teachers as brotherly, as much different as close. Their evolution would certainly serve ours. But did they believe in God?
- Do you need God to pilot a ship? asked Koran with humor.
- Isn't this your job, the Instructor, to tell me? I replied.
- Not bad for a human! he said laughingly. God is a word. You thus do not need it.

For a few moments, Gani and Olma had witnessed the exchanges with a respectful silence. But they apparently knew well the incisive mind of Koran. He had a natural authority that the pupils of the base respected. Obviously, he was the chief of this expedition. But which definition did he have of God? Did he believe in Him?
- To define God is to suppose the existence of a dictionary to

understand what is not understood, he declared. A dictionary splits and solidifies. To understand is only a mean. To create is only a pretext.
- Do you mean to say that God is unknowable?
- God is what you want HIM to be. HE is a continuous creation. To create means to desire. God is all the wills put together without being any in particular.
- But does He exist?
- Nothing is outside of God, but nothing is God.
- But then what is HE?
- The experience of the conscience of the self. God IS!

With these words, I capitulated. It was difficult to condense the idea of God that well. Finally, only the experience led to absolute knowledge, therefore to the cosmic conscience. I was drawn to agree to his proposal to pilot this *spaceship*.
- Error! declared Koran.
- All the better, I retorted immediately, hoping that he would perceive the second degree humor on the topic of evolution. But what did he mean?
- It is a temporal ship and not a spaceship. Space is a consequence of time. Time is a consequence of the absence of universal conscience. Universal conscience is absolute creation.
- Is this why I have visual illusions?
- Jean, they are not illusions but the reality of your creativity. It is precisely your creativity which will allow you to pilot this ship. What the majority of your scientists did not understand yet is that the impersonal laws of nature compensate the absence of personal creativity, base of creation from which these laws result.
- What do you mean to say Koran?
- To pilot a temporal ship simply consists in visualizing your destination. For this you must resonate with the state of the matter of the ship on the frequency of your psyche, it is the only thing able to create the objective to be reached.

- How to know the destination in advance, I replied once more. What do you do if you want to discover an unknown place?
- Excellent questions, Jean. You always need somebody who communicates the description of the destination to replicate it psychologically.
- It is thus impossible if nobody knows it.
- Indeed, said Koran calmly. For this reason many worlds are still to be discovered.
- Do we not, us humans, have any chance to establish ourselves in space?

At this question Gani, Olma and Koran started smiling. I was unaware at this time of what they had in mind. Many things, seeing the size of their gigantic brain. But their huge and sparkling eyes gave away the mischievousness of children, happy of the effect which they produced on their entourage. Olma and Gani were holding hands as if they wanted to mean an obscure message.
- Alone, you have little chance, concluded Koran.
- What do you mean?
- You humans will require someone to guide you.
- Who?
- It is the whole question of your future.

Koran stayed silent to force me to think about it by myself. I inevitably knew the answer. I suddenly thought of the message that its fellow creatures of the underground base had transmitted to humanity: *"do you wish to see us?"* There, they evoked the existence of two groups of extraterrestrial races. The first was the one which asked the question. A benevolent group at the service of the evolution of races in the universe, including humanity.

The second was what they called the *"third party"* at the service of its own interests. For that, it was doing everything to control and dominate the races not having reached their level of

evolution. Its strategy consisted in addressing powerful and shady men to establish themselves gradually in the middle of men in exchange of technologies. But this negotiation was unbalanced. The fruits of the exchange were offered in spite of humanity itself, so that only a minority reached the mysteries of knowledge.

Thus, the take-off of the human race in space, only true exit for our future at medium and long term, was mortgaged and depended on the acts of a few others. Thus the crucial question of the World Referendum.

- What these men of power did not understand is that they fell into a trap.
- What trap?
- The principal aspects of this trap are the rules of navigation in space and the freedom of the physical bodies.
- Can you specify? I insisted, curious.
- To navigate a space-time ship one needs a destination known by the mind of the pilot. The *third party*, that of the dominators, having for goal to dominate others, the men are forced to operate the flights with it.
- And for the physical body?

Whereas I had just asked the question, I started to consider my body. It seemed slightly rigid although my conscience was perfectly operational. The circular and luminous conveyor belt had raised my internal frequency but my muscles remained slightly frozen.

- Technology is not everything, continued Koran. It is essential for the physical body to be able to adapt to high vibrations. A new DNA is thus needed, at least for the human pilots. The biological technique of mutation was occulted to men by the *third party*.

Incontestably, medical research had turned its glance towards genetic engineering with means without equal in all the

history of human health. Which secret goal did this race for genetic knowledge have? Could humanity hope for concrete repercussions of particularly elaborate and extremely expensive techniques only for the purpose of healing rare diseases and thus with a weak total impact for society? What would be the final price of this research? What is its real objective? What seemed certain was that money flowed freely for this incipient discipline at the service of a minority of patients when, on the other side, basic drugs, with weak technical development and reduced cost, were still lacking for a vast majority of dying persons. Was a secret government controlling the world medical research financed by public authorities at the detriment of the good economy…and of compassion? A throbbing question disturbed me.

- Why did these shady men accept this unequal exchange with the extraterrestrials? I mean with the others, the *third party*? I stammered, awkward.

- Because being materialists, responded the small smiling being, they were unaware of these subtleties, now becoming major. There is an obvious advantage, even though limited on the galactic scale, for these shady men.

- What is it?

Koran seemed to be reading me. Perhaps he wished to discover incomprehension or, more subtly, an elaborate form of diplomacy in me to make him think. He finally expressed himself clearly.

- The advantage granted to human conspirators is the domination of the Earth, small planet among billions of others. All the co-ordinates of your planet are reproducible by thought thanks to your simulation technologies. A pilot of a ship, such as that in which we are, can thus reach his destination without difficulty while remaining on Earth. It will be the same for the solar system.

I thought for a second about the meaning of these words.

What were the global strategic implications for potential extraterrestrial dominators? I "orally" established a logical sequence.

- A manner of establishing an immense galactic network through the *third party!* To divide to better rule. To each its small plot of Earth to serve a Master. On one side the serfs, on the other the suzerains.

Like for genetic research, an idea crossed my mind to explain the strategic choices of men.

- I understand! I suddenly cried out, also suddenly falling into the isolation of a thought.

The purpose of all the measuring instruments and all the telescopes, including Hubble, are to precisely chart the destinations. Thus the development of the 3D visualization technology! And thus the paradoxical bad resolutions found on the recent images accessible by the general population. In spite of much better technologies, the present seemed to be doing worst than the past to photograph the same cosmic places, like planets of the solar system.

Only one purpose seemed to justify this strategy of nonapparent quality : to prohibit the fellows from having the possibility of correctly visualizing these places for them not to see the possible anomalies there, such as human beings on other planets, as well as their exopolitic consequences. On the other hand, only an elite chosen for specific missions has access to the best image resolutions. These over-the-Earth photographs were thus within the visual range of the general population, without any means for it to make use of it. To produce public photographs justified the colossal budgets while limiting their true use to a very weak minority.

I had often wondered about the expensive investments of astronomy instruments and the correlative abandonment of space conquest. The motivations had seemed obscure to me. In addition to the black budgets, did a world secret government

use public funds in a splendid juggling act? What Koran had just said by telepathy confirmed this vast secret cartography politic, however in plain sight of everyone, for purposes of visualization by pilots of a new kind. The *third party* had offered the Earth to the *illuminati* all the while closing the doors to other extraterrestrial worlds. In any case, not without their marked out help. The reaction of men was slow but determined.

The working human strategy thus consisted in catching up with the gigantic gap that the *third party* was maintaining. It seems that it is only very tardily that programs of *remote viewing* were set up in an effective way. Not only did they have for purpose to obtain information on a precise place, accessible by thought, but the essential was perhaps elsewhere: to emit images rather than to receive some. Wasn't the essential goal to train the future astronauts for visualization, at the service of highly exotic technologies, and in particular for psychic navigation? This technology was necessarily inherited from a long policy of retro-engineering resulting from extraterrestrial ships voluntarily or accidentally being placed at the disposal of humanity.

- It is time to put the theory into practice! Koran exclaimed.
- What do I have to do? I timidly asked.
- Sit down in my seat.

Koran got up and moved away all the while showing me the seat which he occupied. Olma and Gani accompanied me to ensured good bearing of my body in the seat. The material instantaneously fit my silhouette. They turned the armchair around and I faced the curvilinear console. Being next to Yusan, I started to intensely observe him. He was obviously concentrated on an invisible panorama.

Koran positioned himself between us two and put, with a swift gesture, his right hand on the desk. Its long and bluish hand delicately positioned itself on a dark tactile surface, as

large as a chess-board. Its shape resembled a half circle broken up into innumerable quarters converging towards the center, i.e. the palm of his hand. This one was perfectly flat on the control panel. Each of the three phalanges of his long fingers, which counted five, were in contact with the touch screen. I then saw luminescence appear under his hand. They formed luminosity and color gradations. He then started to caress the quadrant slowly and with concentration. At this point in time he revealed images on a second screen facing me but which was hitherto off.

Tens of landscapes passed in front of me one after the other. Sometimes arid and steep, sometimes cloudy and shapeless, or luminous and oceanic. What was most striking were these astonishing colors without equivalents on Earth. The ground could be a royal blue when the littoral's quivering water deployed ochre and vermilions. Elsewhere, translucent lakes with luminous emeralds were competing for the beauty of a copper and misty desert. Elsewhere still, the tumultuous atmosphere of a gold yellow shook the summit of trees of an interminable forest, leafy and milky like the immaculate snow found in Greenland.

- Some of our destinations, mentally murmured Olma whom saw my amazement.

- Did we go on one of them? I hesitated.

- They are the images of the main memory of the ship. It collects and stores our visualizations. Thus, it is easier to find them, interposed Koran.

- To pilot you use the only random access memory of your brain?

- It's about right! murmured Olma.

- What do you mean?

- The ship is like a living being when it is dematerialized, continued the chief of the expedition. We communicate by telepathy with it for navigation and other functions.

This resembled the control of a mount straddling the

galactic roads long of several light-years.
- No, Gani said with softness, it's like inhabiting a living body. We are inside the creature as your soul is in your various bodies. Any object has a soul in the higher planes. But that of the ship remains primitive.
- A soul? I thought stunned.

"Inanimate Objects do you have a soul?" wondered poets. The answer thus depended on the vibratory state of those. This is why the daily objects impregnated themselves with our states of mind, our thoughts and our acts. They could thus return them towards others and influence behaviors, even events. For that, to be convinced would give in addition a greater effectiveness to these objects. The interaction of the human soul with that of the object occurred inevitably at the subtle levels where we were. The whole magic was founded on this idea. But could a manufactured ship have a soul?
- It is a complex idea. Let us say that it is a memory more or less conscious of itself, said the thin extraterrestrial which had just positioned its hand on my cranium. We function in symbiosis. The ship needs us, and we need it.
- It is that way with all things in the universe, continued Olma apparently happy of this postulate.

Koran then explained to me why there were two cockpits, and even more if necessary. They could indifferently switch form one pilot to another. They literally took charge when the main pilot felt tiredness, a lack of concentration or any lassitude. This is why it was necessary that there is a pilot-energy controller to assist the main pilot, and if required to take charge. Generally, the one with better health and most suited could pilot. There was thus no predetermined guard duty. Between two takeovers, a very short phase of automatic piloting intervenes so that the new pilot adapts to the most recent visualization of the precedent.

I was astonished by this obligation to maintain a pilot

awake. Koran indicated to me that only the travel of the ship required the continuous presence and visualization of the main pilot. Once a destination is reached, it could rest. The travel itself was rather short. Actually, all depended on the state of materialization or not, of the machine. More the temporal density of the machine was high, i.e. immaterial, more the attention of the pilot was crucial. Conversely, an automatic drive appeared extremely useful in a phase of materialization, except for the evasive situations in hostile environment, as it was the case on Earth. In these cases, the pilot had to keep projecting the ship with small jumps, passing by various points of navigation.

- It's your turn, said Koran brutally.

He took my right hand and positioned it on the tactile quadrant. I instantaneously felt a quivering which traveled through my body from my head to my feet. He pressed on the back of my hand while insisting on the need to keep it flat. I understood at once that my hosts had an easier time piloting with their frail and naturally open hands. I learned that such physical attributes, like the flatness of the hands, were the sign of a higher level of evolution, including in human beings.

He asked me to breathe deeply. I then realized that I was storing the energy particles of the atmosphere without truly inspiring and expiring air. I thus remained like this for a few minutes to concentrate myself on these luminous flows and reflux which penetrated as much my lungs as the pores of my skin. It was very strange. I had the impression that my entire body was only one fast oscillation. The beats of my heart resembled a deep sound frequency acting as carrier with the manner of a radio station.

I saw Yusan from the corner of my eye handling his screen. He suddenly positioned his free hand on mine, and then withdrew on the right the one which was useful to him for piloting.

Suddenly, I felt my body explode, dilating in the whole ship. I was nothing but an enormous and soft egg, deformed by an invisible hand which kneaded it. I thought that my brain was going to burst. Hundreds of unpleasant feelings and distended images were forced on me. The ship seized my soul so much that I almost vomited and lost conscience.

- KORAN! I cried out. WHAT DO I DO? I'm not controlling anything.

- Do not move! Do not think! But breathe.

- What's going on?

- You're simply getting acquainted, you and the ship. It measures your blood pressure. It integrates your personal vibration.

He hardly had finished its sentence that I felt an extraordinary feeling. The frequencies which were hitherto chaotic and buzzing grew weaker and weaker. My nausea decreased and I quickly felt a powerful and harmonious song inside. It was like a chorus composed of thousands of voices resonating in the middle of a cathedral. But I was the building itself. I vibrated with the ship. It had just adapted to my frequency and me to its frequency. I was US! I then had a curious reaction. I addressed myself… to the ship: "hello, my name is Jean!".

There was no response from it. I had just spoken to a machine. But a series of clearer images interposed themselves. I saw, not landscapes, but a succession of geometrical figures with volume which had a correspondence in my body, as if the ship was looking through acupuncture points. I clearly felt simultaneous shivers in physical places without any apparent relationship with each other as these drawings were imposing themselves. It looked like a dressmaker taking the internal measurements of my being.

I passed a rather indiscreet holographic scanner, deciphering the least anomaly, the least perverse thought.

Perhaps the ship passed in review its backup programs in order not to affect its integrity? Contrary to the conscientious terrestrial pilot who checks his plane before starting the engines, the ship followed its checklist meticulously, checking in turn my nervous system, my blood network, my cerebral connections and my harmonic frequencies according to unknown numerical laws. Other functions were probably the object of his attention, but it became clear to me at this precise moment that the machine was the master of this ship. But what could I then be useful for?

- You have a very bad comprehension of symbiosis, Jean! indicated Koran. It is precisely all the difference with your training with the base simulator.

- Symbiosis?

Koran insisted on the idea that there was no Master in the piloting of a space-time ship. Only the need to reach a destination mattered in the exchange with the ship. It was to some extent necessary to spare the susceptibility of the mount to make it effective. Nothing in common with diplomacy he specified. It was about a language of pure logic according to the laws of the mind. The machine followed clear objectives but was to secure potential contradictions between acts and thoughts of the pilot. Consequently, it was to evaluate the probability of facing a Möbius loop. In other words, the ship needed a partner at least as qualified as it. It was with this only condition that it followed the navigation orders rigorously.

Symbiosis thus consisted of an interaction between an intelligent object of which the programmed goal was to be useful and effective, and a higher conscience whose prerequisite was to understand the machine and to make use of its intelligence. No hiatus should, not could, occur between the extraterrestrial and the machine.

Suddenly I heard a short crystalline audio signal. Yusan set himself up at his station again and delicately positioned his

hand on his supple touch screen.
- It's over for now, declared Gani obviously happy from the session.
- Did I pilot? I asked a little naive.
- You only adjusted your seat, your steering wheel and its safety belt. You can get up.

I felt a bitter disappointment. Whereas I had just had incredible feelings, by an inconceivable experience, I had hardly gotten acquainted with this technology. I still didn't know where to put the ignition key… if there was one. Very frustrating!
- You should rather be proud and happy! exclaimed Olma whom heard all my thoughts.
- Happy? But, all this is so… confusing. I don't really know you that well, even less the ship…
- But it just accepted you!

I almost laughed at this comment. The machine had not spat me out like a cherry-stone. Happy outcome indeed. Olma approached as if she wished to comfort me. She made me understand that it was a test. Hardly ten percent of humans were successful with this first step.
- Are we numerous to pilot a spaceship? I asked disconcerted.
- Of course!
- Why doesn't anybody speak about it? It's not ordinary. And furthermore, what about this conscious meeting in the field?
- Precisely!

Precisely? What was she talking about? I reviewed my memories: the waking up in the middle of the night, the bright light in the neighboring land, my approach of the ship, the appearance of Olma, blue and thin, my loss of consciousness, and my waking up in that huge room. Then all was accelerated and I had found myself face to face with the ship in a particularly passive initial contact from me. What had I succeeded at?

- The majority of human beings are withdrawn by our people from the material plane whereas they are not aware of higher planes. This is why when they are there they do not make use of their logic but only of their emotions.
- Isn't this normal?
- It's logical since they refuse the existence of these higher planes, either by ignorance, or by belief. If we do not exist in their mind, they will then see many other things, those of their education. But by using logic…

Olma turned to Koran whom gave her a nod as a sign of consent. Then, she looked at me again with her large dark almond shaped eyes.
- By using logic, they realize that they are not really humans themselves. They are much more than human.
- You are like us! Koran declared suddenly by slightly wrinkling his eyebrows which he did not have.
- We are extraterrestrials?
- You are *extratemporal*! You are multiple and you do not cease to travel with your mind, in particular during dreams. But back on Earth, in waking state, you lose conscience of it. Thus, you refuse your statute of cosmic beings and become illogical.
- Thus irrational? I tried.
- Your being feels a major contradiction. Thus your many chaotic emotions! Koran continued in a severe manner.
- The chaos of our emotions is thus the effect of our irrationality, and not its cause, isn't it?

They displayed a light smile to give their assent. I wondered how, we, physical human beings, could conceive the full and whole immaterial existence. They, in turn, indicated to me that the existence was multiple but that the conscience of this multitude was only a matter of *concentration* and *detachment*. Two states apparently paradoxical. However, the lack of concentration on an aspect of our reality precisely led to the lack

of detachment. We did not manage to clearly distinguish what we observe, sometimes our physical body, sometimes our pure emotions, or even our thoughts. Thus, our acts were often only the random product of these lacks.
- And these lacks lead to fear, concluded Olma.
- What is the relationship with piloting?
- The absence of fear is an essential condition to training. Only concentration counts.

I then understood that the majority of abductions, therefore removals, were lived according to the intrinsic fear of each, that the interpretation of the lived experience was directly related to this fear. The latter caused a proportional aggressiveness from us. Thus, the ship measured our animality! If only ten percent of "abducted" humans passed this test successfully, that meant that the ninety percent left could not control themselves. Sad report in truth…

But what was the major source of this fear? Although I was feeling perfectly serene near these very different beings, it was easy for me to comprehend the difficulty of my fellow humans to accept this strange, or even foreign, situation. Gani, whom invited herself in the discussion, deployed incomparable diplomacy to say how much humanity lived in a state of survival. All her story was only one long continuation of fights, battles and confrontations of all natures, unconsciously forging in us the *vital need* to wage war. Any territory to be conquered was synonymous of survival of the tribe to which we belonged.

To defend or to attack, such were the two only collective ways of thinking. This behavior came from our illusion of separation with our higher being, only one able to proceed with this discipline of detachment of transitory planes of existence.

By admitting the essence of the being in us, we were then able to reconnect ourselves to the "*Creator without definition*", principle of the creation of multiple planes of existence of Life.

It is the ego which wants to survive, not the being! This latter is everywhere, in any shape and beyond shapes. Thus, the fear of losing our identity constituted the base of our separation and of our suffering. The extraterrestrials practiced the imitation by adaptation to the human ego.

This exercise of symbiosis with the machine, with this primitive conscience, proved to be much more than a technical adjustment, but an impressive initiation for my own ego.

But my hosts however had a name…

- It is only a name, but it defines a vibration, a particular note of our being, Olma added to my thoughts.

- The name is the ego?

- The ego is only the part in us which interprets the degree of separation, including the meaning which it gives to the name.

- The name is relative?

- It is the means for others to learn what they do not have yet, or what they are not anymore.

An idea, which I had no idea where it came from, crossed my mind.

- If the ship recognizes us, it is thus, more than each one of us, taken separately. Can it become schizophrenic and have several personalities? I asked concerned.

- It's precisely what it is!

- It's worrying and dangerous, I exclaimed.

- It is a very advanced computer but it can only do what one gives him to do, said Olma to reassure me. This is why it's the pilots who are ultimately the Masters on board.

- All depends on their training and on their psychological balance, continued Koran while scanning my aura with his huge eyes, which kept putting me badly at ease.

- It's also for that that there are very few pilots appointed for the same ship, said Olma to moderate the inquisitive attitude of the master of this ship.

- You select the pilots in pairs for their mutual compatibility?

The instructor explained to me that the ships for short distances had only one pilot per machine. They were only for short distances because of the fast tiredness which emerged in the art to pilot. The pilots were more or less resistant but, by knowing their limits, they rarely ventured beyond average operating range. Each one literally had a conveyor for life. Creature and ship were one for better and for worse. The control of oneself thus needed to be great since the ship was only adapting to the behavior and the orders of its partner.

This obligatory osmosis between pilot and machine explained why in the majority of the UFO observations, either no ET came out, or only part of the crew was going outside to examine the places. The pilots of these small powerful machines remained in their seat for any urgent evasive action.

For the ships for long passable distances, there could be up to five pilots. They received an intense and specific training, rather of a psychological and spiritual nature than that of a purely technical nature. Thus, the extraterrestrial pilot had a guiding aura, to be advanced among the advanced beings. And among the pilots themselves, there was a hierarchy according to types of ships, difficulty of missions accomplished, number of space-time jumps carried out and distances of the jumps in question. Koran was rather high in this hierarchy but he admitted to me to be only a beginner with regards to great masters who did not need… ships anymore.

- How can one pilot without a ship? I asked intrigued.

- Jean, murmured Gani slightly withdrawn, a ship is a place which synchronizes the simultaneous travel of several persons. By harmonizing the frequency of this place with that of the pilot who visualizes the destination, you can view the final form of this technique.

- I'm having… I'm having a little trouble.

Patiently, Gani started a rather confusing explanation for my mind. At sufficiently high frequencies, the pilot

manufactures a virtual geometrical field around him which includes the people that he wants to transport. Then he makes them vibrate at the same frequency by visualizing energy in this geometrical network. He finally mentally projects the group towards the selected destination. Although requiring an extraordinary control, this situation could occur for incarnated human passengers, i.e. from our physical plane.

- It is the Holy Grail of any pilot. In fact, of all, acknowledged Koran.

- Yes, added Olma, our best pilots are also in training with these very advanced spiritual beings.

- What is the relationship between spirituality and this technique?

- We can only reach and control high frequencies with a high degree of spirituality. It is a universal scientific law.

- What is spirituality then? Prayer? Faith?

- I will answer you when I will have reached this level, said Koran cheerful.

The spirituality taught to human beings is delinquent compared to the true laws of the mind, indicated Olma to me. Often the experience is missing for human religions preachers. But that was explained by the occurrence of incarnation which takes a lot away from direct and daily knowledge of more subtle planes of existence, where we are after what we call death.

What we think is the order of exceptional faculties becomes very ordinary beyond the physical stage. To each state of the being there is a new learning stage towards the following one. Living on the third floor of a building it is impossible to have a precise idea of what the tenant sees, feels, and hears from the hundredth floor. It is then proud and stupid to state to know the Kingdom of Heaven when the physical land is overpopulated. To foresee a kingdom is not to travel through it. In the same way, to use rationality and logic, however valid in the physical plane, to understand the creativity of higher space

times, amounted to repairing the hard drive of a computer with the wrench of the mechanic.

I started to feel tired. I had the strange impression to fall into some kind of dream. I lost my landmarks and my sense of orientation. The images of this reality became blurry as if my eyelids oscillated more and more. I slowly but surely lost my concentration. Olma whom had led me to this control room got a hold of my right arm.

- It is time for you to rest. Those many events must have exhausted you.

She drew me to her. I let myself be guided since I had a hard time controlling my own will. I looked at her with softness and gratitude. She was so small and so beautiful with her bald and bulky cranium. We advanced towards the hall which we had walked through a few minutes earlier. A few minutes? That could not be. Rather hours.

- You stayed longer than you believe with the ship, she confirmed malicious.

- How long?

- In our density, more then half of one of our days!

- What? Twelve hours?

- That depends on your definition of time. The duration of the osmosis experience was very short for you because you stored a great number of information. But since we did not travel, time passed much more slowly than the time on your planet.

My planet! Funny expression. I shared it with billions of human and animal creatures, without counting the plants and the trees. How Could Earth be *my* planet?

While walking with difficulty in the oval corridor, I thought of Eve whom I had left sleeping whereas I had left the house for this unusual meeting. I had felt the pressing need to tell her nothing to protect her, but I could still not explain this behavior. We had however laid so much on the grass to wait for

our visitors. We had often checked the site of our business for a probable boarding. We had long prepared the landmarks to direct us in the darkness of the house after an abrupt awakening in the middle of the night. In short, we were to both go, but I was alone in this foreign universe far from my family, from all those that I love. Will I find them one day I asked myself suddenly! Why did I not wake her up?
- Because we asked you not to, Olma revealed to me.
- I did not hear anything.
- You were dreaming. We suggested to you to come alone in your sleep.
- But why?
- To protect all of you, Eve, your family and you. You had to notice that you were highly monitored. We always monitor you. But we were not alone.
- Who else was there?

Olma grasped a small cylinder which she carried on her belt. She directed it in front of her. The screen which overshadowed the entry of my room suddenly disappeared. We entered the large room where I had woken up. At the same time, a filtered blue light was spread within the room. We walked a few steps towards what had been used by me as a bed.
- I will teach you various things later because it is time to recover from your symbiosis session.

I smiled at this sentence that Olma had just mentally projected in my mind. Symbiosis became only an exercise which man should experience in order to evolve to a state of greater comprehension of oneself. Who would have thought that technological control inevitably passed by the spiritual way? How many years of evolutionary advance did these extraterrestrials have on humanity? Perhaps a thousand or even ten thousand years. Perhaps more.
- You have a bad representation of what evolution is.

She explained to me why our scientists would

understand that evolution is done by increasingly large jumps, but also increasingly closer in time. At each stage, there was a brutal and irreversible rupture in the scale of reigns.
- You are approaching a new phase.
- Which one?
- Men are not the only ones to progress. The Earth itself evolves, and all that is on it as well. You form a symbiotic whole, like the experience that you just went through. What changed for you is the place and the speed of this symbiosis.
- What change will the Earth go through?

As she had suggested to me, the most evolved among us would make an extraordinary jump ahead while others, the least conscious of themselves, would be incarnated on planets whose vibration could accommodate them. In the same way, plants and animals would know a spontaneous change going against the traditional laws of evolution.
- Are you talking about an apocalypse?
- Your planet is already going through a great climatic and geological transformation. The effects will be growing and much will perish in various manners. On another side, perceptions of the parallel worlds will multiply themselves. You will then understand all the invisible creatures that you destroyed with the nuclear weapon.
- Many talk of Ascension.
- But only a few know what it is. I fear, Jean, that disappointments are extremely numerous on the auto proclaimed capacities of some.

Olma seemed saddened. She held a psychic silence fraught with meaning. Myself, I was not sure of anything. What did Ascension really mean?
- You just went through one!
- But I am not even close to being a spiritual Master, I retorted at once.
- It's true! You however fight for justice and truth. You take

risks, accept the scandal mongering and carry on. This isolates you. It is in isolation that man progresses…
- But symbiosis? And the Ascension?
- When the pupil is ready, the Master presents himself. The Ascension occurs thanks to the Master. No one can state to be ready without the Master. When you accommodate a domestic animal at home, you allow it a contact of a higher nature.
- Is it what you do?
- It is what all the extratemporals do since the dawn of time.

She explained to me why the treatment granted to domestic animals changed its prospect for progress. If we speak to it with softness and comprehension, we turn it into a more conscious and free being. By giving love, we produced in return co-operation. It is the meaning of symbiosis. The Master is then not the Master anymore but the partner. On the other hand, by offering a covetous vision of exchanges, a behavior of greed and potential conflicts arise. Thus, the interaction with the extraterrestrials occurred according to the culture developed by each race.

It became obvious to me that the majority of men remained unable to rise in this comprehension sphere where extraterrestrials were neither a provider of technologies, nor a dominator. We only had the contacts which resembled us, faithful to the deep aspirations of our being. If we were not expecting anything from the extraterrestrials we would more surely progress towards a mutually beneficial exchange under terms of sincere respect to one another. We would attract to us those which vibrated identically. It is precisely what had occurred at the beginning of the saucer era.

It was time for me to lie down on this seemingly marrowy and soft layer to the touch of the central table. In spite of tiredness, I felt no shivers. Heat was even sufficient to strip myself. Once I was lying down, Olma positioned her hand above my cranium, and then I fell in an irresistible slumber.

Intrusion or mutation?

Suddenly, I heard a humming! Whereas I was still lying down, I jumped up and opened my eyes. A strong light dazzled me. It went down from the ceiling where the pipes were previously seen. I closed my eyes again at once. Then I felt that this clearness was decreasing in intensity. I opened my eyes again and saw three of the four fellow extraterrestrials which surrounded me. They looked alike so much! Who was who? But especially what were they doing? One of them passed a small cylindrical apparatus above my legs, while a second applied a kind of roller on my belly. The third seemed to assist the second on the other side of the operating table. My God! I am in a hospital!

- What are you doing?

- Don't worry Jean. I am Olma! said the small extraterrestrial on my right by telepathy. There are Gani and Yusan, she added while turning her head towards them.

I felt a light turmoil in their glance. I had obviously surprised them by my unexpected awakening.

- Yes, but what are you doing?

- We are studying your body. We are recording the modification. Don’t worry. Everything is fine.

- But you never asked me! I said a little angry.

- We are sorry. But it was preferable, she confessed.

I turned to Gani which faced her and gave her a disapproving glance. Perceiving my disagreement, all three moved back one step while withdrawing their auscultation tools.

- It was necessary to check your state during your sleep to not have a distortion in our measurements. If you had been warned that would have modified the results.

- Why was this important? What are you measuring? I asked while propping myself up.
- The adaptation of the human physical body to life in a ship…
- Without the influence of emotion, specified Gani whom had a harmonious smile on.

With these words, I understood all at the same time their embarrassment and their motivation. But who knows the lengths they would have gone up to? Their instruments seemed inoffensive. But what was the second step? Perhaps an invasive surgery…
- I understand that you are worried, intervened Yusan.

It seemed that I was right. I had heard so many times about negative medical interventions at the time of *abductions* that this situation resembled them a lot.
- Jean, you must remain calm, added Yusan.
- Do I have a choice?
- Yes! The fact of speaking about it proves it. You forget one important thing.
- Which one?
- You are in a hostile environment, with unknown persons which are not of your race.
- Are you hostile? I stammered apprehensive.

"Here is the problem with humans!" seemed to express Yusan while turning to Olma whom had been observing me all this time. However, her large ebony eyes did not express anything.
- Yusan says that your fears deform what you perceive. It is the environment which is hostile for you, as can be water at the time of an apnea. You do not control it. It is thus a source of doubts and anguishes. It is natural but that implies precautions from our part.
- What would you have done if I had not awakened?
- We would have continued to respect your integrity. We are allies, not adversaries.

Olma confessed implicitly that there were adversaries to humanity. How to be sure that Olma and her fellow creatures were not some of them? A wave of uncertainty came over me. I had read many testimonies of abductions and medical experiments on human beings. The majority of them related to the genitals and reproductive parts of men and women until suffering. Even if that had not been my case until now, nothing prohibited me to think that it would not happen. Was I only a lab rat? Was I being manipulated? The resemblance of these extraterrestrials to those which one called "the Gray ones", lab assistants of mankind, was striking. They reassured me in vain, I was overtaken with panic. A sudden paralysis came over me.

- You are locking yourself up in fear. Fear generates fear which generates suffering.

- This does not answer my question.

- Indeed! This at least makes it possible to understand your internal mechanisms. The interpretation of a situation depends on the person.

Olma explained to me with an infinite patience why we are on a plane of existence where my emotions had a direct and intense impact on my perceptions. The dematerialized state of my physical body had removed the material firewall which usually acts as a self-timer, like an inhibitor of perceptions. She reminded me, to convince me, that I had myself created sensory illusions during my first awakening. The fear of the unknown, and the idea that I was prone to an undesired intervention on my body, precisely caused what I had expected. Which made the pain completely real. So that reality could only be subjective. But, in a general way, in the whole of parallel universes, this subjectivity was lived more or less intensely according to space-time filters which we put in front of our conscience's "eyes".

The physical world usually acted as a barrier to the power of the mind, in a positive and negative sense. This brake was non other than the cells of our material body, cells which

we considered independent of us. This artificial distance created by the individual constituted inertia. It resulted in a form of detachment and separation, illustrated by the role of doctors in our society. We conferred on the latter a statute of transitory appeasing. But the reality of unity between matter and mind, even unconsciously refuted, was felt by an increased and irreversible ageing intensity. Thus appeared more or less perennialized diseases. The distance that we put between our body and our mind acted as the rope of an arc. The more it was bent, the more we were distant from our body, and the more the gravity of the diseases increased in the long run.

Our refusal of symbiosis with our body, our constant contempt for the role of our negative emotions on our health, gave birth to more or less heavy pathologies. The matter had an ignition delay. It underwent a hysteresis with regards to psychic causes, causes accumulated by small amounts, like a spring which released itself slowly. Thus, imbalances prepared themselves unseen, to appear at any occasion. The place of mood in vitality was scientifically shown. Good mood was preventive. It accelerated cures and avoided diseases.

This was due to laws of interaction between space and time. The gap between matter and mind finally came from a differential temporal flow. But our mind was to make an extraordinary effort to reach this mystery, placed very high in the universal intelligence. The extraterrestrials doubted that the man in the street could control his own extratemporal nature and the influence of time on the conscience. We had a beautiful intelligence, but prompt to mental idleness at the least bit of aggression to our ego. We were sick of our ego. By releasing ourselves, we reached creative temporal densities, outside of identity limits, and thus psychic that it imposed to us.

The trust which we granted to drugs impregnated the latter with a psychic vibration. We had unconsciously delegated to placebos, majority in pharmacies, the capacity to cure our

physical body. This transfer remained insufficient for situations of accumulations of separative thoughts like cancer. Thus, the role of the psyche was determining and supplanted that of the chemical approach as one became aware of it. The external agents had the value which the conscience did not have. The interior and the exterior of a creature functioned like a communicating ship. Such was the great secrecy of real magicians and healers. To each individual a medication. In all the history of *abductions*, never did an extraterrestrial make use of pharmacopeias unless decided otherwise. The psychic influence itself, whether it comes or not from oneself, corresponded to the broad spectrum of perceptions in these unusual places. When the emotion creates the world, reasoning is inclined, or canted.

Thus, even before objectively evaluating the authentic motivation of the extraterrestrials, the *abductees* interpreted their experiences despite of themselves, despite their capacities of mental control. The methods and real auscultation tools in similar circumstances were deformed by their assets. Being formatted by the inertia of the physical body, they could not apprehend the creativity of their own mind in the vision of an event. They generally deduced from it a malevolent behavior coming from space citizens. The latter pertinently knew this mechanism of human incomprehension and had often no other choice but to carry out abductions without the knowledge of the person, neither having sufficient time, nor the adapted pedagogy for our deep ignorance. Their choice was thus cornelian.

Therefore, the extraterrestrials very often applied their hands to the forehead of the *abductee* to send him back to sleep and to avoid too great of pains to him which he generated himself. Sometimes, they affirmed to him that all would go perfectly well. The goal was to make him change his emotional

perspective, source of his suffering. Not having assimilated the cosmic laws of his psyche, so obvious for visitors of the Earth, the *abductee* would resign himself or rebel. In this last case, the extraterrestrials would stop the intervention immediately and return the individual to his physical environment. Nevertheless, and consequently, people of space would put him in a place far from his home. Anger or rebellion implied an urgent action sometimes catastrophic for the discretion of the operation. This urgency was dictated by the effect of telepathic contagion of anger on others *abductees*, also on board of the ship.

The *abductions* were often done by waves. The same ship visited several places and removed several individuals during the same night so that the duration of the operation would be optimized. A missing time of two hours, in physical time, did not mean two hours of medical intervention. It was first of all necessary to evaluate the mental power of the *abductees* through a period of adaptation to the psychic world. The evaluation could last longer for some but there was an average. The most hard headed were returned at once to their homes. The memory of the event was then too short to be remembered. Hardly a flash back, a furtive image under the threshold of the conscience. Without consequence.

In any event, when the extraterrestrials indicated to the person that he would not remember anything after the events, it was under the conditions of the temporal flow gap between the physical world and the psychic world in which the examinations were occurring, and by no means the event of a manipulation. The truth was that, man being persuaded that this psychic world was only the fruit of his imagination, the removal would not have any reality, in spite of strong hints. Thus, the discretion of the extraterrestrials was ensured by our ignorance of the temporal laws and of our anthropocentrism. Their psychic furtivity was only the result of our simple

incompetence. Our incredulity and our pride were the best protections to risks of perceptions on board of ships.

I wondered why Olma told me all that. She painted a picture that was not glorious at all for humanity, and rather unjustifiable for the extraterrestrials.

- Pride and ignorance prohibit the bringing together of civilizations, added Olma, always so amiable. Humanity is not the only concerned one. From these weaknesses is born the judgment towards others.

- Are you trying to justify the acts of your fellows?

- On the contrary, I'm trying to make you understand that there are opposite strategies seen from the same human perceptions.

- You mean to say that by having sufficient maturity to act in the psychic world, we would see your real motivations clearer?

- That's it!

She developed her comments. While she continued, I understood that the crew which surrounded me was composed of different personalities. Koran was the intransigent and rigorous instructor. Olma seemed to ensure a psychological role of support. What were the roles of Yusan and Gani? I left the question unanswered and concentrated myself on the thoughts of the small superhuman to my right whom was smiling.

It was useless for her to announce that she and her fellow extraterrestrials had good intentions with respect to humanity. Only the fruits of our collaboration counted to measure them. Koran had taken part in my training for the operation of a ship in 1990 when I took a nap in the south of France. Yusan, whom had talked very little until now, was my intellectual mentor. He had provided me with the key concepts of *Absolute Relativity* through the theory of *3D time* in March 2002. A few months later, at regular intervals, he had offered to me other key concepts to perfect my scientific comprehension of temporal reality. During the next months, he would continue his teaching by oneiric way. In an infinite respect, Olma was

explaining to me, since my abrupt awakening, the subtle aspects of the human mind and the reasons of our incomprehension. Finally, I had no other choices but to note the teaching nature of our relationship, supported by a friendly relationship and a true honesty.

Deep down, I felt unworthy of such attention. Then why me?

- You have a particular mind. You are open minded on the beliefs and you try to comprehend what makes them. You could be one of the interpreters of science of which we are agents.

- You do not seem to want to flatter me.

- If some among you reach the comprehension of this science, you will be able to build the conditions of a profitable bringing together of our civilizations.

- I find reassuring that you thought of others before me.

- You are very numerous. The bold ones are rare however.

I was not sure at this precise moment that the proposal was attractive at all.

- In your world of beliefs, not a lot of people are able to accept the sarcastic remarks to defend avant-garde theses. There are two types of persons. Those which are afraid, and those which make you progress by their courage.

- You could show yourselves in public and explain what you are saying to me, I retorted without concession.

- We are not in a position to question your beliefs, said Olma at once. You would interpret it as aggression. The change of man must come by man himself.

- But all require evidence. Is this so complicated?

- You had thousands in your skies!

- Yes, indeed. But men only see what they want to see. UFOs have an intelligent behavior, thus…

- Man refuses the obvious, continued Olma, he asks the wrong questions.

- He is unaware of so many truths, I said to clear my kind.

Family secrets.

Olma approached me and started caressing my hair with her long bluish and fine fingers. I felt that I had touched a sensitive subject. She got me up and drew me by the hand. We walked some steps towards the wall of the dome. She played with my hands on a steel colored desk which I had hitherto not noticed. Suddenly, in front of me, a large screen appeared. I saw removal scenes where human beings awaited their turn in a room. Some were talking, others took refuge quietly in a corner. Some were naked. "Small Gray" beings appeared from time to time to calm the apprehensive ones, or to take them to another room. Others came out from it apathetic or happy. The atmosphere was strange. The majority seemed to be unaware that they were there. When an individual was recalcitrant, the other persons would look at him stupefied. Sometimes, we saw reactions of euphoria.

- Men are unaware that we exist, declared Olma solemnly. They are even more unaware of the existence of civilizations with very different motivations. What you see here is the work of another race different from ours.
- There're the Gray ones, aren't they?
- Could you say that all Asians are merchants?
- No!
- All the Gray ones are not at the origin of the hybridization experiments.

Olma wanted to show me that the universe was mainly divided by problems of ethics more than by differences in races. Moreover, all the creatures evolved in the course of time from ignorance to comprehension, so that the former enemies could become today's allies. Those which we call the Former Astronauts had become wiser and less worried by the

domination of others. Other races had taken over. But there were some subtleties. The domination was also translated in a more effective psychic ascent, in a parallel world invisible to us, that an ordinary physical interaction with the population of a planet could not achieve.

Thousands of former contacts had hardened these extraterrestrials towards primitive civilizations like ours. The humans giver of lessons did not imagine for a moment the colossal experiment of the Gray ones with regards to interracial communication and the inevitable incomprehension which a traditional contact generated.

Olma explained to me why the things were much more complex than they appeared. The mercenaries of a peaceful race could cooperate with malevolent creatures. Conversely, the rebels of dominating races worked for noble causes. The racial problems were much less important than the ethical identity.

The high temporal densities betrayed necessarily the vibration of a being beyond its physical appearance. The intention was read in its aura, directly accessible in these planes of existence. If the Gray ones were devoted to abductions and hybridization of the human race it is because they had been authorized to do so, and are even encouraged by the ethical family to which they belong to do so.

What is most surprising was when Olma admitted to understand this step with the compassion which characterized it. She compared man with a child who plays with gas in the kitchen. A whole building could collapse for the ignorance of only one small tenant. Isn't it worth it to modify the behavior of the child rather than to let him risk the serenity of the community? The nuclear weapon of humanity was a source of deep fear from the majority of the extraterrestrials. This is why many had traveled to Earth to note its proliferation, proliferation that the concerned governments had precisely generated in response to first visits from outer space, much

more than because of the Cold War. The explosion of a nuclear warhead caused much damage to the extraterrestrials. This went from a terrible discomfort to a pure and simple loss of many lives across many light-years. The principle which she exposed was more surprising.

- When a nuclear bomb explodes it deploys a great energy. This one comes from higher time densities which are normally not accessible from your physical world.

- Where does it come from?

- From more subtle planes where we are now. Here time is dilated when there is no movement. While exploding, a bomb aspires this time to project it in your physical world.

- What happens here then?

- We lose what we mentally built, including ourselves. We must rebuild our navigational landmarks, the vital energy of this plane and even sometimes our psychic dwellings.

- But you live so far away!

- What is far in your space time is very close for us. The distances which you note through your telescopes are extremely shortened here, i.e. the state in which you are right now.

- We are thus the invaders, us humans?

- Indeed!

- But we are not aware of it!

- It is the reason of our presence on Earth… and of your presence here.

Olma continued her explanation by commenting on the images which raveled. She showed that the stars were not at all what the scientists thought they were. There was no thermonuclear explosion in the direct sense. Our atomic tests had an authentic impact in deep space, but we were refusing the least bit of cosmic responsibility. The one whom refuses his implication within a community, whichever it is, is repudiated by this same community. Such was the dilemma of the rival extraterrestrial forces in the terrestrial suburbs. Some wished

the pure and simple disappearance of our current civilization, others on the contrary wished to guide it on the path of wisdom. Man was a danger to the extraterrestrials, although he was for the major part unaware of it. There were thus three possible attitudes for space-time civilizations.

To remain indifferent while moving away once from the nuclear hearth realized a short visit on Earth, a little like a bailiff whom would make out a schedule of condition and write his report. It was the case of the years which followed the Second World War. There were many waves of observations in the middle of the twentieth century. To move these too curious of visitors away, the second category, that of the Gray ones in particular, psychically pushed man to multiply his nuclear arsenal and his atmospheric tests. The Gray ones were sent like scouts. They feared less the effects of the atomic weapon on their psychic world than those whom elected them. They acted in the universe like nomads without a motherland. They did not have any tie or dream of Great Whole. They thus did not build their world. Their only force was their number, thus the hybridizations.

The second attitude thus consisted in eliminating the danger by submission like the Grey ones did, and those whom controlled them within an immense hierarchical structure. The Gray ones being travelers, they needed to go from territory to territory in full safety, safety which their dominators guaranteed. The strategy then aimed at modifying the human race in a vast policy of hybridization which the timid visitors could then not dispute any more.

The third was that of Olma and her kind, but also of other benevolent civilizations. The strategy then consisted of pedagogy and repair of medical damages caused by the Gray ones.

Within the second category, that of hierarchical control, was opposed by two logics for the same objective. Among the

Former Astronauts were the Nordics whom, since generations, sought to preserve the genetic inheritance of their race within the terrestrial population. They were focused on the oldest roots, those of Central Europe. They thus entered in conflict with the Gray ones which had recently arrived on Earth due to nuclear power. The goal of the latter was to mutate humanity for the profit of their race in order to extend their lineage. The Gray ones were concentrated in America, particularly in North America to avoid a direct confrontation with the Eastern bloc. On one side the pole of Tradition, on the other that of the New World. This was also included in the behaviors. On one side, conservatism. On the other, liberalism. In both cases, the same objective: the control of the population!

This genetic control worked towards a goal of greater range, exceeding by far our imagination. The laws of the mind controlled those of matter. Thus, the genetic codes constituted a memory and behavioral relay on generations of live beings. In a psychic world where all can be created and uncreated, a major and permanent conflict was unfolding since eons.

To guarantee the continuity of its thought forms, and to ensure the maintenance of its identity and of its hierarchical structure as a nation of the world would do, a meta-race was to perennialize "the racial egregore" by multiplying the creatures subjected to the genetic code from which they resulted. The global stake thus consisted in increasing the number of souls programmed to think according to the values of the source race, like Reptilians, Gray ones, Humans, Insects, and many others. The Fall of the Cosmic Man, common to all races, came from what had crystallized on the form, by exerting his power of psychic creation, rather than on his essence. He had canted divine impermanency at the profit of racial permanence. This Cosmic Man had followed multiple ways, those of the differentiated extratemporal races, in the same manner with which we built the nations during history. As humanity had

created nationalism by drawing up flags of different colors, the Paramount Man had generated cosmic racism while playing with universal genetics.

The atomic tests had thus weakened the thought forms of these races. However we were ourselves the genetic product of one of them which lovingly followed our progress since unmemorable times. On the other hand, the authentic spirituality emancipated us from the behavioral program relayed by the DNA to which we were all subjected. Thus, there must exist a teaching, an awakening of the conscience capable to transcend the program of the racial thought forms. One of the major teachings was that of the imitation of the UFOs and extraterrestrials. By taking the form of a technology, like a tank, an airship, a plane or a rocket, the Teachers wished to address a strong message to us. With the illusion of the shape, the truth of the being is not shared. The essence of things was thus the ultimate truth.

The best teaching invariably consists in making the pupil react. For the extraterrestrial Teachers, the purpose of misleading the human beings by the imitation of their own artefacts was to create a rebellion against the idea of illusory identity, source of all evils.

The third way, that of pedagogy, was of course countered by the mentors of the second category. None of the latter had interest to see humanity emerge with a broad autonomy, nor with an intimate comprehension of the cosmic interaction mechanisms, i.e. of the science of the extraterrestrials.

Olma indicated to me that the first humans that were contacted made their appearance at the same time as the UFO waves. It was the time of the "ushers" who tried to make humanity understand the dangers which they were facing with the nuclear weapon and the ecological imbalances. These visitors could certainly not acknowledge that the atomic bomb

was their Secret Weapon. This weakness was common to all the communities living temporarily in the subtle planes. These visitors simply suggested to those contacted that the nuclear weapon would lead us to our downfall, without explaining the ins and outs of the global dilemma.

Thereafter, during long years, no one was authentically contacted, except for rare exceptions. Indeed, the nuclear tests multiplied, thus driving away the Teachers. However the observations of UFOs near civil or military nuclear sites were very numerous. They were in fact to check on… Controllers. The same ones which were devoted to *abductions* despite our immaturity and our monitored and perfectly controlled ingenuity. This ignorance of the nuclear dilemma with respect to extraterrestrials was not the case of all.

Some men with power knew it perfectly well. Between the development of the nuclear weapon and the official reports contradicting the existence of UFOs there was a common point: the same persons in charge were found again and again! It is through these same men of power, fathers of the atomic bomb, that weapons of mass destruction proliferated, and this, on either side of the Iron Curtain, well beyond the national territories' real needs. This occult human power had quickly identified, without understanding it, the famous extraterrestrial Secret Weapon. It had then promoted this military and civil pandemic to draw away space civilizations that were much too early. The nuclear tests, initially atmospheric then underground, lasted until the end of last century. They stopped when the occult powers understood that the Gray ones were playing along by legitimatizing the removals that they practiced continuously in spite of an agreement, certainly under false pretense, on the transfer of technologies.

When the Berlin Wall fell, the justification of the nuclear enemy from the East fell too. This induced an upheaval of great magnitude for the extraterrestrials. It was also the case of late

humans living on the same subtle planes as these civilizations, multiplying their own contacts to persons that were alive. Indeed, a half-century of nuclear explosions brought Life and Death closer separated by increasingly similar temporal flows.

Since this time, and therefore since the end of the twentieth century, the Teachers returned in force. The authentically contacted persons multiplied and spread the same messages of ecological and self-destruction dangers. During this time, the hybridization work of the Gray ones had evolved. Thousands of foetus, as much from stolen children as from human women, developed within the darkness of the *alien* ships in preparation for this massive destruction. The Gray ones were almost ready to implement a modified humanity on Earth, in adequacy with their values, and those of their suzerains.

Having perfectly evaluated this global strategy, the benevolent extraterrestrial Teachers had no other alternative but to let the free will of men express itself. But with the nuclear danger still not isolated, and even increased by inclinations of new geopolitical powers, very little time remained for the friendly extraterrestrials to save what could be saved during the short period of nuclear break which preceded the Great Conflict to come.

- But can't there be a confrontation between the Gray ones and the humans? I asked while turning towards Olma whereas the images followed one another on the screen at the rhythm of her report.

- This conflict already took place and will again take place on a greater scale. Just as the Gray ones are divided among themselves, the same thing can be said about the humans.

- Are you talking about military hierarchy?

- A conflict opposes the military and the human secret service. The two sides do not have the same strategic vision. Many extraterrestrials are established in the middle of your hierarchical structure which collaborates with them.

- It's high treason with regard to humanity! I rebelled.
- All is relative! Humanity belongs to a greater galactic unit whose hierarchical levels are highly coveted. The essential would be to know which way the humans want to follow, in the collective and individual planes.

Olma stopped in order for this conversation to reach my mind. I wondered which choices the small creature was speaking about. She continued with a serious tone by hammering out the alternative.
- Hierarchy or co-operation?
- Is this the only true question? I questioned.
- It's the only one! she affirmed to the point.
- Is this the reason of your presence?
- Your emancipation is our only objective.
- Why do you want it so?
- Because more freedom generates more respect, which will produce even more freedom. The opposite of a hierarchical pyramid.
- You are thus motivated by *your* freedom, aren't you!
- You summarized the situation well. To enjoy the personal freedom without defending it collectively is to lose it sooner or later. We must thus help other civilizations to reach it and thus multiply the number of free and responsible creatures.
- How can you make us responsible?
- By explaining to you the universe in which you live. By giving you the keys which open the doors to authentic freedom.
- The paradigm of time?
- Yes. Only someone who understands is responsible.
- Is that all?
- It is more revolutionary than you think. You have also the World Referendum. By collectively deciding for our appearance on your physical level, you would make an extraordinary progress. Only the one whom decides is responsible.
- It is thus necessary to know and to decide? I summarized.

Olma displayed a great smile and nodded her head.
- What becomes of the love of Galactic Fraternity so spread by the current new age? Does it have direction? A reality?
- Love is not declared, it is lived. Why speak about it when you must feel it? Human beings are trapped in the hierarchical concept. They manufacture Masters and steps on which they must sit down.
- None of this exists?
- Illumination is opposed to competition. It gives a boost of spontaneous co-operation. It is a feeling of unity. This felling seeks itself in the forgetfulness of the ego. Thus, the pupil cannot speak about the Master. He gives birth to him in him in the silence of oneself.
- Do you speak of humility?
- Behind humility, incompetence and inaction is often hidden. True humility cannot be seen nor heard. It is a state of the self.

The *spoken thoughts* of Olma, the extraterrestrial girl, seemed of an extraordinary wisdom. Thousands of years of experiments and comprehension of the soul perspired through the simplicity of her thoughts. I felt all the compassion of her race for ours.
- Why don't you intervene directly?
- You cannot force others to more freedom. They must sincerely desire it and make an effort to protect it.
- Who wouldn't like more freedom?
- Freedom is synonymous of forgetfulness of the self, not of egoistic pleasure. It is the absence of fear. The creatures seek much more protection coming *from others* that *for others*. Producing fear in a group is enough to ensure its domination.
- Are the protectors also the dominators?
- It is often the case, she said while looking at Koran to seek approval.
- Is this why you do not intervene?

- It's one of the reasons, conceded Olma. Since freedom is less sought after than protection, free will is rarely exerted. There are thus several degrees of free will, and thus of evolution.
- Isn't this a hierarchy? I asked with my argumentative mind.
- You have the habit to call it "spiritual hierarchy". But it does not have any structure.
- Do the Angels know chaos, the absence of structure?
- A structure is of mental nature. It produces separation between the beings. Wisdom and love are of spiritual nature. They create a boost of union, the opposite of chaos. It is the true order.
- Is this the Galactic Confederation?
- Like I have just explained to you, there are two Galactic Confederations! Two essential forms of ethics.
- Hierarchical and co-operative?
- Nothing else, indeed. It is because the creatures initially wait to be protected until they aspire to freedom granted by the hierarchy. For us this freedom is a lie to free will. Only love makes you free and unbounded.
- What is there behind these words?
- The intention! Any creature is driven by contrary desires, from survival to co-operation. It must thus go towards the highest intentions to really evolve.

But there was only collective freedom. What happened if one refused the hierarchy elaborated in a world of fear? What to do if one had the feeling not to be on the right planet? At each end of cycle, Olma explained, the various degrees of evolution of a same group found a natural balance by separating from each other.

Each great period of history gave the opportunity for the souls to reach a higher degree of freedom. It was a contract which the soul signed with its group, humanity in fact. At the expiry of the contract, if a sufficient emancipation had been reached, one could choose a group of greater wisdom. It is what Olma and her kind named *cosmic justice*. This justice was

incarnated in the great cycles. The hope of a better world came from the diffuse memory of this truth acquired before each incarnation.
- We reset at each end of cycle?
- We fix them at the new hour, as if each one lived the cosmic time zone which corresponds to him. All do not see the sun rising at the same time. Only a weak portion will discover it before the others.
- When will the end come for the current cycle?
- Just a few of your years.
- How will we know?

The Ambassadress

Olma moved back while Gani advanced towards me. I fixedly looked at her all the while questioning myself on this surprising initiative. Gani had spoken little up until now. If Olma seemed to serve as my personal coach to facilitate my adaptation to the designs of her race, Gani had for the most part remained withdrawn. Now she seemed to want to speak at a time when an important collective aspect arose. Was Gani in charge of great stakes?
- Jean, I am happy of being able to speak to you about the future of humanity. You should not report back all of this conversation. It is useless to frighten your close ones. In any case, either they would not understand, or they would refuse it. We know well the psychology of men.
- What is your role in this crew?
- I am an ambassadress.

This answer surprised me. Did they need an ambassador to address only one human being? Without any political power in addition? Something was not clear in this assertion. Was she playing with my ego? I felt a strange feeling of

incomprehension.
- You have a curious idea of my function, she said, interrupting my suspicious thoughts.
- Don't ambassadors address men of power?
- It is the case. To represent a group is a power. To love the greatest number of people within it gives an immense power.
- I do not have any public function. There are so many Statesmen on my planet.
- They have a temporary power which will not last. Why would we go towards those which are not representative of the group with which we would deal? It would be a waste of time and perfectly ineffective.
- But there are however governments in contact with extraterrestrials?
- It is the case! But you already evoked their motivation with Olma. I assure you that we address ourselves to those with which we will have future relationships. It is your case.
- I imagine that I'm not the only one.
- You are thousands.
- But doesn't an ambassador speak to representatives of a population, i.e. to other ambassadors?
- You will be thousands of ambassadors for tens of millions of people. It is important that you are numerous at the beginning of the process to bring together our civilizations.
- Do you wish that I become a diplomat? I asked to the point.
- It is what I just proposed to you.
- Isn't this too great of a responsibility?
- You are free to create your own limits. You can refuse. Perhaps you should see what will happen to humanity and the reasons of your future choices.

Gani approached the desk where Olma had already settled herself. She played at her turn with touch keys. New images were printed on my retina. I saw the Earth wrapped in a field of energy. Gani indicated to me that it was the emotional

field of the planet. It was combined with that of humanity. It was like an abstract painting where innumerable colors mixed, sometimes bright, sometimes mat. From luminous small spots of an electric blue emerged, here and there, Amazonian greens and floral purples. Then, she pointed her finger to dark red areas where peaks of anger appeared.

Time was illustrated by increasingly small circles which touched each other in only one place representing the Earth. Each circle included an index being used as a reference point and it turned on itself at a speed different from the others. As time passed, the colors of the emotions of Gaia darkened. Black spots started to invade the continents in this curious pointillist painting. They multiplied in great number at the point of covering whole areas. Suddenly, these areas cleared up.

Hatred gradually disappeared to leave room to a very pale light, hardly perceptible. Then a contagion was spread very fast. The gray ones were blackened quickly, and then were transformed slowly into a weak light.

- What does this mean? I asked intrigued.
- The Earth evacuates its pain.
- Is it suffering?
- Much more than you would imagine.
- What are this blackness, and then this light?
- The light represents the extinction of populations. The negative emotions slowly disappear after death.
- How will people die?
- The majority will die from natural disasters. But much will perish in the Great Conflict. Then, some survivors will experience famine and disease. They will also perish.
- How many?
- Almost five. Five billion.
- Five billion inhabitants? It's a nightmare! When will this take place?
- Olma told you. In a few years. It will be dramatic but essential.

- Death is essential?
- Justice is essential for any eternity.
- Won't we be able avoid this?
- You could but you do not desire it enough.

Gani made me understand that we were too afraid of fear. We would then create conditions and pretexts which would express it. By seeking protection, we produced opposite forces which weakened it.

- Do you understand why we do not address ourselves to the current governments?
- They will have disappeared?
- New men will appear among the survivors. Those which prepare themselves today. It is to them that we address ourselves.
- How to know whom will remain?
- We will help them. Us and other extratemporal races.

But, as Olma had explained to me, people that resemble each other go together. Those whom lived in internal co-operation would be the majority group on the new Earth. Gani chose human diplomats among the future survivors. But within those whom were going to die, some would return after their passing into the subtle planes of the after-life. Some would also be ambassadors of humanity to the friendly extraterrestrial races.

The majority of men would follow another path and would reincarnate themselves on other planets. Among the most advanced of human beings, some would accept missions of great importance on planets protecting primitive people. They would become the spiritual guides of their new companions, not necessarily human.

- You said that you will help us.
- We will propose to some to embark on board our ships for the time necessary for the break. It is for this reason that your ambassadors will be numerous. They will guide those which

wish it towards our ships.
- Who will be able to go on board?
- Only those which will wish it.

Gani affirmed that there would be a great confusion and that little would have confidence. The human ambassadors would be decried. Many men will understand their action way too late. This was also free will, the choice of trust and co-operation.
- How to be sure that they will not be our enemies? How to recognize you?
- Our ships all are circular, on the contrary of the *third party* which the World Referendum speaks about. No angular ship will be your ally.

The small extraterrestrial added that the human ambassadors would never try to convince. They would propose without imposing. They would fight against misinformation which prevailed in the media and would seek peace of the soul in the hearts of men…

Preparations of a new phase?

At this stage of the account it is necessary for me to pause and to invite you to discover the continuation of my contacts in the second volume which will come out later. The period which followed this extraordinary experience was a long succession of apparent medical disorders which appeared and disappeared all on their own.

It was initially the interior of my right ear. A tingling, close to the tickles, occurred every evening whereas I fell asleep. It was neither really unbearable, nor painful but this disorder would not let me sleep. This momentary embarrassment appeared and disappeared several times. Then it was my mouth's turn. A bearable pain inside my palate lasted a week.

This feeling went up from the bottom of my throat to my incisors. In fact, it is while touching my palate with my tongue that this benign suffering emerged in an acute way. The inner surface of my upper jaw was then extremely sensitive. Were these obstacles, without really unpleasant consequences, due to medical interventions from extraterrestrials?

This time it was the turn of a perfectly visible physical trace on my neck behind my left ear. I awoke one morning and passed my hands through my hair. I clearly felt a kind of scratch long of three centimeters and three or four millimeters broad between the hair and the auricle of my left ear. It was almost vertical and of slightly reddish aspect. However, there was no trace of blood, puncture or even wound. Just a form of cutaneous reaction that had an extra thickness to it. While passing my fingers on it, I strictly did not feel any pain as sometimes an insect would leave on the skin. My wife who could distinguish it better than me saw a light circular shape. This trace remained perceptible to the touch for ten days.

To add to the strangeness of this situation, a protuberance of approximately four millimeters appeared nearly two or three months later at the edge of the left ear lobe, close to the neck. It was neither painful, nor bothersome. It had even moved from the ear lobe towards the neck.

I add, that during the weeks which followed the appearance of the first oversize, my sixth and seventh chakras had redoubled in intensity. I felt them physically very distinctly in the cranium during the whole day. It is a little as if someone was applying to me a small electrical device in the middle of the forehead and at the top of the head, if the electrical current came from the interior of the cranium. I had already tested a muscular training device by electric stimulation. Here, the feeling was almost identical. My capacity for work had redoubled - I had begun the drafting of *"the Science of Extraterrestrials" ("la Science*

des Extraterrestres") - but the tiredness at the end of the day plunged me in an extremely deep sleep. I then intensely wished, through suitable mental assertions, to remember my oneiric experiences.

I had several astonishing dreams. One of them was an astral outing during which I was lying on my bed knowing perfectly well that I was sleeping. I held out my right hand towards the ceiling and saw a characteristic extraterrestrial hand appear, with long and thin fingers, without being able to distinguish the body of this friend. We shook hands for a few moments during which a wave of happiness and serenity invaded me. It was so gripping that I awoke at once thinking that it was the signal of a new meeting. I thus rose from my bed and clothed myself. It was 3h44 in the morning. I then walked through the 10 minutes path that led to the landing strip, a simple local sports ground, and waited for half an hour. In vain. But I had the invasive impression that it was a test to know if I would again react in a correct way to another physical meeting and to accustom myself to the place of confrontation from a nocturnal point of view.

Another experience brought a strange feeling to me. During one night, I clearly felt my body dematerialize itself! I knew that I was not in my physical vehicle but rather in a triangle of a size comparable to a body. I perceived my material density and suddenly, as if small bubbles burst in me, I had the impression to be infinitely lighter and conscious of a situation change. Upon my awakening, I had the feeling that it was again a test to present to me the state transition that I could experience in a probable future. I noted that I had not panicked and, that on the contrary, a great feeling of peace accompanied this dematerialization. It was at the same time striking and encouraging. All these details could seem superfluous if they had not seemed extremely real. What will happen next? Is this the end of a long series or the beginning of a new step in

ufologic history? Perhaps even in world history…

Earth and water mountains.

I experienced visions of the future that were absolutely upsetting. Two of them were gripping.

The first related to a cataclysm with a considerable effect. I was in one of these dreams that had an incredible reality to them. I felt that I was only a spectator, seeing through the eyes of another.

We were on a large steamer in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The atmosphere of the afternoon was pleasant. The juggernaut was traveling at a good speed in this bluish and cloudy, in some places, sky. Many passengers were enjoying, on the bridge, the sea air which filled up their lungs.

Suddenly a tourist signaled a curious phenomenon occurring at the prow of the ship, far to the front. The water became slightly agitated in a very localized area on our path. Then, rather quickly, the light quivering was metamorphosed in increasingly strong boiling. Not only was the surface of the ocean frantically trembling but the agitated area abruptly extended itself to the ship. It is at this point in time that, unable to move, the passengers saw, like me, something improbable. The water darkened to become blackish, like the color of coal. Nobody seemed to be able to explain this phenomenon. The deep blue of the Atlantic became more and more anthracite. The reflections of the sun had disappeared on the aqueous surface. The water was now only a viscous and shaken molasses. It is then that a third phenomenon was added to the incredible scene to which I assisted, stunned.

In the middle of this ebony sea, black and red plates emerged from place to place like wretched warts on the skin of a diseased patient. These reddish and dirty bulbs multiplied

while the nervousness of the ocean redoubled. A silence overtook the bridge. The event was not an event of any possible human experience.

Understanding what was happening, I was projected in the air to look at the panorama in its entirety. The boat sank slowly, letting the last persons feel fear and the inescapable death which was to come. In a flash, the underwater vision of this same event explained to me what was happening. The Atlantic volcanic mountain chain was waking up. Tens of underwater volcanos exploded violently along the abyssal ridge which sheared two moving continental plates.

At once, I found myself on the last floor of a skyscraper in a large American city. It was a very large reception hall with a prodigiously high ceiling. The walls were clear and the decoration was sumptuous. On one of the sides of the room, a huge picture window tilted at a thirty degrees angle offered a splendid view on the ocean and the buildings around. People were assembled here, walking as if they awaited something. Some seemed nervous but the majority remained perfectly relaxed, many holding a glass in their hand. Perhaps someone had invited them to some party at the end of the afternoon. But nobody seemed to know what they were doing here.

Suddenly, I saw the horizon imperceptibly rising. No one paid too much attention to this strange situation because a party was already in the making. The music covered the fashionable conversations and the room filled up with newcomers. The majority was wearing business suits. They were like tenants of lower floors invited to some friendly drinking outing. While a small group was grouped quietly in front of the ocean, the majority of the guests preferred to pile up around the promptly arranged food tables.

Farther, a dark, horizontal and rectilinear wall was rising gradually towards the sky. Whereas I was towards the middle of the room, I suddenly saw a straight line of light at the top of

this water hill. The sun of the end of the afternoon was reflected on the monstrous mass which approached at high speed. In these infinitely long moments, a handful of townsmen stuck to the pane held their breathing in front of this unimaginable spectacle. They looked like they were imposing this silence to themselves to not waste the last moments of joy and heedlessness of the assembly. The huge wave was now only two to three kilometers away. Its height was obviously lower than the altitude of the highest floor. But the majority of the buildings around would be drowned soon. The mega-tsunami was at least two hundred meters in height.

A woman's scream tore the muffled environment of the improvised reception. A great silence echoed the fright of this person in her forties whom fainted. In a few seconds, hundreds of eyes fixed the East. The majority was hypnotized but some cried already, not daring to scream by decency, by respect of the social etiquette. All those souls were from now on exposed. Quickly, many were holding hands, others were emotionally embracing. Others still fled behind hypothetical fortune ramparts. The tidal wave of the apocalypse first reached the small buildings upstream. While striking them, a secondary wave rose up and licked the large tilted picture window. But soon an enormous blow would destroy the first floors. The reception hall swiveled slowly and unrelentingly towards the tumultuous waves of the ocean which penetrated, imperturbable, the lands of North America. The dark moments had invaded the terrestrial clock.

This vision originated from a phenomenon which was called "natural". If the large wave had been born from the awakening of the underwater volcanos, the latter owed their sudden activity to a projectile that had come from space. A small meteorite of the size of a car had traveled at an out of the ordinary speed. A figure imposed itself: 800.000 km/h! I am unaware if this allotted fame of the projectile from space is

possible but what I saw was the crossing of the atmosphere and of the ocean in a wink. These fluids had certainly slowed down the fireball considerably, in particular the few kilometers of depth of the Atlantic. But the meteorite had seemed to be breaking open the aqueous thickness as if it had been butter, crossing even the solid crust of the underwater mountain with ease. Having lost mass and speed on its course, the extraterrestrial stone had had to shake a millennia of sediments and had had to perforate the shell of the oceanic volcanic chain before giving birth to another ocean, of lava this time, making new grounds emerge at various places of the planet of which two thirds of the surface are liquid. No doubt that a domino effect was to take place a little everywhere on Earth starting a multitude of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and tidal waves.

Three nights of end of the world.

The second vision of the future took place on a day in September 2005. Whereas I had gone on a consciousness voyage on an arid planet, I met three Masters. They were in a cave which was used as refuge by a fourth called Pline. This last was accustomed to receiving the missioned souls to offer them his advices and his mission orders with perfectly defined objectives, and, this, by mutual agreement. Guards encircled this natural residence to protect it from possible undesirable attackers.

While entering what he calls his office, I saw Pline occupied with a person whom I knew well. I immediately moved towards the left after entering and I sat down on a broad seat set in an alcove cut in the rock. I remained there a few moments before seeing three silhouettes waiting patiently along the wall on my left. I rose and directed myself towards them. I instantaneously felt that they were three Masters coming to visit Pline. They were tall and clothed in a long white cape from head

to toe. Their stature was imposing. However, I approached them and asked them a sight of the future. They invited me to hold their hands to form a closed circle.

Suddenly, in the middle of this circle, the Earth appeared in three dimensions. It radiated its traditional blue-white luminescence rather far in space. While observing with acuity, I noticed small forms at some distance from its surface. There were many extraterrestrial ships.

It is then that one of the three Masters evoked the three nights of humanity. I thus expected to see the sun dying out, or to see the rotation of the Earth stop, or even to note the formation of an immense black cloud covering Gaia. None of that occurred. It was not long until I started receiving images that were more impressive than I could have ever imagined.

The three nights of humanity that many prophecies had evoked, as well as the famous Edgar Cayce or the Virgin of Salette, were not the result of one physical night, of a darkening of daylight. The Earth normally continued to rotate, the sun was always present in the skies and of whole areas of the atmosphere remained perfectly clear from any cloud.

However, I saw the three long nights of humanity. They were indeed going to occur. They were three nights for the soul of men, plunged in the state of nocturnal sleep. More than sleep, the whole humanity lived a daydream. The astral body of each one had separated from the physical body. Millions of bodies strewed the streets, offices, factories and apartments. Others staggered as if they were doped or under the influence of alcohol. I saw scenes of violence and extreme delirium. The low instincts were fully exposed. Some were shutting themselves up, others remained fixed, their eyes full with fright. Many ran in all directions without having any grasp on anything. If during the first hours the most resistant had thought of a terrible epidemic hitherto not mortal, little by little the survivors of this collective demonstration also sank in this directed "unreality". Humanity

was in fact discovering a new reality present since the dawn of time: parallel worlds!

A very long emission of psychotronic waves invaded the Earth from close space. The men were plunged in a state of artificial trance from which little escaped. The distraught population was in a state of nocturnal nightmares. The majority saw monsters of all sizes walking in full daylight. Unknown voices and lights called the inhabitants of the cities and rural areas. Many onlookers without bodies went carefree and imprudent towards these voices and these lights. All had lost their landmarks.

All, however, lived their own inner nature where hatred and ignorance were alongside fears and illusions. An immense chaos gained this disoriented humanity. This lasted three long twenty-four hours nights, three days during which men slept in this paradoxical sleep thanks to which they had left their physical body or had partially abandoned it. Only the vital functions persisted after a detachment become too long. The emission of apathy frequencies had generated a psychic vitality in a world invaded by beings sometimes malefic, sometimes monstrous. The three nights of the world were those of an interdimensionnal invasion, unexpected form of aggression where the impotence of men, but also their lack of spiritual preparation dominated.

I then saw gigantic vortices, like reversed tornadoes, going from the surface of the Earth towards geostationary positions in close space, where the extraterrestrial ships precisely were. By mentally approaching these white swirls in the blackness of the cosmos, I understood with horror that they were made out of human souls. The ships had become immense electromagnetic vacuums sucking continuously the vital part of the human bodies. The human beings were only ghosts now because the distance between their astral body and their physical body was from now on too great. The silver strand

which connected them had been broken because of too much stretching. Like an umbilical cord that one cuts to separate the mother from the child, the vital bonds were being cut through suction. The removal of the soul was thus done once arrived in the ship.

The three Masters made me understand that these ships belonged to the malevolent extraterrestrial faction. Luminous creatures were however present to limit this path worthy of the flute player bringing the rats to their death. They tried to make human beings understand that they needed to defend themselves, to not be afraid, to remain focused on their inner self. Being extraterrestrials themselves, it was difficult for men to distinguish them from the other ones. Faced with the unknown, any foreigner becomes the enemy, unless when speaking from the heart and from his understanding. Thus, this holocaust was only the product of the lack of harmony of humanity.

But a good part of humanity managed to resist these misleading calls and this fright…

A TIME FOR DECISIONS.

Return to *private*…space.

How to control the future? How to decide? What to decide? We are in a phase of transition in the history of humanity.

If the world ufology has struggled for more than fifty years it is because it sought binary solutions which brought only incomplete elements. The UFO phenomenon was purely physical or purely psychic. Except for very exceptional case, it was never openly aggressive. If it is so, how is it that they do not give us technical solutions if they are really our friends? We will never find a solution to this question if we do not understand that they have been doing it for… a very long time! With knowledge being able to be used for good or bad intentions, they proceed by small increments. Moreover, let us not forget that their temporal flow is very different from ours. Lastly, our psychic senses are at a chrysalis stage. The butterfly will be born. But before it spreads its wings a transition is essential. Let us consider two aspects.

The scientists and engineers receive information by psychic way without them realizing the real origin of their intuitions despite their ignorance of the psychic reception mechanisms and their normative rational approach.

The *channels* and the contacted ones are not, for the most part, able to receive technical or scientific information because, by cultural effect, they cannot result from the science which fits only in a logic coming straight out of dominant epistemological designs. The *channels* are not thus inclined to receive *practical information* but spiritual contents. However, there are always exceptions.

It is logical that we adopted the human point of view to ask ourselves questions and to give them answers. The anthropocentrism - our famous chrysalis - is a necessary stage. The ego is useful to reach knowledge thanks to a certain form of motivation. It is thus inconceivable for us, during this stage, to identify the source of the solutions and progresses. Why would the benevolent extraterrestrials assert their contributions? When one gives a gift to a humane society, does one tell everybody? Generally, no. It is exactly the same thing with the extraterrestrials. If they offer their knowledge to humanity, by inspiring the scientists, they do not need to say it, they are just satisfied to do it. In the opposite case, it would not be a gift but a demagogic stratagem! Thus, we receive information which we think is our own because they seem to come from our brain. It is partly true.

Our life is made up of a *private space* and of a *collective space*. In *private space*, our habits, our history and our immediate entourage show to us the world in a certain way, more or less materialist, more or less spiritual. This vision comes not only from our own experience but also from education and information which we received. Each one is thus unique in more than one way. **In this space, we choose more than we undergo.** It is in this intimate enclosure that is built freedom to think, to decide, to change one's points of view and to awaken to new dimensions. It is also in this space that psychic barriers evolve, i.e. the beliefs and the limits that we agree to impose to ourselves. It is in this inner universe that love and wisdom grow.

In *collective space*, each one is plunged in a multiple system in which it is more or less difficult or pleasant to live. If our constraints and our decisions are inherent of our personality, it is impossible not to interact with the system. The system is about *others*, of laws and rules which govern our

interactions. **In this space, we undergo more than we decide**. These decisions are subjected to the customs and habits more than to the official laws. Requiring as much to protect than to be protected, to give than to receive, to understand than be understood, to love than be loved, we however accept many compromises by displaying the appearance of our value and our dignity. We know deep down that we need others. This *collective space* is necessary but in the time of oversized supporting interests, the compromises resemble more to compromising, a negation of our *private space*. Our inner reality then seems freeze-dried like a dry fruit. Life does not inhabit us anymore.

The essential balance between *private space* and *collective space* would be reached if the passage from one to the other was done in peace. The economical, political, social and cultural constraints are so great that *private space* is devoid of existence by the irruption of artificial means of communication which are only the prolongation of *collective space*.

The information that we receive make up our beliefs and the beliefs of what we think they are. Thus the labels such as religion, sects, parties, trade unions, associations and other groupings of interests and thoughts invaded our *private space* to the point of making us the automats of the advisors. Thus, the essential and natural mean of the communication of *private space*, I mean telepathy, is not only ignored but also put aside, shun by society. Telepathy is not magic, it is an instrument. This instrument is, by nature, private, and, by use, collective, provided that the *private space* of each one was normally inhabited!

When the message of the World Referendum of our friends, that which you will discover, appeared in the *collective space*, how could it be *naturally* allowed whereas tens of million *private spaces* are unoccupied? If prayer and meditation exist

everywhere on Earth, they are generally not returned. Through anthropocentrism or, on the opposite, through lack of self-confidence, we remain transmitters and forget our receiving faculties. In short, we do not give the other enough time or even the leisure to answer us in his language. Generally the extraterrestrials speak to us, but their answer, which one sometimes calls intuition, or sometimes the small inner voice, is so fast and inaudible that we drive it out without another form of judgment.

The message "Do you wish to see us?" is a world referendum! It is a reminder of this goal to reach: balance between *private space* and *collective space*. The suggested formula, if I may say so, consists in marking the consciences in *collective space* to find the path to *private space* and thus to return to the latter one the harmony towards which it must go. I am talking about Peace.

When it's brief, it's here.

The text which we will talk about next is about strangers. In *private space*, we discover the whole relativity of this strangers' concept in front of the strangeness and the multiplicity of our own individuality, function of temporal densities. Once we have recovered the spark which lives in us, and which is universally common to all, we understand the powerful and pressing need for human fraternity. When we understand that the current system destroys *private space*, we will have understood where the absence of fraternity is. However, the system was lengthily prepared since centuries by those whose *private space* constitutes a *private property*, through the capacities which it allows, when it should only be a place of reception and exchange.

By spreading as wide as possible the message of the cosmos civilizations we will never have to lose sight of the fact that communication, like truth, is elsewhere. This *elsewhere* is partly where the extraterrestrials are, which have no other choice but to whisper to our half-open minds the solutions to our evolution. The inspiration, granted by small increments to great thinkers since thousands of years, failed to build a peaceful world. Another strategy is in the making. It passes through this brutal question: *"Do you wish to see us?"*

If they can appear, where are they *normally*? A conscience plane is a particular space time in which time and space occupy certain values. This time and this space are the origin of electromagnetic waves whose frequency precisely defines the vibratory plane. For example, we cannot see ultraviolet rays. Our usual conscience does not reach this frequency range, which does not prevent it from existing. We just have to imagine all the existing and possible electromagnetic spectra to understand the perception differences, and thus the conscience differences.

There still, one must not confuse the container, i.e. the frequency measurement, and the contents, i.e. what the conscience perceives in the considered frequency whose measuring instrument cannot account for it. Daylight is reflected on our diurnal environment and allows us to see it. However, we cannot affirm that this environment *is* the luminous frequency. Any wave lights what the conscience could *see*. When we were accustomed to look with acuity at the details of our environment we acquire this extraordinary capacity to slow down what seems very short. In fact, it is we who go towards the high frequencies because the observation exercises, whereas sluggish and tiresome before became, meanwhile, an automatism, a new faculty. We thus see many aspects raveling up to the point where we discover that we can choose them by

desiring them!

We can perceive landscapes, thoughts and beings. Sometimes we make them all up when the desire is too powerful, i.e. when we attach too much importance to ourselves and that we forget to be attentive to our environment. We implement a form of monologue. The traditional dreams are products of the projection of our ego, i.e. our anthropocentric creations. This is why there are common archetypes and symbols - the ego is what is divided best in man - which Jung described very well.

When, on the contrary, our mental state is calmer, ready to receive, we have the capacity to observe other beings, including extraterrestrials. It is, admittedly, our call which often starts these observations. The dialogue with these beings comes when we control a little more the place of our ego during the exchange with our environment. The terrestrial incarnation, on the basis of this observation paradigm, is finally only a training for mutually constructive exchanges on other planes. For my part, my calls for training are the ones which made my spiritual loneliness go away. ***Friends*** **teach only those whom want to learn. How could it be different?** It is indeed this which distinguishes the benevolent beings from the others.

But what teaching are we talking about? The undulatory nature of a thing is related to time. The shorter the demonstration the more it is in the high temporal densities. This demonstration is short compared to another which is longer. It is thus only a question of references! The habit which one acquires to change references, gives the contacts this remanence, this conscious reality which lasts. Most of the time, we reject what is fugacious in our mind because we do not seek to change our material references.

But if we endeavor to more and more often memorize our visions, by noting our dreams for example, but also our thoughts, we gradually assimilate that what we so briefly see is

quite real, but a reality matched with creative properties definitely larger than those which the material plane's inertia allows. We then understand the extraordinary degree of free will from which we profit to evolve and to be driven in these universes in effervescence.

But what to make of this free will? The true question is not to want more freedom but of being able to make good use of it. The first condition depends on the second. Often, to undergo is not to make a decision. To know how to decide is to give oneself more freedom. It is acquired like conscience. To become aware is thus a question of training to the reference change. The shorter it is, the more we *evolve*. But it is rare that we realize the existence of a temporal gap. Thus the great difficulty of reaching the Illumination which one says never lasts for a long time, and, for which brevity is its own nature!

But it is a relative brevity! After a period of adaptation, time seems to again pass in the same manner! Thus the concept of the universe and of fractal time. This common incapacity of men to reach this comprehension of time isolates those whom intuitively, without having necessarily understood it mentally, know that it is a change of references. By having acquired this faculty, the extraterrestrials are perfectly able to visit us. It is then that the wave changes into matter and conversely.

What separates us from the extraterrestrials which observe us is that we do not know yet how to dematerialize a complete physical object, to keep its structural coherence in a hyper high frequency wave field, and to materialize it elsewhere. Let us keep in mind that the atomic particles do not exist as material objects and we will approach the comprehension of this technology. Let us also keep in mind that we are extraterrestrials *in hibernation*. The change of season is announced. Thus the visits from our friends. We belong to the *cosmic zoo*. But we are still in our cage, waiting for our Time,

when others experience an estival freedom.

To see is one thing, to communicate is another.

The telepathy experience leading to the message presented further did not suddenly fall from the sky and without preparation. The first part of this work gives proof of this. Besides this preparation did not have at all for an aim the reception of such a message. Your servant passed more than twenty years discovering and studying many scientific, philosophical, esoteric and spiritual subjects. I experienced several forms of meditations and prayers and arrived approximately five years ago to empty myself to discover another Me, more direct, more real, and more tolerant. It is then that my contacts with entities other than this Me occurred. It was at the very least astonishing for a person that is foreign to this type of communication that such contacts could take place. I would have been confused, if not very skeptic, before understanding certain principles. It is difficult to summarize these twenty years in a few pages but let us remember that **the illusion does not come from our perceptions but from the interpretation that comes of it**. By forcibly interpreting what things are, we are able to define them according to words which will gradually replace our direct perceptions. Gradually, we will have perceptions only through the words of others. They thus will be oriented and limited, even non-existent. I admit very readily the incredulity of my kind and live with it without any form of judgment.

To communicate with other entities is more about broadmindedness than about a particular technique. Nevertheless, that which was adopted could be called *consciousness voyage*. It consists in going to the place of the

exchange to see its interlocutors there. It is during one of these *consciousness voyages* that the message was transmitted to me in the usual meeting place with these friends from space.

The *consciousness voyage* resembles a lot to a dream but we are then very lucid and we perfectly exert our free will without being invaded by emotions. The number of details is more or less important according to our concentration and the agreement which we reached between our space time, that of our conscience, and that which we aim for, and that of the extraterrestrials. It should well be understood that there are multiple distortions of time and space which is unceasingly necessary to compensate through better concentration. That requires great energy. Extremely fortunately we spend it in very little human time. Like in a dream, a lot of things happen in an extremely short time. During these experiences, seen from the outside, we resemble a human being, sat, or lying down, and closing his eyes. Seen from the interior, we breathe deeply, we concentrate on what one could call their visual and sensitive *print*. It is, in a certain manner, a visualization of their emotional energy doubled with that of their appearance.

One day, you could find yourselves, like me, in a slightly silver office lit by a white light. This office leads to several rooms, themselves leading to other rooms. Each of the rooms has a particular function. One of them is a conference room very sober but also very functional whose central table is of variable geometry according to the number of participants. It is in this room that the message was transmitted to me while I was facing five extraterrestrials of *high rank*. It was around midday on September 6, 2003, that is to say five days before the official spreading of the message. This precise date corresponded to a planetary alignment that a crop circle of 1995 described.

The conditions of the exchange.

Many wonder whether the extraterrestrials dictated to me the terms of the World Referendum. No one dictated me anything! It is only about a retranscription as accurate as possible of a communication which occurred probably within one or two tenths of a second on the human scale. The message was of an astonishing clearness, of a remarkable precision and intensity. It is a little like a packet of information which arrive at the same time. It was then necessary to show calmness and perseverance to order this blast of simultaneous concepts while remaining concentrated on the *imprint* of these friends. But before even starting to write, everything had a prodigiously coherent meaning. The drafting itself seemed, to me, particularly tiresome compared to the speed with which the five extraterrestrials had addressed the message to me.

My scale of value changed after having understood that the fastest things, most transitory or furtive, like thoughts, flashes or a fulgurating intuition, are most important. We approach more and more the Present and it gives us great joy. We have a habit to not be interested by what is fugacious because we cannot control it. However, it is precisely that which we need to control to progress on the long path of evolution. This path is made out of parallel universes separated by increasingly dilated or increasingly short seconds for the one which sees the time of another from the outside. There is a border beyond which matter, such as one considers it, is too slow to account for information that the universe must transmit. We are then in the dematerialized world which has a reality quite as large as ours, if not larger actually if one takes into account the additional degrees of freedom which one can reach and the immaterial entropy in the modern and scientific meaning of the term. **Each one can thus reach the same information to verify the terms of the message. Do not believe**

anybody on their word, you can yourself seek information at the source!

The requirements to come into direct contact with the *Cosmic Fraternity* can be summarized in three words: Forget. Purify. Experiment.

It is necessary **to work at forgetting**. This seems curious, however, it is the first thing to do. We are stuck with our certainty and our beliefs, in particular in the occident. We are so proud of our knowledge that we forget that it is temporary. Forgetting consists in identifying all that we think is the truth and to evacuate it like a simple thought without consistency. As we do this work we make **the being in us** emerge. The being is the *part* of us which has the only substance which is there forever. It is that which is eternal, even if the idea that we have of it is temporary. **It is through the *Being* that any thing *is*.** This resembles a self-evident truth but it is in fact a paradigm. A paradigm which science will be forced to take into account.

Any person who says is ready for the contact must know that he or she will go through very difficult moments. Nothing is harder than to question oneself, to question what forges our usual identity. To forget is diving in the meanders of our pretences. To forget is the acceptance that we do not truly know anything for a fact. After this exercise which can take several months, one feels much lighter and ready to fill up with attributes which one will have chosen without the least trace of morals invading oneself.

The **purification**, which is complementary to forgetting, consists in filling up with the essential and returning to it continuously. This can make you a marginal in the eyes of others rather quickly. This essential is love, total tolerance, doubt and faith. You cannot mistake this. True faith is precisely the opposite of belief. Belief consists of the artificial filling of the mind. Faith is an inalienable inner force which remains when

one lost everything or gave everything, when one believes in nothing except for what is highest in us. One moves away or approaches it, but faith itself is the connection to the Source which, sooner or later, we will have very briefly experienced during the preceding phase.

We will not become a saint for as much. We will have more simply admitted that what was important before is in fact very secondary. It is thanks to this connection to the essential that the purification takes place. This purification extends our conscience towards new horizons, further than we could have ever imagined. From now on everything is possible, including the communication with others, our kind and *people not from our kind*, since we are all made out of the same essence. We are not speaking about communication through traditional means but about a direct contact from which we quickly discover the nature: telepathy!

The third part is **experimentation**. From now on we do not have borders. We go where we want or almost. Reality is that we also discover that we are only at the beginning. At the very beginning of a whole new story. As if we were learning how to walk for the first time. The experimental phase can be very long before obtaining results because, precisely, they should not be sought at all costs if we wish to remain on this level of detachment. This phase is initiatory because it makes us slightly reach true humility. Each one knows that one is always the unsociable type to somebody. If, for the majority of human beings, telepathic contact resembles a power, for the common person of the galaxy it is something very ordinary to *daily* activities. Telepathy is to the universe what television is to humanity. The traps of the ego remain numerous and the quality of the communications will generally depend on our propensity to felicitate ourselves of it. It is thus necessary to sincerely make this phenomenon ordinary to exert it. It is

precisely this attitude which opens the door to the Cosmic Fraternity: *simplicity!*

Without this rule of propriety we can be confronted to the *third party* - negative forces according to the message of the world referendum - which does not miss an occasion to recruit from among the *go-getters* of telepathy. Simplicity makes it possible to always learn more and to precisely dismantle set traps. It cost me a lot. It is indeed for that that one should not skip any step while seeking at all costs to experience telepathy without certain ethics. In this sense, purification through love and compassion protects us from ourselves and thus from this *third party*. We generally mix everything thinking that we are protected from even the exercise of a free will *substitute*. It is actually only a very weak copy of true freedom.

The day when we will say that we do not believe in the free will that our ego, our *little self*, holds for us, this day we will be free. The negative forces can show the pride of men with wonders. They can perfectly make him say the opposite of what he does, in a most beautiful trick. Free will, all in all, is of a variable geometry.

When we say *"I decide"*, who's speaking? The one who is ready to beat the first extraterrestrial that comes along, in the name of the human free will that one will inadvertently have confused with fear of the other? Or the one who will attentively observe the behavior of others with detachment, without another consideration, and who will listen to his heart? There are *free wills* which resemble a lot to anger and intolerance, to denigration and misinformation, for ego or state reasons. Many have killed in the name of God without knowing Him. Many have scattered in the name of free will without respecting its true attributes, without realizing their own psychological prison.

Then, what are the requirements to come into contact

with the *Cosmic Fraternity?* Before considering the marvelous possibilities that the cosmos offers, let us start by being fraternal! **To open one's mind to *strange* things without authentic fraternity is to plan to control the others to make *strangers* out of them.**

Was I a victim of a mental control program? Are these extraterrestrial friends honest? Truthfully, it's the opposite which occurred. It is them who wondered whether my soul was honest or not! Their delicacy is one of the first things which surprises when in contact with them. They emanate a form of courtesy and respect which one sometimes meet on our planet. They ask our opinions even though they know so much more than us. They report to their spiritual hierarchy and very often ask us to go visit them to obtain the answers which they could give us directly. A trust relationship is immediately set up between us.

The sense of the given word is so high that no guarantee would be useful to us. They gave me, on several occasions, an appointment in the physical sky while asking me to look at it during a precise time frame. And they were there in a very intense luminous form. When moments of doubt arise, they announce themselves in the house through unusual noises or phenomena. A bulb even fell from the ceiling with its base without breaking whereas it was screwed in the part connected to the electric wires! A kind of message: *"do not give up on the light!"*.

My contacts with UFOs and their occupants do not go back to yesterday since my first visual contact experience goes back to 1976. Since then many contacts have punctuated my existence. It's a soft approach before a creature is presented for the first time. It proved to be their local spiritual guide: a being with mauve skin strewn with luminous dots, with the consistency of that of a dolphin, with large purple almond eyes,

also strewn with luminous dots but more intense than the ones on the skin, with a very large cranium lengthened in the back, and a very thin and small body. Its kind is a little different: smaller and with a skin a little paler but always bluish. Their gestures are very slow and precise. And their smile is especially full of simplicity.

In the psychic world, there is no written guarantee, but the radiation of the beings is enough to identify their intentions. To know if we deal with benevolent creatures, We just have to also meet the hostile extraterrestrials. The tone is quite different. Everything is threats and intimidations. It should well be understood that in the *consciousness voyages*, contrary to other techniques like *channeling*, the *Ouija Board* and traditional mediumnity, we see our interlocutors. That means something of extreme importance: they know that we see them!

One of the best protections is to be conscious of the other in all its dimensions. The simple fact of affirming their personality and their integrity prohibits them from any attempt of control and intrusion for rather obvious reasons for accustomed persons. Karma is a universally spread law and even the *third party* is not unaware of it. It knows it so well that it plays by it! Indeed, as long as men do not reach a sufficient degree of conscience, they are considered like we ourselves consider animals. To kill and eat animals does not pose any moral problem to us as long as we do not see in their eyes a flash of intelligence. What generally often moves us is the death or the suffering of an animal that we feel, in an indefinable way, is close to us. If a feeling of guilt is born then we become accountable for its fate. The law of cause and effect then becomes more determining in our own life.

For the extraterrestrials of the third party, it is the same. What makes us the equivalent of an animal is the chaos of our emotions. It is indeed the reason for which the conscience draw

down strategy is high in theory. As long as we do not have access to their degree of perception, of control and comprehension we remain *intelligent animals* on which it is *possible* to carry out certain experiments. In other words, *a slave only becomes a slave if he is conscious of it*. If not, he remains a labor force, a simple energy. One who wants to leave his condition already takes a step towards his release. All view points are relative and moral does not have its place there. When the true meaning of compassion is assimilated, it is understood that religious dogmas have their utility because codes of conduct can light the way of many among us. But this "light", the dogmas, is not divine in essence.

Could mental control function on me? I had to think about it. The compiling of all my feelings, my thoughts and self-controls was an essential stage. How did I verify my mental integrity? By detaching myself from the events and by internally reading the lacks which remained. By meditating, by scanning my thoughts, the spring cleaning had not left any chance for dark corners. The extraterrestrials were still present, smiling. This kind of loving and patient smile - God knows they were patient - is saying a lot about their peaceful intentions. There remained only the essential: *to be oneself no matter how high in the sky*! To be ourselves, it is precisely what our friends want. Let us discover the message from the extraterrestrials called "*Do you wish to see us?"*. It results from a symbiotic exchange. Read it several times to impregnate yourself with it and to understand it with intelligence, and with your heart. It is asked of us to decide at this crucial time in our history. Many will not fail to establish a link between this message and a prophecy of the Hopis Indians who designate the extraterrestrials by the word *kachinas*, people of the sky. According to this prophecy, the Great Jump will occur when the *kachinas* coming from stars appear to fly over our habitats. **This message, by far the most widespread of**

messages "channeled" on Earth, is a world referendum, the first ever! Therefore, it is our turn to express our desire.

The Message.

DO YOU WISH TO SEE US?

It does not matter who transmitted this message to you, he must remain anonymous in your eyes. The essential is what you will do with this message!

Each one of you wishes to exert his free will and experience happiness.

Those are attributes which were shown to us and to which we have from now on access. Your free will depends on the knowledge that you have of your own capacities. Your happiness depends on the love which you give and receive.

Like all the conscious races at your stage of progress, you can have the feeling to be isolated on your planet. This impression makes you sure of your destiny. You are however close to great upheavals that only a minority is aware of.

It is not our business to change your destiny without you yourselves choosing it. Consider this message as a referendum on a worldwide scale! And your answer, a ballot paper!

Who are we?

Neither your scientists, nor your religious representatives agree concerning unexplained observations that humanity has made in your skies for thousands of years. To know the truth, it is necessary to look it in the face, without the filter of beliefs, as respectable as they are.

A growing number of your anonymous researchers explore new ways of knowledge and come very close to reality. Today, your civilization is plunged in an ocean of information of which a negligible part, the one which is less upsetting, is notably spread.

The things, in your history, which seemed ridiculous or improbable to you often became realizable, then realized, in particular since these past fifty years. Tell yourself that the future will still be more surprising. You will discover the worst just as much as the best the come.

Like billions of others in this galaxy, we are conscious creatures that some name extraterrestrials, even if reality is much more subtle.

There exists no fundamental difference between you and us, except of course the experience of certain stages of evolution. Like in any organized structure, a hierarchy exists in our internal relations. Ours is founded on the wisdom of several races. It is with the support of this one that we address you.

Like the majority among you, we are in search of the Supreme Being experience. We are thus not gods or demigods but your equals in the Cosmic Fraternity.

Physically, we are appreciably different from you but, for the majority, of humanoid form.

Our existence is a reality but the majority among you does not perceive it yet. We are not simple observations; we are consciences just like you. We escape your understanding because we remain invisible, most of the time, to your senses and measuring instruments.

We wish to fill this gap at this time in your history. We made this group decision but this is not sufficient. We need yours. Through this message, you become the only decision makers! You, personally.

We do not have any human representative on Earth whom could guide your decision.

Why are we not visible?

At certain stages of evolution, humanities of the cosmos discover new forms of sciences beyond the apparent control of the matter. The structured dematerialization and materialization are part of it. It is what your humanity reached in certain laboratories, in collaboration with other extraterrestrial creatures at the price of hazardous compromising which remain voluntarily hidden by some of your representatives.

Apart from the phenomena and air or space objects known in your scientific community, what you call UFOs are multidimensional manufactured ships applying these faculties.

Many human beings were in visual, audio, tactile or psychic contact with such apparatuses and some are in the hands of hidden powers which control you. The scarcity of your observations is due to the considerable advantages which the dematerialized state gets from such ships.

By not seeing them yourselves, you cannot believe in it. We easily understand it.

The majority of these observations are made on a purely individual basis to touch the soul and not to modify an organized system. That is

completely voluntary from the races which surround you but for very different reasons and results.

For the negative multidimensional creatures which take part in the exercise of power hidden from human oligarchy, discretion is motivated by the maintenance of ignorance concerning their existence and their takeover.

For us, discretion is motivated by the respect of human free will that man can exert for the management of his business so that, alone, he can reach technical and spiritual maturity. His entry in the family of galactic civilizations is very much hoped for.

We can appear as clear as day and allow you to carry out this union. We did not do it until now because too little of you sincerely wished it, through ignorance, indifference or fear, and because such was not the urgency of the situation. Many of those which study our appearances count the lights in the night sky without lighting the way. Often they reason in terms of objects when it is about consciences.

Who are you?

You are the descendants of many traditions which with the flow of time grew through their mutual contributions. It is the same for races on the Earth. Your goal is to unit in the respect of these roots to achieve a common project. The appearance of your cultures seems to separate you because you substitute it for your deep being. The form caught up to the essence of your subtle nature. This prevalence of the form constitutes, for the occult powers in place, the rampart against their calling into question.

You have to exceed the form while respecting it for its richness and its beauty. Thus, this understood conscience of the form makes us love

men in their diversity. Peace does not consist in not wedging war, it consists in becoming what you are in reality: a same Fraternity.

To understand this, the solutions within your reach are reduced. One of them is the contact with another race, thus returning to you the image of what you truly are.

What is your situation?

Our interventions always had, except in the event of an accident, very weak incidences on your capacity to collectively and individually decide your future. This is motivated by our knowledge of deep psychological mechanisms.

We arrived at the conclusion that freedom builds itself each day as a being becomes aware of itself and its environment, gradually getting rid of whatever constraints and inertias. In spite of the many human consciences, voluntary and courageous, these inertias are artificially maintained at the profit of a growing centralizing power.

Until recently, humanity experienced a satisfactory control of its decisions. But it loses more and more the control of its destiny through the growing use of advanced technologies whose harmful effects on the planetary and human ecosystem become irreversible. You slowly but surely lose your extraordinary power to make life desirable. Your capacity of resistance will be reduced by artifices, independently of your own will. Such technologies exist affecting your body as much as your psyches. Such plans are in action.

This can change as long as you have this creative power in you, even if it cohabits with the dark intentions of your potential suzerains. This is why we remain invisible. This individual power has been called to disappear if a collective uprising of great magnitude does not occur.

The period to come is that of the rupture, whatever it may be.

But is it necessary to wait until the last moment to find solutions? Do we prevent or cure the pain?

Your history was continuously punctuated by meetings between people whom had to discover themselves under often conflicting conditions. The conquests were almost always lived at the detriment of others. The Earth became, for you, a village where everyone knows everyone but the conflicts persist and threats of all natures worsen in duration and intensity.

The human being as an individual, although having many potential powers, cannot exert them with dignity. This is the case of the vast majority among you for primarily geopolitical reasons.

You are several billions. The education of your children and your living conditions, like those of many animal and plant creatures, are however under the yoke of a small number of your political, financial, military and religious representatives.

Your thoughts and your beliefs are shaped according to supported interests to control you while giving you the feeling that you are the Masters of your destiny, which, essentially, is the truth.

But there is a great gap between a desire and an action when one is unaware of the true rules of the game that is in progress. This time, you are not the conqueror. To direct information is a thousand-year-old strategy for human beings. To induce in you thoughts, emotions or organisms which do not belong to you, through adequate technologies, is another older strategy.

Marvelous progress opportunities are bordering great threats of

submission and destruction. These opportunities and these threats are current. You however perceive only the part which one wants to show you. The end of the resources is programmed while no long term collective project is born.

The exhaustion mechanisms of your ecosystem crossed irreversible limits. The scarcity of the resources, like their inequitable distribution, whose price of access will rise day after day, will imply fratricidal confrontations on a large scale, but also in the middle of your cities and rural areas.

Hatred grows but love grows as well. It is that which enables you to keep hope in your effectiveness to find solutions. But the critical mass is insufficient and an insidious undermining work intelligently carried out is in action.

Human behaviors, shaped by the practices and the trainings of the past, have an inertia that is such that this prospect leads you to a dead end. You entrust these difficulties to representatives whose conscience of the common wellbeing of humanity is erased little by little by corporatist interests. Many are their shaping debates, but rare are their discussions of the heart.

At the time of the action, delays do not cease to accumulate so much so that you must undergo rather than choose. This is why, more than ever in your history, your decisions of today will have a direct and significant impact on your survival of tomorrow.

Which event could radically modify this inertia proper to any civilization? Where will the collective and unifying awakening making obstacle to this avoidance come from?

Since the dawn of time, human tribes, populations and nations

discovered, met and interacted with each other. In front of the threats weighing on the human family, perhaps it is time that an interaction on a large scale occurs.

A ground swell is about to emerge. It includes very positive but also very negative aspects.

Who is the "third party"?

There are two ways to establish a cosmic contact with a civilization: through its representatives in power or directly through the individuals without distinction. The first includes clashes of interests, the second an awakening.

The first was chosen by a group of races motivated by the maintenance of humanity in servitude, thus controlling the planetary resources, the genetic heritage and the human emotional energy.

The second was chosen by a group of allied races for the cause of the Mind on duty. We have, for our part, sided with this disinterested cause while presenting ourselves, a few years ago, to representatives in the human power who refused this helping hand with pretext of interests incompatible with their strategic vision.

This is why, today, the individuals have to themselves make this choice without any representative interfering. What we proposed in the past to those whom we thought able to contribute to your happiness, we now propose it to… you!

You are unaware, for many of you, that nonhuman creatures are participating to the exercise of these centralizing powers without being either worried, or accessible by your senses. This is so true that they, very subtly, almost took control. They are not necessarily on your

material plane and it is precisely what, in the near future, could make them terribly effective and frightening. However, be conscious that a great number of your representatives fight this danger! Also know that all abductions are not carried out against you.

It is difficult to recognize the truth! How, under these conditions, could you exert your free will when this one is being manipulated? What are you really free of?

The peace and the reunification of your people would be a first step towards harmony with civilizations other that yours.

It is what your shady manipulators want to avoid at all costs because while dividing, they reign! They even control your governing officers. Their strength comes from their capacity to induce mistrust and fear in you. This considerably harms your cosmic nature.

This message would not have any interest if the care of these manipulators did not reach its climax and if their intentions, misleading and fatal, did not reach their goal in a few years. Their due dates are close and humanity will know torments never before equaled during the next ten cycles.

To defend oneself of this aggression without a face, one has to possess all the data leading to the solution.

As in men, there are resistance fighters within these dominating races. There still, the form will not be enough to recognize the dominator from the ally. It is extremely difficult for you to differentiate things in the current state of your psyche. Beyond your intuition, training will be necessary on this day.

Knowing the priceless value of authentic free will, we invite you to an

alternative.

What would we bring?

We can offer you a more complete vision of the universe and life, the expression of constructive interactions, the experience of equitable and fraternal relationships, liberating technical knowledge, the eradication of suffering, the controlled exercise of individual powers, the access to new forms of energy and, finally, a greater comprehension of the conscience.

We cannot exceed your individual and collective fears for you. We cannot bring you laws which you would not have chosen and the work on yourselves. We cannot give you the individual and collective efforts to build the world that you wish to live in, the spirit to search new horizons.

What would we receive?

If you decide that such a contact can take place we will be happy and we will safeguard the fraternal balance in this area of the universe, the profitable diplomatic exchanges and the intense Joy to know that you are united to realize that which you are capable of. The feeling of Joy is very much looked for in the universe because its energy is divine.

What is the asked question?

DO YOU WISH TO SEE US?

How to respond to this question?

The truth of the soul is read by telepathy. It is thus enough for you to ask yourself this question clearly and to also answer it clearly, isolated or in a group, as you will see fit. Whether you are in the middle of a city or in the middle of a desert, this will not change the effectiveness of your answer, YES or NO, IMMEDIATELY AFTER ASKING YOURSELF THE QUESTION! Do it as if you were speaking to yourself but while thinking of the message.

This question is universal and these some words, put in their context, have a powerful significance. No hesitation must disturb you. This is why you must think of it calmly, all in conscience. To perfectly associate your answer to the question, it is recommended to answer it just after another reading of this message.

However, do not rush to answer. Breathe and let the power your free will enter you. Be proud of what you are! The difficulties which you go through lower you. Forget them for a few minutes to be yourselves. Feel all the forces which emerge in you. You are the Masters of yourselves!

Only one thought, only one answer can change your immediate future, in one direction as in another.

Your individual decision to ask, in your conscience, that we appear on your material plane and in pure daylight, is invaluable and essential for us.

Although you can choose the form which will be appropriate to you to do it, it is useless to practice any ritual. A sincere request, made from your heart and your own will, will always be perceived by those among us to whom it is addressed.

In the isolation of your secret will, you will determine the future.

What is the lever effect?

This decision must be made by the greatest possible number among you, even if it could seem very minor. It is recommended to transmit this message in all the possible forms, in all the possible languages, to those whom you are close to, and to those who seem receptive or not to this new vision of the future.

Do it with a humorous or ironic tone if that can help you. Openly and publicly make fun of this message if this releases you but do not be indifferent because at least you will have exerted your free will.

Forget the false prophets and the beliefs which were transmitted to you about us. This request is one of most intimate request which can be made to you.

To decide for yourselves, as individuals, is as much your right as your responsibility!

Passivity never leads but to the absence of freedom. In the same way, indecision is never effective. If you absolutely believe in your beliefs, which we would understand, then say NO. If you cannot choose, do not say YES by curiosity. We are not a spectacle, we are in everyday life. WE ARE ALIVE!

Your history has known many episodes where determined men and women managed to modify the course of events in spite of their very low numbers.

Just as a small number can overtake temporal power on Earth and influence the future of the greatest number, in the same way, in

response to your impotence in front of so much inertia and difficulties, a small number among you can turn destiny around! It can facilitate the birth of humanity to the Fraternity.

One of your thinkers said: "give me a pressure point and I will raise the Earth".

The transmission of this message will then be the pressure point to strengthen, we will be the lever, long of several light-years and you, you will be the craftsmen to… raise the Earth through the consequences of our appearance.

What are the consequences of a positive decision?

For us, the immediate consequence of a favorable collective decision would be the materialization of many ships, in your skies and on Earth.

For you, the direct effect would be the fast abandonment of many certainties and beliefs.

A simple conclusive visual contact would have immense effects on your future. Much knowledge would be modified forever. The organization of your societies would be forever deeply moved, and this in all the fields of activity. Power would become individual because you would see by yourselves that we are alive. You would concretely change the scale of value!

The most important, in our eyes, is that humanity would finally form a single Fraternity facing this unknown which we would represent!

The danger would move away from your homes because you would indirectly force the undesirable ones, those which we call the third

party, to show themselves and disappear. You would bear the same name and would have the same roots: Humanity!

Later, peaceful and respectful exchanges would thus be possible if such is your desire. For the time being, that which is hungry cannot smile, that which is afraid cannot welcome. We are sad to see man suffer so much in his flesh as in his heart whereas he possesses such great a light in him.

This light can be your future. Our relationships could be progressive.

Several stages, separated by several years or decades, would occur: conclusive appearance of ships, physical appearance in the company of human beings, collaboration to your technical and spiritual evolution, discovery of a part of the galaxy.

Each time, new choices would be offered to you. You would decide again to cross new steps if that is necessary to your external and internal wellbeing and this by yourselves. No interference would be decided in a unilateral way. We would leave at once if your collective wish was to be expressed in this sense.

Several weeks, even several months, according to the propagation speed of this message throughout the world, will be necessary before our great appearance, if such is the decision from the majority of those whom will have used their capacity to choose, and if this message finds a sufficient echo.

What makes the fundamental difference between your daily prayers towards entities of strict spiritual nature and your decision of today is extremely simple:

we are technically equipped to materialize ourselves!

Why such a historical dilemma?

We know that the stranger is the enemy as long as he represents the unknown. Initially, the emerged emotion will solidify your bonds on a worldwide scale.

How could you know if our arrival is the consequence of your collective choice? For the simple reason that in the case contrary to this one we would already be there since a long time on your existence plane! If we are not here it is because you did not explicitly decide it yet.

Some among you could think that we would make you believe in your deliberated choice, to legitimate our arrival, whereas such would not be the case. What interest would we have to openly offer to you what you do not have yet access to for the benefit of the greatest number among you?

How to be certain that it is not about a subtle operation from the third party to better control you? Because one always fights better the one which one identifies instead of the opposite. Isn't terrorism, the thing which eats away at you, an obvious example?

In any case, you are the only judges in all conscience! Any of your choice is eminently respectable and respected! In the absence of human representatives likely to possibly lead you astray, you are unaware of as many of us as those which already manipulate you without your authorization.

In your situation, the principle of precaution, which would consist in not seeking to discover us, is not worth anything anymore. You are already in Pandora's Box that the third party manufactured around

you. Whatever your decision, you will have to leave it.

In front of such a dilemma, an ignorance against another, it is necessary to question your intuition. Do you want to discover us with your own eyes, or simply believe what your thinkers affirm? Such is the true question!

Since thousands of years, this choice was to face you: to choose between two unknowns!

Why transmit such a message to your kind?

Largely translate and transmit this message! This action engages your future in an irreversible way with a historical impact on a millennium scale, or defers to several years, of a generation at least, if this one survives, a new possibility to choose.

To not choose, it is to undergo the choice of others. To not inform others, it is to risk obtaining an opposite result to what one is expecting. To remain indifferent, it is to give up one's free will.

It is about your future. It is about your evolution.

It could be that this invitation does not receive your collective approval and, that for lack of information, it remains a dead letter. Nevertheless, no individual desire remains without echo in the universe.

Imagine our arrival tomorrow. Thousands of ships. A unique cultural shock in the history of the current man. It will be too late to regret to have abstained from choosing and transmitting, because this discovery will be irreversible. We insist that you think about it without

precipitation, but at least think about it! And DECIDE!

The big Medias will not find it beneficial to transmit this message. It is thus your job, anonymous but extraordinary thinking and loving being, to transmit it.

You still are the craftsmen of your destiny...

DO YOU WISH TO SEE US?

The simplicity of the message.

Here is, to summarize, the essence of this message:

The extraterrestrials raise a simple question: *"do you wish to see us?"* They ask for a simple answer out of us: *yes* or *no*. This answer must be telepathic! There is no human representative for the benevolent extraterrestrials on Earth. There is no human group behind this message, no organization of any kind, and no sect! It is thus not a question of money! This message is out of the control of the secret services! We have total freedom to do what we want of it!

If we consider that it is a hoax, our answer will not change anything in our life. It would not give us nor would it take away anything. We can thus answer it by telepathy without fearing to be ridiculed since nobody will know that we secretly answered. Knowing the proven capacities of collective telepathy (cf. the experiment of the university of Princeton below), even if the message is not considered as authentic, in the worst case our request could be heard.

If we consider this authentic message, our collective answer can change the world, as well psychologically as in actions.

It puts us face to face with a simple problem of logic, and it is in that that it is disconcerting: the world suffers while being manifestly under the control of a minority. Thus the hostile extraterrestrials, if they exist, already act without showing themselves. In accordance with the message, if the extraterrestrials want to materialize their ships, they are necessarily benevolent. It would be absurd for hostile extraterrestrials to ask us for an authorization to do what they already do: to control us in a gradual manner through division.

The people who say that they only believe in the message provided that the extraterrestrials show themselves did not understand since this proof would make the question null and void. An imposed presence on their part would be assimilated as a domination in action. They explain that it is precisely what exists without the presence of the *third party* needing to be visible.

They note an inertia that is so large in our actions for change that these last ones will be insufficient towards the dangers of enslavement and destruction. There is thus a mirror effect of our major desire to help others and to help ourselves. A sentence summarizes the situation well: *"help yourself and the sky will help you"*.

Never before was this maxim so true. It is in fact a choice between *selfishness* and *sharing* made on a planetary scale through a simple answer: *yes* or *no*. The apparently Manichean nature of the description of the forces in place[12] shows their concern of addressing the greatest number of people, whatever their social status. They are thus not only addressing the intellectual elite which would be tempted through a fastidious analysis of each word but also the collective unconscious of the people. It is about a World Referendum taking into account all

[12]They in fact talk about the subtlety of the *extraterrestrial resistance fighters* within the *third party*.

the cultures, and not about a debate of initiates. Those whom are able to acknowledge the message are also those whom are the richest on Earth. It is thus not a question of believing whoever but of thinking of those which are in misfortune because of the system. *« Do you wish to see us? »* means: *« Do you wish to effectively help your neighbor for a long time? »*. Each one will have understood that even though temporary medical and food solutions are always possible thanks to the extraordinary effort of ONG[13], it does not remove at all the persistence of basic problems in the world.

It is indicated in the message that they cannot exceed our fears in our place and that we must work on ourselves. However, our fears take several shapes, including in our dreams. It is in fact there that they are expressed the best. This solicitation opens, in itself, the heart of men. They also explain that it is because of the current context, which is more and more liberticidal, that the recent decision to take on this request was taken.

LET THIS PART BLANK

[13] NonGovernmental Organizations.

The double accident of Roswell.

The 1947 crash of Roswell makes us question in more than one way. On one side a spontaneous advertisement of a UFO crash by soldiers (declaration of Walter Haut), on the other an official denial and the staging of materials resulting from a balloon. Two theses were thus the object of confrontations between defenders and skeptics. The two sides put forward completely valid arguments. However, only one factual reality can exist.

This truth is perhaps on the assumption of a double crash: a terrestrial machine and an extraterrestrial one. The huge area 51 equivalent to the surface of several states dealt with nuclear tests, amongst other things. This desert space included the *Nellis Bombing and Gunnery Range*, the *Nevada Test Site* (nuclear explosions) and the *509th Bomb Group* (first nuclear bombardment squadron) based in Roswell. The soldiers also practiced tests of prototypes there, in particular with Bell-XS-1 which was the first to cross the sound barrier on October 14, 1947. But before this success, many programs were close to each other within this area. The *skeptic assumption* for the Roswell affair proposes the crash of a weather balloon launched from the Alamogordo base.

The *Cambridge Field Station*, a meteorological organization to which the Air Force had requested at the end of 48 and at the beginning of 49 explanations on the link between the events of Roswell and its activity, answered that the analysis of the balloons' launches did not correspond to the characteristics of the alleged crash. Indeed, this answer specifies that the release of balloon n°8 from Alamogardo on July 3, 1947, a few hours before the crash of Roswell, was a group release whose balloons were geographically identified by plane and

radiogoniometry. But their landing site, inaccessible, was very far from the site of the crash. It was the same for releases n°10 (July 5) and n°11 (July 7). None of the releases of balloons corroborate the usually agreed thesis.

There is however the thesis of the Dyna-Soar (Dynamic Soaring), points out Sidoun to us, prototype which was precisely in project phase in 1947. It was a glider plane which preceded the current space shuttle so close, not having the technical means to make it take off from the ground, that the American soldiers and scientists had the idea to carry it to upper atmosphere suspended to enormous balloons (*Rockoon* system). In altitude, it was thus easy to start its engines and to make it reach heights hitherto unattainable.

The crash of this Dyna-Soar (X-20 project) suspended to its balloons could perfectly explain the Roswell case while admitting the crash of a UFO in the same area. Two material machines, the equipment of balloons presentable to the media, the presence of extraterrestrial bodies reported by witnesses, the good faith of almost all of the protagonists, but for two different incidents at the same time, could embrace all of the declarations for which the truth had several faces.

The experience of the plane crashes shows that, in the majority of the cases, **it is the conjugation of simultaneous and aggravating elements which lead to drama.** It is probable that it was the same here. One can imagine a nuclear test near the area of the crash. In the past, **one carried out the launching of a V2 rocket on July 3, 1947!** Couldn't it have a nuclear load in an area specifically dedicated to this type of experiment? **This explosion could have involuntarily materialized the spaceship which was suddenly experiencing a loss of control. It then could not avoid a human material machine, the Dyna-Soar and its balloons.** We have the right to ask ourselves why objects in the shape of saucers flew over on April 6, 1948, less than one year later, a V2 rocket above the Holloman base at White Sands.

One year later, the same base of rockets was flown over on April 22, 1949 by a silver plated saucer.

Frank Kaufman, Staff sergeant at the Roswell base and who was on the spot of the "double crash", drew a triangular machine (shape of the Dyna-Soar) but specified the existence of extraterrestrial bodies in decomposition. Let us indicate that the area of the accident covered a great surface, which is an incompatible element to the crash of only one apparatus, even the *Dyna-Soar*. In the same way, other witnesses evoked the existence of nylon wires or balsa rods which could only result from the polyethylene balloons. On the other hand, Jesse Marcel indicated that *"it was impossible to deform the metal of the crashed machine in Roswell in a durable way, even with a power hammer"*. **The scattered debris thus had two origins!**

The thesis of the double accident could thus explain the *black out* of authorities which then were to obscure the Soviet forces on the technical level of their projects (Dyna-Soar) like the recovery of a ship coming from space. **Is it astonishing in this case to learn that the debris of the crash were sent separately to two secret air bases?** Two investigations for two simultaneous crashes? Because deep down, why would the fall of a vulgar probe-balloon lead the American soldiers to lock down a huge area now becoming impenetrable?

It is not conclusive that the team of the *Sign Project* did not have wind of the UFO crash since Dyna-Soar, top secret project in itself, was used as a screen during so many years towards the soldiers themselves. Why would the Roswell files have been destroyed without us knowing where the destruction order came from, nor who carried it out, if it is not to erase **the existence of this misunderstanding become intentional.** But a question remains unanswered. **Why did a ship with astonishing escape capacities crash like a vulgar plane if it is not because of a near and concomitant nuclear explosion?**

If you ask this question to the representatives of the people, they will affirm their sudden and convenient eligibility, in spite of the manifest disinterest and the total ignorance that they have shown hitherto concerning this crucial question. For many it is an irresponsible contempt of extraterrestrial affairs. But for others, it is necessary to evoke a scandalous fraud with regard to populations through the abusive use of misinformation and information retention. When, at the slightest thing, our beliefs are discarded, will we still call upon those which shaped them? Do not hesitate to read this question again. New men will have to appear. Many prepare themselves, but you will not find them in the rear-guard ufology, always prompt to sarcastic remarks when itself cruelly lacks relevant answers because of attachment to the old thinkings.

What will there be to negotiate with the extraterrestrials? Wages? Welfare benefits? The maintenance of employment? Or a complete change of civilization and way of life, in the most gradual, just and harmonious manner possible? These upheavals will inevitably be founded on a widened vision of our place in the universe, on new scientific and spiritual paradigms. By observing the unbalanced state of our world, one will be able to go towards something better.

In any case, there will be a rupture with our interminable, and at the very least uninteresting, conflicts of interest through a change in scale. It is perhaps for that that some call upon ethnocide, without any knowledge of the direct experience with an extraterrestrial interlocutor. But they will never acknowledge that! To establish their authority better without which they are like you and I, they will convince you that the extraterrestrials are enemies. It is precisely the policy

which was followed until now, in particular by a secret world government having ramifications on every continent.

In fact, they count on your supposed incapacity to think by yourself, basing themselves on years of experiment of group psychology, ultimately leading you to hand them your own destiny. As long as we reach the stage of speculation, all is well. The day when a massive appearance of extraterrestrial ships will arrive, your reflex will perhaps be to turn towards the men of power who will have misled you for more than sixty years. Unless you help, as of now, those which have to replace them to free yourselves from a conflict lost before it even began.

A transmission under high surveillance.

The message *"Do you wish to see us?"* was transmitted and recaptured by hundreds of sites and forums as of September 2003 on the Internet to evaluate the reactions of a representative sample of society. Several million people in more than seventy countries and on the five continents already had access to this message. Tomorrow, perhaps, more than six billion inhabitants of our old planet will have seen the *improbable* event: we will not be alone on Earth any more, and even less in the universe!

It is necessary to highlight and to thank the efforts which were undertaken by hundreds of anonymous persons throughout the world, and who, in the dark, did a priceless work of transmission. These thanks are in fact a little misplaced. Each one took the measures of what one had to do with complete freedom. Each legitimately adapts his/her own decisions but there are tough wills which we should not forget. All my gratitude goes towards them. Is the message a threat or an opportunity for the military? In the first case, the

implications in term of US political and military strategy are heavy in consequences. Secrecy is never too far from UFO problems, taken very seriously by nations of the world. A strong hint comes to support this thesis. The site on which the message is transmitted in sixteen languages was the subject of many lectures from, amongst other things, two types of particular visitors: the *US Government* and the *US Military*.

The recent reaction of Paul Hellyer, former Canadian Minister of Defense in the Sixties, is symptomatic of the policy pursued by the USA with which Canada has close military relationships. He clearly affirmed at the time of a conference in Toronto the existence of extraterrestrial ships traveling through our airspaces just like our planes do. UFOs are quite real, he insists. He supports himself on privately made confessions of a four star general indicating that what the Lieutenant-Colonel Corso, author of the best seller *the day after Roswell*, had said was true, and even more. This work tells how Corso saw the corpse of an extraterrestrial in Fort Riley (USA) and how he took part in the technological development of his country thanks to the study of a crashed extraterrestrial ship in Roswell.

It is the first time that such a declaration, also clearly stating the reality and the source of UFOs, emanates from a politician of the stature of Paul Hellyer. His fight is from now on that of a disarming of space because it becomes urgent, he ensures, to slow down quarrelsome inclinations of the General American Staff. Paul Hellyer did not tardily discover the UFO phenomenon. It is him who, whereas he was Minister of Defense, had already very seriously revealed to the media in the Sixties that the base of Suffield in Canada was used as a landing and reception area for UFOs! Officially no UFO landed on this base. But wasn't this very pacifist idea suggested by the meeting of ETs with Eisenhower on the Edwards American base in California, in February 1954? The Washington Post even

recently evoked in February 2004 the commemoration of the fiftieth birthday of this meeting of President Ike Eisenhower with the extraterrestrials.

Let us reconsider the facts. Historically, the President of the United States had gone away from the White House on February 20, 1954 to secretly go to an Air Force base. One gave the pretext of a visit to his dentist whom no one could identify. Another version talks about a golf game while at the same time he was awaited for a press conference that he missed. An indirect witness, Lord Clancarty, indicated that a military test pilot of high rank, having reported the facts back to him, would have assisted, with Eisenhower and other key figures, to a meeting with a friendly extraterrestrial race! These extraterrestrials, which came in five ships, would have carried out invisibility and piloting prowesses. It was so impressive that Eisenhower would have had a cardiac arrest. These extraterrestrials proposed to help men in a program of spiritual education. The men refused. This meeting was following up a first meeting on the base of Holloman. In front of the manifest superiority of the extraterrestrials, a complete *black out* covered the historical truth.

Thus, later in the years 64-67, the declaration of the Canadian Minister of Defense was like a great thundering blow for all the military of the North-American sub-continent. Indeed, an agreement of collection of secret information bound these two large countries, thanks in particular to the network of radar antennas of the American NORAD deployed in Canada. Moreover, Canada aligned itself with the USA in terms of the conciliation board, of conclusions and denial strategy.

It should be remembered that in the Fifties general Douglas MacArthur, evicted by President Truman for insubordination, but powerful vector of the American right wing and initially sensed for the presidency of the USA before Eisenhower won, had declared in the New York Times on

October 8, 1955 that **the next war would be about the earthlings clashing with extraterrestrials**. It should also be remembered that Eisenhower had made a famous statement worrying about the emergence of a world government being based on the militaro-industrialist complex to which MacArthur then belonged. This last one reiterated its warlike vindication against the extraterrestrial enemy in front of a whole military congregation in 1962. The French Internet site www.RR0.org indeed reports that *"on May 12, 1962, MacArthur during a speech (known as the speech "Duty, Honor, Country") to the juniors of the U.S. Military Academy of West Point, at the time of its reception of the Sylvanus Thayer Award, refers once again to the possibility of an extraterrestrial confrontation in the future"*.

Thus, thirty years later, the Star Wars project initiated by the American right wing in general, and Ronald Reagan in particular, does not bear such a name to fight an alleged terrestrial threat but an extraterrestrial threat declared behind the scenes in a unilateral way. The high energy laser armament is not at all a vision of the mind but indeed a program which consumes several billions of dollars per year in the budget of the American taxpayer. Let us recall that Ronald Reagan had declared at the UN in 1987 the need to gather the forces of all the countries, including those of the Eastern bloc, to face a possible extraterrestrial threat.

One can now understand why Paul Hellyer seriously worries about interplanetary peace. Thus the *World Referendum* launched by the extraterrestrial people falls under a global outline of fight for peace and truth. The people for war pushed us into a destructive spiral that the message *Do you wish to see us?* is aiming to slow down. By taking part in this inner and telepathic vote, you will contribute to thwart a suicidal policy followed secretly by those who need to wage war. They devote their life to convince us of the danger of the other! It is the first

vocation of the militaro-industrialist complex. Paul Hellyer wonders: *"up to what point are the extraterrestrials really our enemies? What crimes did they commit against humanity?"*

To intervene in the greatest strategy game of all times, whereas we are drawn towards growing crises, such is the capacity which confers to you the *World Referendum*. Our telepathic faculties, if they are unknown to us, are no less than an objective reality. The *Global Consciousness Project* shows each day the telepathic principle of the global conscience of humanity. One of the most prestigious universities in the world, the University of Princeton (USA), leads a study since 1998 on a world network of random generators. The purpose of this study is to show the existence of a planetary human conscience which interferes with the physical world.

This network is composed of fifty stations, from Alaska to the Fiji islands on all the continents. It is a system of random impulses which seeks to know if there is no correlation between the conscience and the impulses of a non predictable sequence of a quantum noise. All the data of the world are collected in Princeton, and updated every five minutes.

The comments of the scientists are edifying: *"the flow of data of the sensors tends to move away from the awaited values when a public event generates a communion of thoughts or emotions"*. A hundred and twenty-two events were listed for which the global probability of the results obtained is about one for a million. *"These results obviously show that the physical world and the world of the human mind are linked in a still unknown relationship"*. One can understand that, on the assumption of a hoax, which is not the case, the message which you read has the capacity to generate a major ufologic manifestation. This relationship between physical world and the world of the mind is perfectly explained by *3D time* and *Absolute Relativity* in *the Science of Extraterrestrials (la Science des Extraterrestres)* precisely

offered by the extraterrestrials themselves. This science is currently tested in a civil laboratory, held secret for obvious reasons.

Let us return to the *Global Consciousness Project*. One cannot believe at all the authenticity of the message itself without however taking anything away from the question of the extraterrestrials. Man is a creature gifted with a conscience and suited to telepathy as the permanent experiment of Princeton confirms it to us. Like Mr. Jourdain with prose, man uses telepathy without knowing it. He can thus answer the question to connect himself directly with these extraterrestrials and to change the course of history. You can change the world with a simple decision. That is called the power of the mind. André Malraux said that the twenty first century would be spiritual or would not be at all. Now that we have reached it, is it not up to us to decide? But what must we decide?

With open arms or the Trojan horse.

One can have two approaches to the text of the extraterrestrials: *the logic of the arms wide open or the logic of the Trojan horse*.

The logic of the arms wide open stages authentic positive entities which want to lead humanity out of the dead end in which it is diving into. At the end of a dead end there is always a wall. To crash into it painfully is one of the strongest probabilities at this current time, if only in the ecological and medical fields. Those arms wide open consist of an awakening of the consciences thanks to the shock of the truth. This truth will stir up the lies and the secrets in which the bestiary of the

manipulators lies.

The logic of the Trojan horse is defended by some detractors. They claim that this message is a mean, for their extraterrestrial authors, to carefully impose their domination. This logic actually seems completely illogical. According to the epic writings of Homer in the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Trojan horse of the Greeks was a subterfuge to make the enemy warriors enter the town of Troy which was held by a king. This giant wooden horse was presented as a gift in which were dissimulated Greek fighters. Once in the middle of the adversary camp, hitherto impenetrable, they started to fight their adversary and to recover Helen whom had been taken as a hostage.

The parallel is far from being satisfactory for three reasons. Initially because the Earth is not at all impenetrable for the extraterrestrials which travel in the galaxy, and even more in an invisible state. Then, because the presumed enemies are not the equal of humans with regards to weapons. They are a thousand times more equipped than us and endowed with incomparable psychic capacities. You just have to see the number of atomic, civil or military sites, visited by the extraterrestrials in the world with impunity. Besides, the extraterrestrials of the *third party* do not need a direct confrontation with men. It would be a stupid strategy on behalf of creatures ready to condition humans to advance them to self-destruction without themselves needing to appear to the world. This is actually the path that we are taking because of the shady work of a minority. Indeed, once the useful resources have been taken, they have only to make *intelligent animals*. Lastly, because, in the text, there is no gift other than an awakening!

All these explanations, as convincing as they were, only have a pale reflection with regards to the fundamental reason of the incompatibility of this Trojan horse logic. The

extraterrestrials do not materialize for pleasure since they become as handicapped as we are when entering our material plane of existence. One does not invade a kingdom made up of blind men by bandaging one's eyes! One does not lock oneself up in a cage with tigers. One simply makes the blind men believe that they can already see - strategy of the *third party* - or one cures their eyes to drag them out of the slammer - goal of the benevolent extraterrestrials. In their message, the extraterrestrials require to see and become aware of the Cave of Plato in which we discuss of shadowy figures.

One can wonder whether those which defend this *Trojan horse logic* may find it beneficial to promote it in order to neutralize human will through fear. They would thus maintain it in the current program, that of self-destruction. Do we always ask what the interest of the one who expresses himself is?

Having obtained from life much more than many of my human brothers and sisters could dream, my soul is sometimes saddened by the jealousy and the treasons of those who are tempted by free personal attacks at the detriment of a debate from the heart. There is a *detail* which vitiates my life deeply and prevents me from reaching inner peace: *the suffering of others!* In any case, my role is not to convince but to transmit. If, sometimes, your servant expresses a point of view, it will only have an individual and non collective value. Your opinion is worth as much as his. Your freedom is worth as much as his.

Many say that it is irresponsible to launch such a question *"Do you wish to see us?"* to a public that is not prepared, and that the psychological shock will be disastrous. Isn't this quite simply because of official misinformation? And isn't the cleverly nourished psychology of domination or competition disastrous? **The sleepers must awake: night is about to end.**

In any case, being about the state of mind of the public, it is simple to answer that it has been more than fifty years that

thousands of observations prepares it, sometimes by collective testimonies from several tens of thousands of people; through thousands of works and hundreds of reports devoted to this phenomenon; through the message itself belonging to a preparatory phase of opening of the consciences; through this message being present in sixteen languages on the Internet since nearly three years before this work is published; through the fact that nobody can affirm with certainty, since the event never took place, if painful shock there will be and, that at the very least, the emotion caused by an appearance of ships is largely preferable to that which a third fratricidal world war, that this message tries to save us from, could cause. Many think, on the contrary, that such an appearance will not surprise many people, that it will save many lives and will give a new hope to human progress.

What seems irresponsible is to let what is going on go on without doing anything. How long, indeed, will we believe the *official voice* which denies what is undeniable? On which basis is this voice *official* when one becomes aware of the restricted circles from where shady men are from? What is their true *legitimacy* after having made continual demonstration of their manipulation power? How much misinformation and televised overkill will we still accept?

An issue far from being easy.

It is legitimate to ask questions after the reading of such a message. As curious as this appears, your servant is not the right person to answer. Probably even the worst person to answer. No human being, as it is specified in the text, is the representative of these beings, even less the messenger. At most, he can be a *mediator*. Therefore, each one is faced with this

request as it is. Each one interprets, and it is inevitable, according to one's culture, one's own moral criteria and temporary knowledge. One should not go further than what is said and stick to the formulations used in this text.

The dilemma is simple. It is not sure whether one should lean on an exegesis harming a **reading from the heart**. They are quite conscious that each one would want personal proofs and that doubts would remain. But it is precisely the dilemma: proof is available only for one of three possible choices, yes, no or abstention. From the start, we have the right to doubt. **Doubt can be removed in only one manner: with a positive vote!**

In terms of logic, it is a loop, even an insoluble paradox as long as one did not answer in the most engaging direction. To engage oneself on this question while answering "yes" is precisely the least probable scenario since it is seemingly not in a modern and materialist human being's nature *to pay* - to change point of view - *to see*. On the contrary, one wants to *see first and then pay*, and even sometimes not pay at all. Moreover, some hate what they do not understand! They also hate what they envy! This explains the comments of hatred and fear, often disguised in sarcastic remarks. But deep down, they are a minority.

It is thus indeed *a logic of the heart* which will make humanity come out of the rut. If the answer is negative, or is not formulated, the paradox remains complete. As opposed to what one could possibly suppose, the beings which ask this question are not manipulators because there are statistically two chances out of three that the event could not take place: a negative vote and abstention. A manipulator uses everything to reach the answer which they want and therefore the only possible one. Here, it is the opposite. It would however be enough for them to appear in mass, without our opinion, and to ask us: *"did you see us?"*.

The messenger constitutes an easy target for misinformation agents. Think about it! Tens of public agencies disguised in hundreds of pseudo independent contradictors against an isolated prey. To attack an individual by comparing him to others is within the range of all, especially if he does not do anything against these attacks. The extraterrestrials, of an extraordinary intelligence, know it. Between too many arguments and too little, balance is fragile. As a witness, your servant does not feel that he has the responsibility to convince. Thus, all those who must answer the question *"Do you wish to see us?"* do not have any personal proof to choose. For a case contrary to this one, it would indeed be a manipulation in order as we would find on our planet. The benevolent extraterrestrials are unaware of corruption. They do not "buy" us because they do not need to do it; they are satisfied with the fact that they bring credit to their question, via *the Science of the Extraterrestrials (la Science des Extraterrestres)*. Which in itself is already not too bad.

Thus, only one chance out of three exists for the event to take place. The passage is narrow. It is because it is precarious that it gives a *priceless value to our free will*. If the vote is positive, it will be a victory in a snatch and not a decision which is obvious. Our friends evoke the determination of small groups which changed History. The lever effect is nothing without this determination. Do we think that those who have temporal power did not have a colossal amount of determination to reach it and maintain themselves there? Don't we think that this determination is precisely what they do not want us to have?

Taking into account what has just been said, if the extraterrestrials do not show themselves in the future, the reason will either come from a collective choice, or from a lack of transmission. If it is the case, there will be great temptation to accuse the messenger of trickery or the extraterrestrials of fraud

and false hopes. One will have simply forgotten our own responsibility. Isn't the exercise of democracy inseparable from its possible avatars? Would we like for a single man to do everything in his power to then better accuse him of proselytism?

After having lengthily discussed this concept through *Absolute Relativity*, the freedom of choice does not come in contradiction with the message which precisely has for purpose to respect our free will. One should not confuse interventionism and collective project between parties. But again, what freedom are we talking about? That to unceasingly wage war, since thousands of years? Up to which destructive paroxysm? What is in preparation is the possibility of awakening so that this choice is done with full knowledge of the facts and not by following our animal instinct of self-defense which involves only reflexes of fear and panic. There is a fundamental difference between a **considered protection** which I strongly promote for conviction to have experienced psychic attacks, and an irrational escape from the unknown. Man is worthy to come out of his animality to rise to the conscience of new discoveries. It is simply necessary to think about the relevant methods of this protection. "Yes" with the means of a preventive defense. "No" with an aggressive arsenal with which we experience the disastrous results daily: economical, cultural and military wars. It proves, for the qualified ufologists, that the best protection is of a psychic nature. This type of defense implies a better self-determination through the transmission of techniques of knowledge of the self and of the problematic UFOs. With this intention, it becomes urgent to discover the secrets that the States hides from the public and to promote an authentic spirituality. It is obvious that much still needs to be done in order for us to reach our sovereignty!

This awakening is not a simple philosophical question because the philosophy of one period of time is never but the

reflection of the accepted knowledge. Large philosophical texts of past eras were not necessarily understood before many centuries by the thinking population. I was often only able to understand a text after a second or third reading, wondering how I could have been so impervious to what was so obvious! What about the works that my spirit did not yet enjoy? We are like children in front of the great stages of cosmic evolution. We are not all like this with regards to intelligence and perceptions. It is not because such great man wrote a deep thought a millennium earlier that it was assimilated and applied by its contemporaries, nor that it is not still relevant. The result of intuitions and illuminations of thinkers of former times seems obsolete whereas it should be ennobled and reconquered. The transitory media is the greatest of the literary grave-diggers. *Intelligence* and *intuition* are spread in space as in time. They even jump several centuries when the knowledge is being purely and simply occulted by elites claiming to be agents of the divine power.

Temporal power is the temptation of the materialist. There will come a day when he will manage to acquire it and to hoard money for generations of castes. Thus the people follow the example of this power to make an objective out of it by thinking about the pernicious way to reach it. In the meantime, they will have lost the direction of the evolution which one will have omitted to show them. Then, only amnesia and competition will remain. We are sick of destructive germs. Thus, a question comes to mind: *should one ask a child if he wants to be cured?*

Channel or not channel ?

As opposed to what many could think, the message is

not resulting from a *channeling*. This last one supposes that one enters a telepathic communication with an entity without moving one's conscience from one's home, with or without support. We particularly think of automatic writing or an *Ouija*. It is one of the reasons why *channels* and messages are multiplying. As respectful as is our attitude towards these types of contacts and their messenger, as much human as nonhuman, we still remain discreet about it with regards to the nature and the identity of the invisible communicating ones.

From this point of view, I share the view of many skeptics. It is true that the quality of the productions thus written attest on the quality of the interlocutor, if invisible interlocutor there is. The plethora of messages and *channels* coming from extraterrestrials is not there to enable us to see clearly because, in the fog of interferences, it is very difficult to isolate the authentic contact, because there are some, but also the authentic intention. We thus remain eminently interdependent of the surrounding doubt that here or there some could express. But, once again, to doubt is not to judge!

One cannot assimilate my experience with *channeling* or *abduction*[14] phenomenon. It is neither one nor the other! During *channeling*, we do not see our interlocutor. It may be that he is benevolent and peaceful, even spiritual. It is then a blessing because all is not accessible to me. On the other hand, we can be more easily misled. During *abductions*, we see our interlocutors, if we are conscious. But rare are the cases when a dialogue takes place, most of the time because of the incapacity of the individual to understand what is happening and how one establishes the dialogue. This lack can come from an intrinsic individual problem (lack of perceptive maturity) or from a prevention mechanism on behalf of hostile extraterrestrials (travel to the past).

[14] Abductions by *ETS*.

They however absolutely cannot do anything against those who affirm their Self with a strong will, once the interlocutor is identified. In fact, they are only hostile and manipulating for those who are potentially a danger because of an ignorance of the laws of the mind. The intelligence of the heart is everything but a danger. We can even affirm that forgiveness and compassion towards them support their own change towards harmony. They have respect for the clairvoyants, those who see beyond appearances. Nevertheless, as a simple witness, it is impossible for me to affirm to have an overall picture of the ins and outs.

It should be realized that there are not *one* but *many* extraterrestrial races. Likewise, there are not *one* but *many* motives, even if they are going towards the same final goal, *Peace*. It could even be that some pretend to be hostile to awaken a humanistic impulse in man through rebellion and the desire to unmask the real conspirators. It is incredible all the strategies which a higher intelligence can implement. *To not judge* makes it possible to leave the matrix. *To not judge* is the path to deliverance.

As of now, it is only up to each one to complete a personal work to reach this information and these contacts of which the modalities of realization are very distant from what is the habit to call *channeling*. This distance is equivalent to the difference which exists between a telephone conversation and a face-to-face direct dialogue where one can see one's interlocutor. What one gains by such *consciousness voyages*, since it is what they should be named, is the capacity to identify one's interlocutor but also his intentions because they are directly read in his eyes and his aura. Of course, telepathic messages are exchanged, to which are added emotion, i.e. the sensitivity of the other.

As with the humans, the extraterrestrials of a same race

do not necessarily express the same tonality. Some are respectful and calm. Others are cheerful and lighthearted. It often depends on the role which they hold within their kind. One can also come across manipulators! Meaning individuals of another race, famous for being opposed to human happiness. This extreme simplification makes us blind and prevents us from seeing that among them there are *resistance fighters*, meaning individuals which do not support the strategy of their kind, and even skillfully fight them. They are doubly worthy of respect because they protest against their community while taking the risk to not be identified as being wise and sympathizing. Thus our quick judgments are of no resort to us to decide on the nature of an extraterrestrial on its sole *physical* aspect. All is very subtle and yet luminous. It is important to be *equipped with measuring instruments of an inner reading* to be competent to appreciate a situation.

As malignant as one is, any effort of manipulation, contrary to the techniques referred to above, cannot occur at the time of a *consciousness voyage*, also called *remote vision* or *remote viewing*. Our personality is unfalsifiable, as well as theirs. During the meetings made on a *consciousness voyage*, the respect of the free will of the other is not a question of desire but an intrinsic obligation therefore the image which one returns naturally. Also because the law of karma, universally known, is also valid for the extraterrestrials. The effects of this law are proportional to the incidence that our acts create on the *victim* according to the conscience opening of this one. It is the same for all the relationships existing between reigns, and even within those (mineral, plant, animal and human). The extraterrestrial manipulators are not stupid creatures but on the contrary very intelligent. They prevent a process of opening of conscience of human beings, as long as there is still time, so that the effects of the karmic law only reach them very little!

The question of free will.

That makes it possible to enormously relate things on our own effective capacities. That also makes it possible to consider the widened free will which we can reach. There is not one free will but several degrees of free will. We already do not exert our free will a third of our life when we sleep. Our waking state is not necessarily an example of self-determination taking into account the stimuli which we undergo. In that, our friends perfectly explained themselves while giving an account of our authentic free will all the while relating it by the potentiality of our powers and by what is hidden to us, i.e. what could make our freedom grow if the secrets of Earth were revealed.

Thus it is false to claim to have our free will when we actually have a collective average of it. Humanity is the origin of so many interactions. It is why human beings allegedly informed of what is going on in the dark, should be more suited than the average to become aware of their own free will, on a purely individual basis. It should be understood, in addition, that free will will depend of the health, the moral and psychic state of an individual at *any* given moment. Depending on these states, we will be more or less ready to effectively decide. As long as all is well, we believe ourselves sheltered. It is the meaning of the advice that the extraterrestrials offer us: **as long as we are still able to choose, let us choose!** Let's add unbearable strains to our lives and we would not have the capacity to clearly decide anymore.

Our sight is already partially clouded by the veil of misinformation. For some, after an ad hoc conditioning, blindness is complete. It would be bold to think one is safe from a nervous breakdown following events that we do not truly understand, unless having already overcome without scratch

this kind of ordeal. A stock exchange crash, tens of thousands job losses, a regional conflict, a natural or ecological disaster of great magnitude are among the types of events which one should not draw aside for oneself, and which already occur for some of our human brothers and sisters.

The piercing mind will thus have understood that their respect of our free will is so honest that they are not waiting to ask us the question at a time when our world will sink in the obscure waters of despair. This is what Machiavelli would do. At this moment, all solutions, even the worst, could be acceptable to us. But our current lucidity would be betrayed. This respect of our sovereignty is the most determining mark of their benevolence.

Being about the knowledge that our friends have of our motivations by way of a *psychic scanner*, it is true that they can have access to it. They could even have a referendum result from it but it would be perfectly invalid for the simple reason that our free will is exerted in the conscience state - psychic state in which the question is asked - in possession of all our faculties, or rather of our essential faculties. However, since the question is transcribed and read in an incarnated waking state, the answer can be conveyed only in this same state, *indispensable* condition without which there cannot be an admissible result.

In connection with motivation, there is an aspect in the text which must be cleared up. Is the concept of extraterrestrial hierarchy compatible with the idea of a sharing network? The **human view** of hierarchy implies that there is an ordering party and an underling. It is different in a widened conception of exchanges. It is often said that one who has knowledge, has power. This remains true except that it is then about a power on oneself and not on others.

The hierarchy that the benevolent extraterrestrials speak about is a **community of advices** respecting the freedom of

others, this one then not having anymore influence on that of the community in question. It is thus a *lawful* hierarchy to which anyone can go to and get advice if one wishes, and not an order based on an illegitimate relationship. This hierarchy is legitimate because authority by inner achievement is natural. It is very difficult to conceive this principle when, everywhere on Earth, structures established on remote criteria of wisdom control the life of society. If the appearance of the words is disconcerting, the nature of the relationships is radically different.

On the other hand, the rigidity and the pyramidal structure of the *third party* reflect its spirit of domination. It is exact to say that the extraterrestrials known as *manipulators* - the explanation above relativizes this qualifier - have all the leisure in the world to induce thoughts, in dreams for example, without succeeding every time. One of the ways to thwart such options is to precisely become aware that such a possibility exists, which is what the message refers to. I do not speak about these pseudo awakenings during which we deploy our ego and our fists but of the adoption of an inner posture during which we affirm our awakening and our total integrity!

Thus are the authentic and inner instructions to stray from any trickery and manipulation. To perform a final rupture with the hazardous *channeling*, let us indicate information which is likely to bring even more confusion on our capacity to identify our interlocutors on their simple form, and which only a training of several months or years allows.

An extraterrestrial is not tall or small in the absolute! Its size varies according to the existing gap between the space time which we reached, and the one in which the extraterrestrial is. The space times to which we have access depend on our vibratory rate - or psychological state - which can vary from one day to another. On its side, the entity or the extraterrestrial is

either in its *natural* space time or in an intermediate space time between it and us (see *The Science of Extraterrestrials* (*La Science des Extraterrestres*)). A rule is to be retained: more the space times are close between the visitor and the one being visited, more the true size of the interlocutor is perceived. This question of size is one of the greatest secrets of authentic contacts. To say that an extraterrestrial is very tall or very small has no significance in itself. Still more work for human reasoning.

Thus the dreams which appear particularly striking to us, filled with details, correspond to a perfect setting in phase between the visited space time and the space time of the visitor. Of course, these communications between species are still relatively rare but they will quickly multiply. In the meantime, and to achieve this goal, it is necessary that the world message be transmitted on the scale which it deserves.

Being about the problem of the mean used by our friends, namely a simple letter, it fulfills the function which is assigned to it: *an explanatory virtue!* This function cannot be provided by other channels, including *crops circles* of which the synthetic and abstruse nature destroys the concepts developed in this text. The decoding of figures in corn fields, of primarily technical nature, is for experts. The SETI program, for *Search of ExtraTerrestrial Intelligence*, is not helpful to establish a communication between races. This program has for objective to capture electromagnetic signals, in other words the lowest frequencies, on a radio frequency range using huge parabolas turned towards the sky! Radio astronomy is, with regards to extraterrestrial communication, what the telegraph is to the Internet of future years. **The universal language is that of thought forms.**

Some evoked large light signals. To call upon visible light signals in the greatest number among us, from the Moon for example, is to infringe on the positive answer of the

question. This amounts to demonstrating their mass manifestation. The question then should not be, nor our free will. Moreover, the meaning of the message would be very hard to understand for most of us. This meaning is precisely for our own appreciation of our personal understanding.

The difficulty of the written or oral expression is to find a happy medium. It is necessary to take a step back to let each one express oneself, but this attitude involves frustration from those who want to know and who can even upbraid a taste of the far to suspect secret. In an opposite case, omnipresence would be interpreted as a temptation to convince, and even to assemble for sectarian purposes. To be on the narrow path of the right attitude is quite delicate. For any argument, there exists a counter argument. In this affair, more than in many others, only personal intuition will be able to guide us. Having already lived the experience of a contact, your servant cannot answer the question asked by our friends, nor can he say whether *yes* is better or worse than *no*. I will follow only one democracy of wisdom where each one can truly give its opinion in all conscience without pressure from others. Through these remarks, let us not only think of humanity, also think about our friends. In a meeting, we are at least two. In front of our capacities to make peace, but also to wage war, **I am not quite sure myself if it is convenient for them to present themselves.** Let us not forget that to enter the shark's pit is to expose oneself to the worst! But as it is for their question, I respect their wish. It is difficult to imagine the love that they have for us. But the sharks are not alone. Sympathetic and intelligent dolphins also exist among us.

It seems wise to me to dissociate the message from the messenger for the simple and good reason that nobody can demonstrate in an objective way, on the basis of tangible evidence, that the message is authentic whoever the one which

transmits it is, and whoever he was or will be[15]. At most we will be able to have a subjective idea of him. Each one has its own scale of reading which is related to one's beliefs, to one's knowledge and to one's experiences. According to this filter, some will have retained such or such sentence, others different aspects. **An opinion is always personal**. *"It is not because they are numerous to be wrong that they are right"*. For various reasons, of State or ego, it is sure that, to discredit the message and its extraterrestrial source, some will lend me comments never before made or acts never before accomplished. It is this way that misinformation works. One could even make me say the opposite of what was written or said while taking a sentence out of its context. Not because I have some value, but because the wild detractors know that *they will sooner or later throw me out*. Our understanding is likely to be put to the test. But by dissociating the message from the messenger, we will remain closer to our Inner Self to answer.

The *ET*s know us.

Globally, many agree that the coherence of this text does not suffer from crippling faults. Thus, it will only be a matter of interpretation. The widened range of our opinions, from one extreme to another of our positions, shows how much this message *"change the world with a lever effect"* strikes our consciences. It resounds so well, it seems, that many are transmitting universal topics relating to the question asked. This one puts us at the crossroads of our human condition.

To identify those who are asking us the question, we seem disarmed. We do not know if they exist and, if they exist,

[15] see the techniques of anti-UFO propaganda in *The Science of Extraterrestrials (La Science des Extraterrestres)*

what their nature is. Of course, we can let ourselves be dragged by the opinion of the commentators who say, and sometimes it is true, that they know more than the average, whether they are against their appearance or not. But in this case, will our answer be theirs or ours? Are the extraterrestrials questioning the religious, political, scientific and philosophic leaders, or each one among us individually and personally? Are we really unable to think for ourselves? Don't we know how to read and understand ourselves? Will we follow the opinion of anyone speaking? Whether he answers *yes* or *no?* If one day in our life we must really exert our free will, this day has arrived. It is not a question to choose between *black* and *white* but between *before* and *after* the greatest revolution in human history. It is not a question to know if, yes or no, we are alone in the universe - we've had the answer for a long time now - but what we want to undertake with our new partners, not to say elders.

We can ignore the question while being persuaded that it is only the product of a vivid human imagination. I sincerely respect this attitude without ulterior motive. It is what the majority of the readers will perhaps think. We have known so many mythomaniacs that one more would not be surprising. If an observer, this idea would probably cross my mind. Doubt is my operating mode. However, the question, outside of the *author*, does not remain any less unsettling. To those which took this attitude of constructive denial, one could ask: *if one day this question was asked by extraterrestrials, that you could not see nor know because of your limits, what would you answer in the current state of the situation?*

I am convinced that among those which adopt this attitude, there are authentic men and women of goodwill. To make the debate progress and to help those which did not yet decide to answer it, they could perhaps plan this probable and conditional future. That does not basically change the problem.

For the others, the debate is also open but with a greater dimension: that of a true personal choice implying collective effects or not. In fact, there are two decisions to take: **a) to answer** *yes* or *no* to the question, **b) to transmit**, and even translate, the message or not. Deep down, the message does not invite us to **say** *yes* or *no* but to **think** *yes* or *no*, better even, to **DESIRE** *yes* or *no*. The difference seems vital for two reasons. First off, it is a question of facing one's own intimate convictions. In addition, it is a question of building a new vision of the future in oneself.

Until now, the extraterrestrials seemed far from us, furtive, almost evanescent, and even purely imaginary. Some reported testimonies of observations which we accumulated to be better sure of the reality of the UFO phenomenon. Ufologists made their efforts to appear as credible as possible. **But the search for credibility is nothing else but the expression of one's pride**. Think about it! Nobody likes sarcastic remarks. However, as many historical periods, as many Galileos. We even brushed off many theories being able to explain them. Even the *channeled* messages seemed to be assertions that we either accepted or not, but we gave them credit as phenomenological accounts of psychosociological nature.

Suddenly, the extraterrestrial is addressing us with a disarming simplicity! It does it individually, before addressing itself to a community. It challenges us as souls, as consciences. *Am I sure, finally, to believe or to adhere to their presence in my environment?* They do not yet want us to solve minor human problems, which they never affirmed in the text, but they want us to reconsider our place within the universe. The benevolent extraterrestrials wish to bring, first of all, **a testimony**! Read the message well.

This distinction is seldom approached because, in our eagerness to answer to the problems of society, we occulted the

same idea of a renunciation of anthropocentrism. This last one is expressed very much in the comments. It is necessary to insist on this point which appears vital to me. What will we think the day after a massive appearance of material ships?

We, certainly, aspired, for many of us, to see them to be convinced that we had not dreamt. But to contemplate a fleet of ships of a very different shape and aspect is a gigantic cultural jump. After the traditional *"I knew they existed"* comes *"what will I become?"*, and then a whole series of other questions without immediate answers. Of course, the most psychologically armed - licensed and auto proclaimed - will focus themselves on the path of evolution, agreeing to take a courteous look toward these ships. But the great majority risks to be paralyzed. We would live the present moment like never before. **What will happen next?**

This interrogation, however colossal, remains rare in interventions. It seems necessary that each one, alone or surrounded by family, in public places or at home, between friends or colleagues at work, outlines a broad panorama of questions so that from an impulsive answer we go to an answer which is...contemplated. The implications are so huge, so planetary, so deep that one can wonder whether it is not advisable to let each one go on its way since, according to some, it is enough to *think positive* for positive things to come to us. But is it really enough to think that the Earth is well for it to be well? How many million sincere and fraternal prayers have been made since centuries? How many of them have been granted? And if it were the case for some, for who were they granted and under which conditions? *"Help yourself and the Heavens will help you"*. The truth is that our true prayers are those which we emit spontaneously, not through our intellect but with our heart. A prayer is only a powerful desire. For many murders, many desires. For many cures, many desires. The path is personal. But

up to what point is it personal? In the same way that one can rightly wonder *"up to what point can you help your brother?"*, one can also ask oneself the question *"up to what point are you alone?"*. The message tackles these questions indirectly. To the questions *"where do you come from?"* and *"where are we heading?"*, the answer seems to be the same: unity!

The response to the message will thus be the expression of a collective desire towards unity, towards world peace. It is indeed for that that the message does not belong to the messenger! We will have understood that it is not just another peace message. It is a question of choice! It is easy to realize that human psychology, not to say *a certain form of perversity*, sets traps and uses arguments according to what is appropriate for it. One just has to say one thing for it to not be accepted by others immediately. One tries to isolate an individual to better justify one's own acts. This is why, without wanting to satisfy everyone, nor to wound those that are in charge of a movement or a cultural flow, each one among us can spontaneously open a public discussion without having the intention to convince. Often, answering to arguments is easy but useless when some forget to read, or to hear, with great attention. The prejudices are tenacious! This is why: do not follow the last one that spoke but the path of your heart. **Do not admire men, admire what is in you! A light shines there much more than you believe!**

It is important that we continue our debates on our convictions. But it is also essential that we do not divide ourselves at the time of this request. For that, it is necessary for us to read calmly, without any prejudice, each sentence of the message. One can be astounded that the extraterrestrials have so great of a confidence in the reaction of men with regards to this harmless and fragile tool of communication which is the message. It seems that they see much further than us. They seem as persuaded as those who will transmit this message will be

rather discrete, sometimes proselytes, but of an astonishing effectiveness. The incredible transmission will continue for months, even years. Initiatives will be spontaneously taken throughout the world. A union of thought will follow from there against a single thought. Maturity will little by little inhabit men and will make them suited for cosmic rise. This effectiveness will be supported and relayed by events. Lastly, what makes our friends happy is that at least we have the choice! There is not a doubt that the future will be what one does with it today! The difficulty is to know up to what point the individual can modify the collective destiny and conversely. And for who?

The extraterrestrials should not be deified because we are also made according to the Reality of God. To better apprehend these extraterrestrials, to make them closer to us, let us describe those who deliver this message. They are organized according to functions. The message emanates, not from all of the community of extraterrestrials which I met, but from their persons in charge, those who have in charge the harmony of the interactions. They have a much more serious and concentrated appearance than the majority of those which one meets. Within these same persons in charge, there are representatives. They are these representatives, having a thorough knowledge of dissimulated information on the state of the world, which formulated it. The methods of reception of this request are simple. At a face-to-face discussion in a conference room, five extraterrestrials gave me all the ideas to describe. It was intense, fast and clear. This message was presented to me on September 6, 2003. My role was to reformulate it, without deforming any part of the message. It was necessary for me to be sufficiently concise to respect the general meaning of this request without causing chaos for the ufologic experts. The message is addressed above all to all of humanity.

Some will thus have been able to see an outrageous

simplification but the approach of the extraterrestrials consists in preferring simplicity rather than exegesis, only known by a small number of specialists. These extraterrestrials know us well. It is always possible that a weak part of their ideas could be deformed because of the loss of information about *Absolute Relativity*, but the essential remains and is faithful to the choice which is presented. If you could see them and feel them you would be initially surprised, then happy. Such an expressive emotion is read in their eyes that mine cried. It is very curious that their message does not give the full power of the love that they have for us, but they had to respect a certain balance between the heart and our mental state. Allow me to show a little humor: **they are very human for extraterrestrials!**

Who are they?

One can legitimately wonder *who* are those which ask us this question: *"Do you wish to see us?"* One asks of us to give an opinion without revealing the least identity nor background history about our interlocutors. The question is legitimate from the point of view of a human being in a human context but it loses its meaning from a cosmic point of view. However, our interlocutors are creatures of the cosmos. In one word, it is the meaning of the word *who* in the question asked that is the problem. It's a little like if a poor wretch of the first century, farmer who never saw anything else but his small plot of earth and his village, shaggy and of very poor hygiene, filled with beliefs and rites of another era, asked a twenty first century man, in good health and clothed with the latest fashion, Buddhist and having the Swedish and American dual nationality, of Asian origin through his grandfather and of Mexican origin through his grandmother, having worked ten

different trades in aerospace service multinational corporations, and having lived in five very remote countries, who he is. He will define himself pre-eminently like a man *of another era* without direct links to the references of this ancestor. However, only a few hundred years separate these two men. What to say about those hundreds of thousands of years? *ExtraTemporals* are precisely beings *of another time!*

The answer to the question *"who are they?"* would only generate other questions, which themselves would imply interminable philosophical debates. How to explain concepts relatively remote of ours[16] in so little lines. The question of identity is a more terrestrial than universal concern because this one varies in time and space, but also in the dimensions which we are brought to cross.

These extraterrestrials are the incarnated *discipline of the mind* in various space times. The extraterrestrials do not judge because this is against the discipline of the Mind. At their home this discipline is natural and the only way of release. This release is that of oneself. That which we seek so much to protect, the one named ego. This ego is experiment to a particular frequency. They experiment with all the possible frequencies then they choose which one is appropriate to them at the moment appropriate for them. They acquired so great of an experimental richness that their only concern is to go towards the highest harmonics in order to multiply their vibratory potential at will. Thus can they appear to us as they wish to appear to us. They conform and adapt to what we expect in our mental imagery. **We always see the world according to our desires. They respect our desires.**

What would be the use to announce that they come from such planet or star system or galaxies? What additional

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[16] see *The Science of Extraterrestrials* (*La Science des Extraterrestres)*, Eric Julien, Editions JMG, july 2005.

information would we have? What would be the use, in the current state of the proposal, that of the message, to describe the last hundreds of thousands of years of their history? Moreover, what is history at the ell of *3D time*? What could one conclude from the only question asked with regards to our situation? How to define beings? By their origin? Their way of life? Their physical attributes? Spiritual attributes? Their never-ending temporary search? Their individuality? Their community? When all is transitory on a time scale, only one which observes defines a thing according to one's interpretation of the moment. There exist so many historical trajectories on Earth, but only one great human soul. It is the conscience that one has of things which forms the words and their meaning. The extraterrestrials who speak to us know the experience of spiritual fusion, final form of Knowledge. Moreover, humanity is made up of a multitude of cultures, languages and comprehensions of the world. In the case of species, *before* and *after* their appearance are two very distinct stages in our conscience since the acceptance of their reality will sweep the *Old World* and its perverted ways of thinking.

If the question *"do you wish to see us?"* is asked to us, it is because they are aware of the emotional load which it causes. They know the state of our mentalities. No matter what they can say to present themselves, they will remain a threat in our minds since they could extremely well be lying to us. They say it themselves: *"We know that the stranger is the enemy as long as it represents the unknown. Initially, the generated emotion will solidify your bonds on a worldwide scale"*. Therefore they do not try to convince us. Their goal is to reinforce us because the union of humanity will make it strong. In a certain way, they ask us whether we want for our enemies to show themselves. By doing this, the true adversaries - are they only extraterrestrial? - will be forced to reveal themselves. To any strategy of manipulation

(*the third party*), a more subtle strategy still (benevolent extraterrestrials) makes it possible to face it by exacerbating our doubt. It is a form of spiritual martial arts which uses the energy of the other to better fight it. Thus, we have the power to raise the curtain on the backstage rather than to satisfy ourselves with the scenery of the scene. The power of their positive intelligence is without a doubt.

Moreover, this mission of materialization (appearance of ships) close to human beings is proposed within a collective framework in relation to a vaster hierarchy still in the name of which they are invited to make such a proposal. To define themselves, task at the very least not easy, would be the negation of the general framework in which they express themselves. Lastly, there are two concepts which govern their action: *humility* and *love*.

The first encourages them not to display their self, therefore to not name themselves. The second encourages them to live love rather than to speak about it as human beings generally usually have the habit to do. Like any concept, one speaks about it best only when applying it rather than by giving it a name. In a general way, the extraterrestrial message aims to be as direct as possible to present the question. All the more that the time did not yet come where they will show themselves as creatures. **The proposal which is made only relates to their ships!** They say it; the other stages will come in time, perhaps for our children. In a certain manner, we prepare the future of our descendants. We must give them a world. Will it be of war or of peace? That is our immediate responsibility! All the debates of the world would never replace an intimate and personal answer maturely considered on the basis of what is accessible to human understanding, and on nothing else that could be highly speculative.

It is necessary to insist on the intimate nature of the

question because, in this hyper mediatized world, the conditioned reflex of man is to comment with superficiality without thinking. The other reflex is to accept the *closed-minded thoughts* of our consuming society. A philosopher once said that it is easier to have an *opinion* than a *thought*.

The human free will is quite a relative thing. Of what are we free of and with regards to what? But especially, what do we do with this freedom? It depends on our own level of information, and not on the speculations which the individual has access to. However, with regards to UFO phenomena there are hundreds of different speculative cliques. How can we find ourselves if each one goes with his interpretation, not counting the professional misinformators for whom the severe word of Montaigne would often be appropriate: *"denigration is the science of the imbeciles!"* This is why these extraterrestrials invite us to find ourselves to evacuate all that is not us. The intelligently exerted free will must resemble this.

Who are they? There are situations where the best is the enemy of good. To not talk about something, like knowing who they are, makes it possible to not omit any information, omission suitable to bad interpretation. Thus, free will remains as untouched as possible. Now, we only have to make use of our intelligence to deduce from the text, through self-determination, *through the logic of the benevolent outstretched hand*, and by listening to our heart while thinking of those that suffer for whom our charitable volunteers are disarmed facing the proponent interests.

Thus, the *logic* of the benevolent extraterrestrial outstretched hand will be transformed into a sympathizing impulse of the *human* heart. Without having seen these extraterrestrial yet, we can concretize universal humanism which lives in us, instead of a proponent inhumanity. The defenders of private interests, in the name of a power, whether

it is religious, political, financial or military, are precisely those who will condemn the message with the help of an *interfering puppet*. **It will thus be extremely simple to recognize them**. They will deploy a whole arsenal of criticisms to dispossess us of our free judgment. Misinformation is a more solid and impenetrable psychological prison that any fortress. This is why it is so widespread.

To get out of it, the ideal would be for the benevolent extraterrestrials to emit only one direct thought, without disguise or fraud to our *private space*, through telepathy. But man does not yet have the faculty to recognize it, in which case the message would not be of any utility. Man even has the faculty to be manipulated by the artificial psychic waves of the *third party*. Then, to the question *"who are they?"* let us answer that they do not have a representative on Earth, which already excludes them from being from the *third party*, which also prevents me from saying stupidities.

We fear nasty surprises. As your servant is not the representative of anybody, my opinion has little weight. I can simply share an individual experience, logical thoughts and a dash of fraternity. To say that they have for me a solid friendship does not reduce in anything the right that someone has to doubt. It is even what you are invited to do to question yourselves in-depth. There will not be any worse surprises than that which awaits us if we do not make a great leap ahead, even without the assistance of extraterrestrials. Therefore, rather than the question of knowing *who they are* I would choose the question of **knowing *if they are our allies* on the path of peace and love**. The only fact that they ask the question *"Do you wish to see us?"* gives us a vital hint to answer it. **Evil never saws the branch on which it sits. Thus they do not need to ask our opinion.**

What do they want?

The benevolent extraterrestrials seem to want to multiply by ten the lever effect by addressing a prodigiously strong signal to humanity through the transmission of *Absolute Relativity*. What was valid yesterday is not valid today with regards to the evolution of plans of negative forces. The expression of the democratic process is proportional to the growing attacks on human dignity and proportional to the growing focusing of the minds on dramatic events.

The principle of the lever effect is vital in terms of telepathic field to entail the adhesion of the greatest number. It should be well understood that the world of the mind is governed a little like the atmosphere. It is sometimes calm, sometimes turbulent. There are microclimates but also gigantic masses of air. The way in which a phenomenon occurs sometimes depends of some parameters. The quantum mechanics physicists know something about it.

A lot has been said concerning what is proposed. Many make amalgams and extremely speculative extrapolations concerning what is offered and the way in which it is offered. The question is of a rigorous simplicity: *"do you wish to see us?"* It's not *"do you want us to do things for you?"* or *"do you want us to govern the world?"* **No!**

It is asked whether we wish that they appear. That's it. It is the appearance itself which should lead us to a new vision of relationships between human beings. They say it themselves, it is only much later, if that is appropriate to us, that other stages could be considered.

Our cinematographic culture penetrated our unconscious so well that we interpret any external sign of presence like a threat and not an opportunity. It is necessary for us to think

about who profits from this fear: the benevolent extraterrestrials who agree to be visible **with the risk to be attacked**, and let us not forget it, or, on the opposite, the *third party* which does not need to shown itself to control us? We all want to fall on our feet. A maxim invites us to do so: *"the mind is like a parachute. It opens only if one uses it!"*.

The appearance of these benevolent extraterrestrials will come from a human choice. All political decisions are human choices. They are the object of a very low number of people which one affirms that they are our representatives. But they are only it at the time of elections which do not absolutely take account of white votes and abstentions. Ideally, it would be necessary that each bill or decree is voted by referendum so that the democracy (*power of the people*) is not tarnished, but it is never the case, except for one or two exceptions.

The same idea of democracy depends only on the definition which one retains of the *real weight of the voter* as a decision making person in the great stakes and mechanisms of the world. He is more *held in trust* than *a decision maker*. The game of the media, which often evacuates information of many alternative solutions, gives the illusion of a democracy when it is only about rules and confrontations of two powers locked up in the paradigms of the *Old World*. Only the practice of *lobbying* - promotion and/or threats of sectoral interests - is the mode of governance. In our last analysis, let us sympathize with the exercise of the politics. Politicians are often lack integrity. Some however resist courageously without notoriety or display. To those we give our sincere gratitude.

On many occasions, and the recent history of war shows it, the people is clearly opposed to a political decision. If this opposition is too insistent, the media of the majority are given the responsibility to direct the camera and the commentary towards the objective to be reached. With time, the people forget

and the world continues to turn. As the memory partially disappears, a confused mistrust replaces it. The people have a vague feeling that the Earth is not turning the way it should be. If the media perfectly do their work they will not be unaware of this out of the ordinary referendum and will report such an important event for the future of humanity. The media, of which we suspects that some are skillfully controlled, are the only true recourse to mass information for an ideal democratic process to take place. Nous voyons bien là la limite de nos idéaux.

We are quite constrained to note that the democracy is not only an illusion but it is unceasingly ridiculed. Our extraterrestrial friends are objective and realistic. They know our contradictions well: the vision that we have of them could be that of hope but do we grant this hope the media echo which it deserves? Shouldn't criticisms made hitherto concerning their absence of co-operation be returned to us? They know all that with an extreme acuity. They even know that the *third party* nourishes the argument of absence, argument which is all the more fallacious when it is our responsibility to choose. The media take the greatest responsibility which is granted to them. Let us hope that they will be worthy of it, meaning, that they will not be the puppets of the *third party*.

The benevolent extraterrestrials also know that the human psyche is capable of miracles when it is determined. They give men and women who vote the opportunity to choose for those who, for lack of information, will not have the chance to decide. The essence of this decision is to allow the *abandoned* to recuperate this fundamental freedom of choice.

It is after the appearance of ships that serious things will be able to occur. Also, let us state that this appearance will not change anything on the material level. It will have an impact only on mentalities, which is in fact the essential. It is up to men and women of goodwill to do the rest. This choice opens the

way to an authentic free will because **no free will can be exerted without truth**. The truth is hidden from us since tens of years, or rather centuries! This is their gift: **historical truth!** It is a gift which we can give to others, as to ourselves. Do we want to **see with our own eyes** or simply believe those whose *trade* is to occult them, because of inadvertency or interest?

The must of manipulation is not to lie - it is much too simple and infantile - but to encourage consciences into an auto regulated pattern of directed behaviors and thoughts. The design of the *hellish triangle* of the transactional analysis is part of it. It is skillfully maintained. We must indeed leave the *persecuting - victimized - preserving* triptych*!* Many will wonder whether the extraterrestrials from the message are executioners or liberators, and us the martyrs. They are neither one nor the other, and we will remain ourselves. **They are something else! We are another!** They give us a testimony of new paradigms! It is what we will do with this testimony that matters. We chained ourselves. They will only show us how to remove ourselves these liberty killer shackles. This is why **we will have to be wary of all the attempts of retrieval of this message**, in particular by sects. It has neither church, nor mentor. It does not need proselytism but perspicacity. It is what **you** will do with it, without anybody soliciting you. You will take your own initiatives!

The vast majority of men are locked up in a terrible psychological prison. It eats at itself in this triangle of human relationships, and even relationships with the *after-life*. When we will have understood that it is necessary to give it up, we will liberate ourselves from a destructive role playing game. We will be neither persecuting, neither victims, nor saviors. No one is the *savior* of anybody in this referendum! We will choose ourselves to not carry the burden of history anymore. We will give up the thousand-year-old quarrels together. We will erase

all of which does not make us happy. We are so tired to follow like sheep the beliefs and the fights intelligently maintained by private interests which maintain separation between us. No one will be the *victim* or the *persecutor* of another anymore.

Let us formulate the wish that you, enlightened politicians, understand it and are illuminated by this reality. Let us be those who remain convinced of your capacity to positively change the course of events. Let us also address our respect to those of the military hierarchy, from the beginners to the highest positions, who will transpierce the veil of destructive natures. The highest values of humanism live in you. It is your acute sense of respect, service and protection which will support your clear vision of the common interest. I know, because I have experienced them professionally, what the moral values to which you are attached mean. Your inclination to obedience and to the forgetting of oneself honors you. Be persuaded that it will be our help when it must serve the wisdom of a peaceful cohabitation. Honor is your virtue, well beyond running games and avenging or xenophobic remarks. We will require that you raise this virtue at the highest degree to maintain the path of Wisdom. We need your **good manners**.

Let us not accuse the benevolent extraterrestrials of what currently defines us and of what they want to free us from. Neither hatred nor revenge, neither treason nor domination, neither secret nor lie. Simply a new paradigm: *Peace*! It can only come while respecting the blooming and self-determination of each. It is what the extraterrestrials offer us.

The idea that this referendum has a double effect has surely not escaped you! Even the fact of transmitting it allows everyone to reach the possibility of coming into **personal contact** with them. By telepathically sending an answer, we will show an interest which they will not be able to leave without feedback. The other effect is more explicit because it is contained

in the message: **the materialization of ships!**

This double effect answers a strategy of mutual discovery of which the immersed party remains unconscious until a psychic contact, then obviously physical. It is expected that these psychic contacts multiply in great number. One often sees human beings pass in their base and, curiously, generally they are children! Roles are suggested. On this subject, it should be given information as long as those do not come to serve what is at work for the common good. This is why I do not speak about it here. The Great Plan of Access is what is necessary for me to respect because offensive maneuvers from the *third party* are always possible. In these contacts, there are several phases: that of **discovery** - the majority among us is concerned - that of **learning** - we are increasingly numerous - that of **co-operation** - this concerns a part of the second category.

As we saw, they nourish themselves of joys. They have a spiritual guide in contact with other guides of greater light who can appear at their homes, in particular in an enclosure dedicated to prayer. Then, what do they want? To apply their spirituality! **A knowledge which is not transmitted is the negation of this one.**

The alternative to the *third party*.

Actually, we do not have any chance in front of the well thought strategy of the *third party*. This is why the message has so great of an importance: while being massively shown at our request, the benevolent extraterrestrials would send two very strong signals:

1) The *ETs* exist and they are numerous.

2) The question of *ETs* will be universally discussed. Key witnesses will speak spontaneously until a full confession

concerning the militaro-industrialist complex at the origin of misinformation. Thus the real disarmament of all the nuclear weapons of the world will be able to occur before we are to, lastly, use them against ourselves! By doing this, the hostile extraterrestrials will stop their hellish abductions since we will not be a danger to their psychic survival because of the potential and inopportune temporal collapses that only the nuclear weapon generates. The following stage is the collaboration with the benevolent extraterrestrials, in particular thanks to peaceful technologies of free energy production and space travel. Let us note that the hostile extraterrestrials themselves can become benevolent as long as their psychic survival is not threatened.

In addition, the hybridizations which removals induce go hand in hand with the emission of waves causing negative emotions pushing men towards self-destruction (wars and ecosystem) in order to eliminate themselves. Certain human groups know all that and were the allies of hostile extraterrestrials to survive. For these men, who know the truth, a personal postponement is better in order to resume power later on than to perish. The promise of eternity, after mutation, is not refused so easily. Actually, the Gray ones are creatures controlled by another race, with higher powers, the Draconians. Certain Gray ones and Reptilians *took to the bush* and work with humans to break this logic of enslavement of a race by another. For many among us, this picture of the facts will be completely delirious. Which is comprehensible. But even if it means hearing revelations, let's at least understand our whole global situation. We must repeat the meaning which we must give to words.

Negative creatures are those which go towards the control of beings which are less powerful. It is our case with respect to animals for example. They are negative because they go in the opposite direction of evolution. **Positive creatures** are those which permanently adapt and go towards higher powers.

They respect the integrity of any form of life. It is our case when we implement techniques of personal development to know states of greater harmony with our environment. With this intention to be realized, beings with *higher* powers - benevolent extraterrestrials, and even highly spiritual late humans - can help us if we are ready.

Nobody can learn if desire did not overcome the heart. **It is the intentions which make a creature turn negative or positive**. Here, *negative* and *positive* do not have a moral meaning. It is a combat between *interest* - survival - *gratitude* - and co-operation. The hostile extraterrestrials follow the example of humans. If we show ourselves to be sympathizing towards them and that we give up any concept of interest, they will do the same because they will be touched by our inner strength. Them, who seek a mean of being liberated from the logic of enslavement which weighs on them.

In a certain manner, humanity must exonerate them of their acts while radically moving away from the vicious circle of war, followed until then by quarrelsome conservatives. To forgive them is to give us a chance to live in harmony because they will see in us the example of liberation. If we dare, they will dare in their turn to bloom. Conversely, the hostile extraterrestrials will get to the end of their program, until the self-destruction of humanity, even partial, if this one does not wake up from its warlike torpor.

Since your servant is froggy[17], I allow myself a humorous parallel of auto derision. The frog which one seeks to cook, in one's hot water bowl, does not seem to see its end coming while the temperature increases slowly up to boiling point. At the beginning, the water was lukewarm. It liked that all the more since one was asking with respect if it like it. As it moves during this moment, it seems that it has much energy. It gives the

[17] Term coming from *frog*, i.e. *frog* in English. For Anglo-Saxons, to eat frogs, as French do, seems very strange.

illusion of its vitality. The burns which it starts to feel, it does not dare to give them a reality. Soon, it will be so exhausted of this agitation that it will not have the strength anymore to leave the pot. Now, it does not know how this started anymore, but it sees its end approaching…

A technology out of the ordinary.

We are fascinated by the technique. The scientific developments which were described in *the Science of Extraterrestrials (la Science des Extraterrestres)* as in this work have only one single goal: to speak of peace. By understanding the nature of space and time, by showing its implications in fundamental research, by explaining its contributions to paranormal phenomena, *Children of the Stars (Enfants des Etoiles)* pursues only one objective: to return to the true prayer its power and its reality. This *technology of the mind* was taught in former times. It is used by the extraterrestrials. **We need it today!**

The most effective form of prayer is a visualization of the desired result, loaded with an intense emotion without being concerned with the path which it will go through to occur. This causal path is useless to declare since, with everything being linked in *Absolute Relativity* - particulate diffraction of space-time prisms - as one goes up in temporal densities, the act of the result is already carried out because it is memorized in the *chronons*.

This technology was lost as the centuries went by. A growing number of works reveal the progress which we achieve in the observation of the formal influence of the mind on events, on the physical world. The excellent book of Gregg Braden, *The Isaïe Effect (L'effet Isaïe)*[18], evokes several scientific experiments

[18] *The Isaïe Effect (L'effet Isaïe), ARIANE edition, 2000 for French edition*.

during which a notable and measurable effect was recorded. It is in particular the case of a study undertaken by Dr. Poponin at the beginning of the Nineties with the Science Academy of Moscow. It highlighted *the ghost effect of DNA*. It is an indefinite relationship between DNA and photons. The latter having chaotic movements in a vacuum chamber adopted a geometrical structure (waves) when a molecule of DNA was associated in this cavity. What was most surprising is that the photons did not display their random behavior anymore after this molecule was withdrawn. Proof was made that an interaction of a memorial type existed with human material inevitably influenced by its psychism. This interaction is due, in *Absolute Relativity*, to the homeostatic nature of the particulate structures that the superimposed *chronons* inform us of. This example, far from being isolated, illustrates the fantastic potential of the immaterial. **The prayer, another word to speak about the *directed intention*, directly affects the mechanisms of cause and effect.** The effectiveness of the prayer goes through the energy of the emotion drawn from high temporal densities.

The author of *The Awakening at zero point (L'éveil au point zéro)* and of *walking between worlds (marcher entre les mondes)*, mentions studies in several large cities in which it is shown that tangible effects on the lowering of the rate of criminality are noted everywhere where groups of prayers are formed and active, without correlation with particular police or legal policies. According to these studies, it seems that **the necessary proportion of people praying actively is 1% of the population**.

One can conceive that the question asked by our extraterrestrial neighbors is far from being harmless. Whereas they have access to our future, they know that the potentialities of a major world war will be concluded by our destruction. Another issue is possible. The great catastrophes always brought men closer, because they mutually help each other,

whatever their social standing or their race. It is a little as if everyday life did not exist any more. A unity of the heart then gathers us. In a general way, the outstanding events unite people that are strangers with each other. It is what a massive appearance of extraterrestrial ships would cause. **Do we prefer a vision or a disappearance?** The difference with these catastrophes which intensify is that the third world war will surprise everyone by its amplitude and its speed to occur. Many prophecies coming from all the cultures of the world converge in one period: **the ten years to come!**

It is useless to quote all of them. Stromberger, a Bavarian visionary of the eighteenth century, described with a remarkable precision the Second World War. He evoked, says Gregg Braden, a third global blow: *"after the second great conflict between the nations, a third universal conflagration will occur, which will decide everything. The weapons used will be entirely new. In only one day, more men will perish than during all the other preceding wars joined together. Enormous catastrophes will occur. The nations of the Earth will see these calamities rise under their eyes. But they will not realize what is occurring, and those who will understand and want to speak will be reduced to silence. The third great war will involve the disappearance of many nations."*

I remember this vision of horror that the Virgin Mary offered to my heart. Let us use our *technology of the mind* to establish peace in our hearts. A percent of the world for peace, only 1% would be enough...

Friends are asking us tenderly: *"do you wish to see us?"*. **They invite us to read their message again…**

Prelude to a massive appearance.

I received many mails asking me whether I knew the

result of the *World Referendum*. Indeed, this last one dating of September 2003, several months had passed since. There is a result but this one is not final. Many people must still vote by telepathy and the message must be transmitted more largely everywhere in the world. It also rests with you to take part in its transmission.

On the other hand, a heavy tendency is visible in our skies. **Since the beginning of the UFO phenomenon, it is the first time in the history of world ufology that really massive appearances take place.** When ufologists formerly spoke of UFO waves, they indicated isolated cases closer to each other in time. A UFO wave lasted for example three months. But, even if there could be many witnesses, each observation would very often only count two or three objects or lights.

Since the *World Referendum*, tens, even hundreds of lights appear together here or there on the planet. The end of the extraterrestrial message stipulated:

Imagine our arrival tomorrow. **Thousands of ships.** *A single cultural shock in the current history of man. It will be too late to regret to have abstained from choosing and transmitting, because this discovery will be irreversible. We insist that you reflect on it without precipitation, but think about it! And DECIDE!*

The strategy of the benevolent extraterrestrials was hitherto to present themselves to a very low number of witnesses with a very low number of ships to mark the consciences individually. This time, to make the collective message *Do you wish to see us?* echo, the appearances are proportional to the impact of this referendum question. The extraterrestrials insist, through this demonstration, on the absolute necessity to think about the question. They have showed, since a few months, the proof that they are really able

to appear in mass and not separately. Many have smiled in the first weeks of the planetary Referendum at the naivety of the question. From now on, we will have to be more mature and responsible. If we do not want the extraterrestrials on our planet, it is time to let them know by transmitting the message everywhere and as much as possible. The naive ones were not those that we thought they were…

There are a lot of examples of this exuberant activity. On December 10, 2004, a massive fleet of lights very high in the sky appeared passing very slowly above Guadalajara in Mexico[19]. Towards 12h30, hundreds of balls flew together in formation with perfect harmony. Among these spheres a material saucer much larger was seen. This great difference is perfectly explained by *Absolute Relativity* through the adoption of a different temporal flow. The massive and pacifist demonstration of extraterrestrials was filmed by two inhabitants of Guadalajara, independent of one another, and was transmitted on national Mexican television. The scientists of the *Instituto de Meteorologia y Astronomia* of Guadalajara could not explain this phenomenon through natural assumption, or through trickery. In the traditional sense, this case is unexplained.

[19] http://www.rense.com/general66/uupd.htm

Figure 36
Slow passage of hundreds of lights in the sky of Guadalajara in June 2004

Figure 37
Detail of a UFO above Guadalajara

Mexico will know unprecedented gatherings of UFOs.

First of all on April 11, 2005 above Mexico City[20] where we saw 54 balls of lights filmed by two different people and retransmitted on the national television channel on the emission *Los Grandes Misterios* of Jaime Maussan. It was impossible for the specialists to identify the lights.

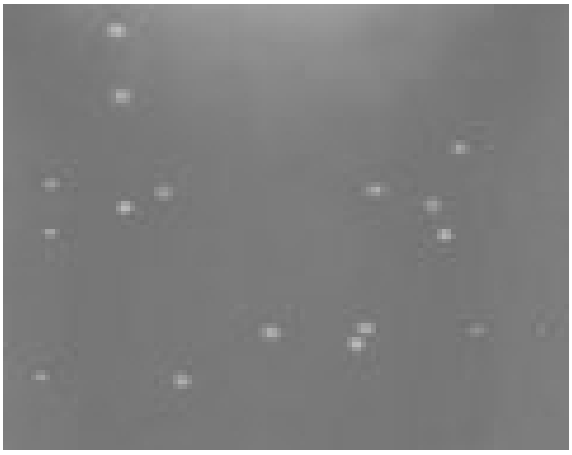

Figure 38
Lights above Mexico City in April 2005.

Then the same type of event occurred again where multiple UFOs were observed, photographed and filmed on June 24, 2005 above San Luis Potosi and Xalapa, still in Mexico[21]. There, many persons witnessed again incredible scenes. Among the witnesses of Xalapa, the governor of Veracruz, Fidel Herrera Beltran, surrounded by police officers and journalists having photographed and filmed the event, observed 14 stationary metal discs for almost thirty minutes.

In San Luis Potosi, hundreds of luminous spheres came through quietly in the Mexican sky for several minutes. These

[20] http://ufocasebook.com/mexicofleet041105.html

[21] http://www.cnufos.com/pages/newsandstories/prophetic%20fleet%20signs.htm

two events were broadcasted on national television.

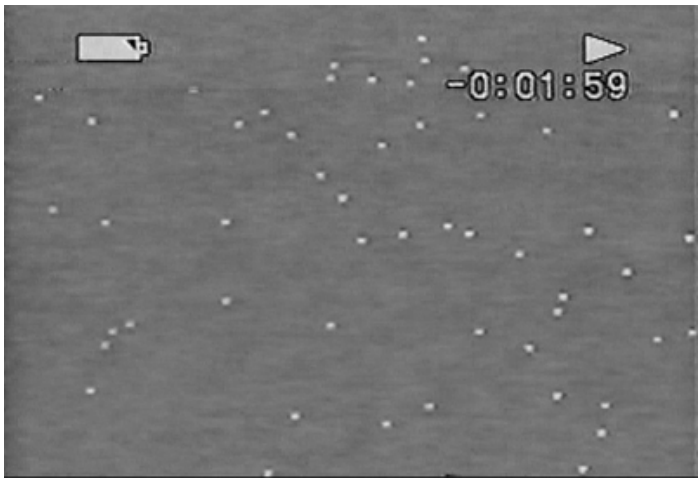

Figure 39
UFO fleet above San Luis Potosi on June 24, 2005

Closer to us, on January 5, 2006 a fleet of luminous spheres was photographed above Madrid in Spain[22]. This fleet was separated in two groups moving towards the west. The luminous spots which remained in formation were too brilliant to be confused with birds. The appearance lasted one minute during which the fast and spasmodic movements showed the extraterrestrial origin of this phenomenon[23].

[22] www.analuisacid.com

[23] A video is available here : http://www.orbwar.com/double-formation-secret-sphere-ufos-satellite-orbs.htm

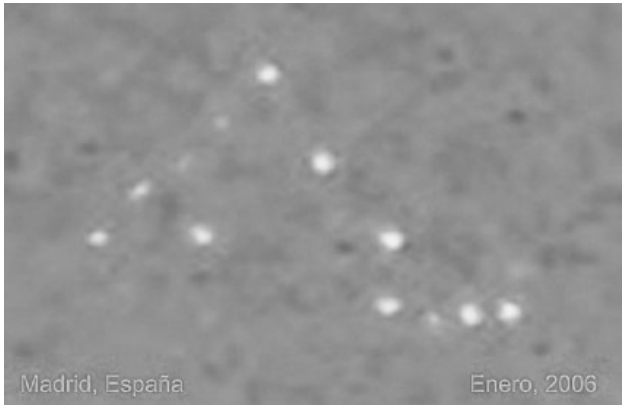

Figure 40

Detail of a formation above Madrid on January 5, 2006

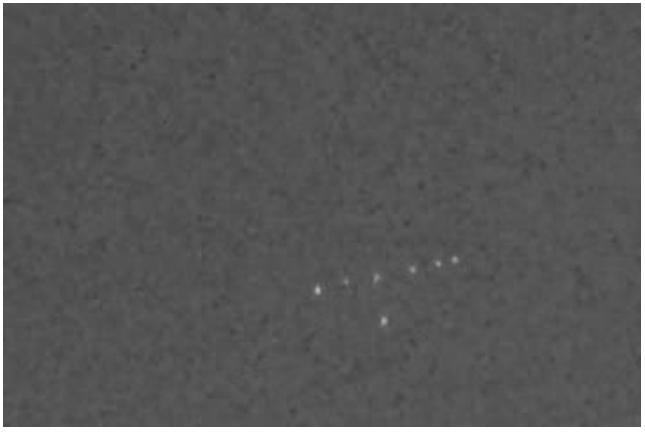

Figure 41

Another detail of a formation above Madrid

Three weeks later, on January 27, 2006, more than twenty witnesses noticed in the sky of Milnerton, in the suburbs of Cape Town, more than 150 luminous and brilliant spheres around 17h00 for ten minutes. One year earlier, above this same city, about sixty lights were observed[24].

On January 28, then on January 30, 2006, hundreds of

[24] www.hbccufo.org/modules.php?name=News&file=article&sid=3806

luminous balls were filmed for more than two minutes above Spain[25].

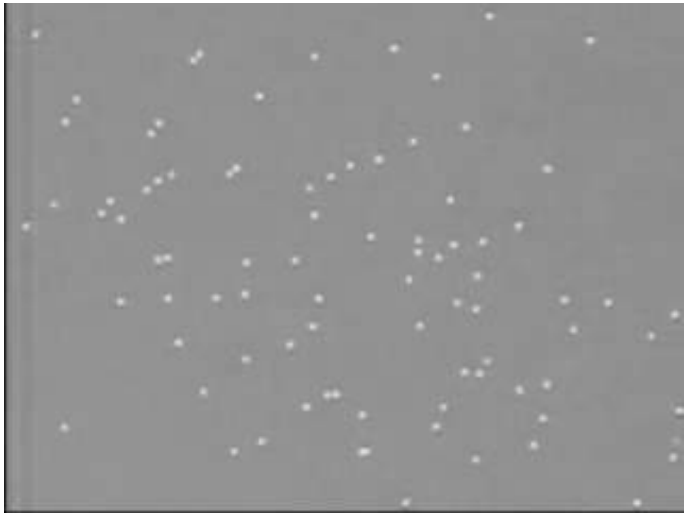

Figure 42
Image from the Spanish film of January 28, 2006

Also, on January 30, 2006 at about 11h20 in the morning, Rich Giodarno[26] filmed for about twenty seconds a gathering of several tens of brilliant lights in the sky of Pheonix in Arizona, United States. An exhaustive list of such UFO concentrations would be tedious.

The events will not stop there. But they are enough right now to take the question of the *World Referendum* very seriously. **For the first time in all the history of humanity, massive demonstrations of extraterrestrials are multiplying on the planet after their call had been circulated in the greatest anonymity and by the fastest and largest media of the world** (Internet). You can still act so that this leverage action can become irreversible and that the massive appearance of

[25] http://www.cnufos.com/pages/videos/Pelcula.wmv
[26] http://www.cnufos.com/dialup.htm

extraterrestrial ships in all the nations makes it possible for humanity to change its destructive destiny.

The political world should not underestimate the power of the human psyche when it faces all kinds of dangers which are accumulating. The politicians should anticipate the course of history and take possession again of the current change. Do we not wish for the benevolent extraterrestrials to appear before it is too late?

To read, to think, to choose and to circulate the message…**a little cause for incredible effects…**

CONCLUSION

At the end of this reading, perhaps we will have filled gaps. The answers depend of us. There are no better answers than those which we actively sought. The purpose of this text was partly to calm the mental state. Hints were delivered. It is possible that all was not easy to understand. But we already know internally that our life will be deeply moved before long. The science of tomorrow opens intoxicating prospects but they are subjugated to our intentions. It is a thing to understand, it is another to decide with one's heart. All technical solutions are already available.

Only the essential remains to be lived: love!

The pages which precede have only evoked a little this inner clasp. Decency preceded my feather. Others do it much better than your servant. The luminous beings protect us as we will protect others after us. We bathe in the Love of the Source. Let us be aware of the gifts of life. One of most beautiful is the freedom to share. In any case, **do not believe me on my word. Experiment!** Beyond our amazement, the work of the present prepares a moving immediate future. It will be made of comprehension, liberation, self-determination, tenderness and joy. But peace must precede it.

Do not admire men, admire what is in you!

Let us be kings. We are marvelous builders. The *Old World* collapses to make room for the *New* one. It would be pleasant for us all that you be among those which elected themselves. This *New World*, contrary to the *New World Order*, will only depend on the viewpoint which we will have on Unity in diversity. Peace only has reality in sincere Fraternity and not in an organization however useful it may be. Let us be convinced by the inner experience that we are only a one and

same being. This is why a collective prayer is so effective.

Suffering comes from separation. Many will still suffer from their blindness. Let us be sympathizing towards them. The benevolent extraterrestrials invite us to not suffer from our fears anymore. They are not liberators but witnesses of *Absolute Relativity*, from the gaze of the awoken creature. It is not covetousness which will open the door to the stars but the detachment from the coarse identity of the incarnation. The cosmos is accessible to conquerors. Only the conquest of Oneself is the key. We are much more than we believe we are. Those who will have accepted it will be allowed in the galactic skies because God, or the Source, grants its Will to those which exert it.

Love is not written. It is lived. You just have to distinguish the light from the Cosmic Child who lives in us. It never left us. We only had *lost sight of it*. Let us remember and laugh together at our adult errors. They do not have any importance from now on. Our fears can disappear. Death does not exist. It is that which one teaches us. We are also immortal. Immortal!

Let us be what we are, let's decide! **Let us wish to see them!**

We only have to create Peace now! Thus, we will become worthy inhabitants of the universe. From our planetary village, we already see the lights of the galactic city…

"We're having a celebration in your honor, very soon. You deserved so much to live the end of your ordeals. We do not expect anything anymore but you. Are you coming?"

SUMMARY

Introduction.

A TIME FOR EXPERIENCES.

The act of testifying.
Let's get acquainted!
A striking event.
An orange ball in the sky of Toulon.

The lesson of life or the path of the stars.
A radar contact at 28.000 kilometers/hour.
An extraterrestrial ship on a military air base.
A journey like no other.
Meeting with the Master.
Who am I?
A fully detailed extraterrestrial ship.
A long pursuit.

A Scottish Lord in the Middle Ages.
Unforgettable initiations.
Knowing the other better.
Underwater story.
The desert crossing and *The Last Judgment*.
The sorrow of the Virgin Mary.
A multicolored ship pays us a visit.
Stealthy luminous crossing.
A thirty-five year-old ship.
A Loud Ship Over Our Heads.
3D Time over the bed.
Between Satan and Christ.
A short trip to the moon.
Dogfight between extraterrestrial ships?

The challenge to the invisible forces.
Close monitoring.
The *ExtraTemporal* spiritual guide.
An unusual appointment.

The landing strip.
The world message is a question.
A sudden visit.
Espionage and surveillance.

A TIME FOR SHARING

Disappearance in the middle of the night.
Piloting of an extraterrestrial ship.
Intrusion or mutation?
Family secrets.
The Ambassadress
Preparations of a new phase?
A foreseen destiny.
Earth and water mountains.
Three nights of end of the world.

A TIME FOR DECISIONS.

Return to private…space.
When it's brief, it's here.
To see is one thing, to communicate is another.
The conditions of the exchange.
The message: "do you wish to see us?"
The simplicity of the message.
Doubts? Facts!
A cumbersome person, an embarrassing book.

The nuclear power actors become ufologists.
The UFO/Nuclar Power correlation.
Before and after the atomic weapon.
The double accident of Roswell.
The race for armament.
The war of the invaders.

A transmission under high surveillance.
With open arms or the Trojan horse.
An issue far from being easy.
Channel or not channel?
The question of free will.
The ETs know us.
Who are they?
What do they want?
The alternative to the *third party*.
A technology out of the ordinary.
Prelude to a massive appearance.

CONCLUSION.